APR 29 1981

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Here Comes The Bride—Again by Letitia Baldrige

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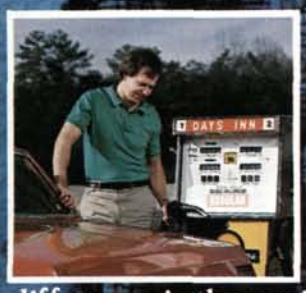

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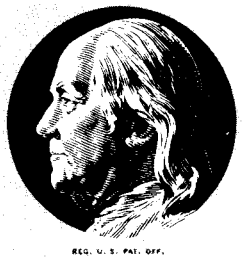

A Walk Down the British Aisle

All the world loves a lover. Bonnie Prince Charles takes a bride and British subjects throughout the world wish them a long and fruitful marriage.

10

The "Hot Tub" Treatment

"A cut from my belly button to my spine" is how kidney stone victims sometimes describe their surgeries. Lucky West Germans can now have their kidney stones pulverized safely while basking in a "hot tub." Post editors went to see.

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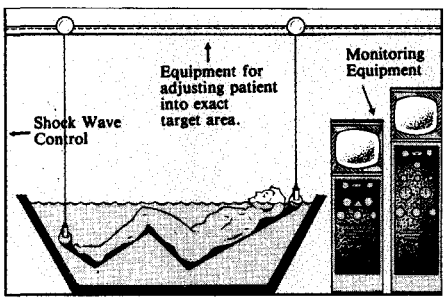

The Traditional Wedding Returns

Trendy young couples are back to traditional wedding vows. Dyed-to-match bridesmaid's slippers are okay again, but for many, idolizing the tall, sugar-laden wedding cake must go.

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Encore for George Brett

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Star-Bright Goldie Hawn

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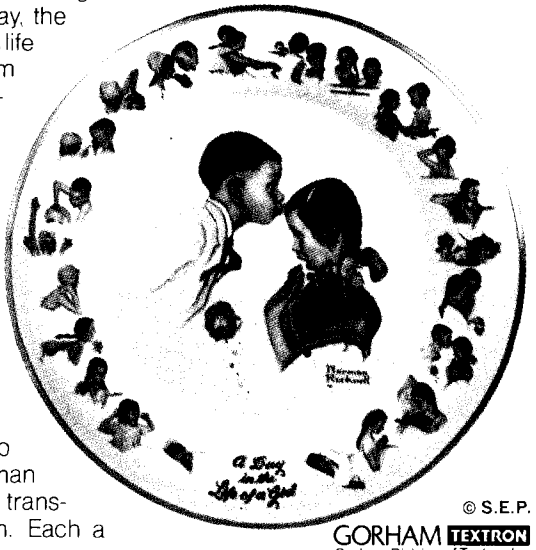
The Rockwell Collectibles from Gorham. To make collecting a joy. And giving an art.

Rockwell's unique vision captured the essence of American life with warmth and sensitivity. No wonder he left us with such a rich legacy of work. Few artists had his extraordinary ability to transform the everyday into the special. Gorham craftsmen take pride in having captured this special quality in these two new Collector Plate issues—"A Day in the Life of a Boy" and "A Day in the Life of a Girl." Each a 1981 Annual Edition on Gorham Fine China: 10½" in diameter and rimmed in 22 karat gold. Both Plates are boxed with a Certificate of Authenticity; $50* each.

A Day in the Life of a Boy recreates one of Rockwell's most unique paintings, which first appeared as a Saturday Evening Post cover on May 24, 1952. In this Plate we see a typical boy's day from waking to sleeping—culminated by the high point of sharing a soda with a new-found friend. Gorham craftsmen have captured every nuance of the original canvas with painstaking fidelity. And with every turn of the Plate you find a new facet of the subtleties that made Rockwell so unique.

Norman Rockwell also applied his poetic artistry to capturing the essence of what made a girl's day. *A Day in the Life of a Girl* first appeared as a Saturday Evening Post cover on August 30, 1952. And then, as today, the high point of any young lady's life was a surprise kiss. Gorham artisans have faithfully reproduced all the charm of the original art on this nostalgic Fine China Plate. A collectible which reminds us time and again that what's really important to children has remained unchanged—from our own childhood, to that of our children, and perhaps to that of our grandchildren as well. Ask your favorite collectible dealer to show you these new Norman Rockwell Plates in the finest translucent China from Gorham. Each a 1981 Annual Collector's Edition.



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Letters to the Editor

Truth and the Family

I want to thank you for being one of the very, very few publishers who is honest enough to publish an article which tells the truth. From most newspapers and magazines and TV-radio news, we rarely learn the things we need to know. Even though there are inestimable lines of print and hours of TV-radio news coverage daily, rarely do we *really* learn what's going on!

The article, "The American Family Is Alive and Well" by Al Moffett (March 1981), is a rare exception. It does indeed tell what is going on, instead of the usual "humanists' propaganda" given so much space and airing in our country and the world. The "change agents" seem to have little trouble getting their "dialogue" spread; but when parents, families and any nonhumanists want their voices heard or writing printed or music played (widespread), we don't seem to be successful in today's "planned society." So we truly appreciate it when an article such as Al Moffett's makes it in print. Again thanks.

Peggy Shannon Cuddy
Raleigh, North Carolina

Doggone Good

The one outstanding feature that has made *The Saturday Evening Post* a perennial favorite of mine is the excellent choice of cover photographs—and the March 1981 issue with Benji as its subject was one of the best. After seeing war, the hostages and politics prominently displayed on the covers of other national publications, it was gratifying to know that man's love for animals still exists, and thus the world can't be all bad. I might venture to say—"Doggone, you did it again!"

Charles G. Gessner
Winchester, Kentucky

The Golden Arches of Home

I have just read the article "Ray Kroc: Burger Master," by William Barry Furlong (March 1981), and how much I enjoyed it!

Our daughter, who was in the Air Force in Japan, wanted an American hamburger. She said you would never know the surprise of getting off the train one weekend when in Tokyo and there, across from the train station, was a McDonald's. Everyone rushed over and ate two hamburgers and french fries, a malt and fried pie each. It was just like at home, only it was sold by Japanese. Nothing made such an impression on them as a McDonald's in Japan! May I say thanks for her! Also thanks to Mr. Furlong for the article and *The Saturday Evening Post* for publishing it.

We went to McDonald's February 25th for a five-year-old's birthday. They have one of the nicest ways to have a party. . . .

Mrs. George Shumate
Ponca City, Oklahoma

Successful Still

My brother, John E. Vance, has walked on crutches his entire life (74 years) and has been a very successful man. Here is a photo of him years ago when he was a *Post* newsboy.

Mrs. D.R. Clippinger
Athens, Ohio

Aging Gracefully

Wow! Did Michael Allen ever tell it in "New Life for the Aging" in the March '81 *Post*! I'm 58 and enjoying life more than ever before: quit minimum-wage receptionist job and now doing exciting volunteer office work at local Theatre of the Performing Arts; making posters for my Episcopal Church; joined exercise class at YWCA; and, as they say in the tired commercials, "much much more!"

Sex? You bet! It still makes the world go round. Why abandon what Adam and Eve found in Eden? Fifty-plus need not mean corrective shoes and bifocals. Any woman can stay young-at-heart if she tries and has a good man to appreciate her efforts. Guess that's what life is all about!

Patricia S. Kehr
York, Pennsylvania

Our Cartoons a Laugh

What a joy to again read the *Post*.

In retirement in Florida for the winter, I was combing the local newsstand for reading material when I rediscovered that old and familiar cover of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

I am now well into the March edition and find it filled with very readable material. And as usual, the cartoons are great. Humor is not totally dead in this USA!

As a boy, in 1919-20, I sold the magazine door-to-door. It was a great experience. My readership began at that time and continued through the magazine's good and not-so-good (financially, that is) days. Now it is back. Best wishes for many years of great success.

Hamilton B. Allen
Rochester, New York

Hess. . . Ja. . .

I'd like to comment on the article on Deputy Hess ("The Strange Saga of Rudolph Hess," March 1981). Naziism started before I was born, so I know only what I have read. But I feel that 40 years of

Continued on following page

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A great wildlife artist portrays favorite birds from around the world in his first spoon collection

'The Birds of the World'

SPOON COLLECTION

by Peter Barrett

Twelve beautiful birds intricately portrayed in finely detailed porcelain cameos . . .

Each cameo the crowning glory of a delicate collector's spoon in 24 karat gold vermeil.

Limited Edition. Available by subscription only.

Advance subscription deadline: May 31, 1981.

Limit: One collection per subscriber.

When a great artist brings his inspiration and skill to a medium combining the loveliness of porcelain . . . the richness of precious metal . . . and the fascination of the miniature—the result is bound to be exceptional. Both for collectors who seek beautiful art for its own sake, and those who prize it also for the enduring charm and elegance it can bring to the decor of a home.

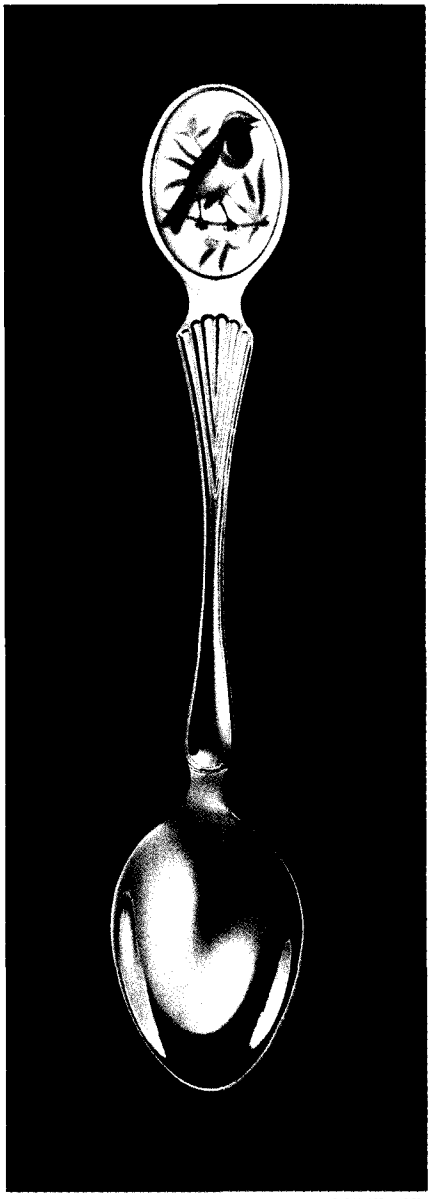
'The Birds of the World' spoon collection is just such a work. It is created by *Peter Barrett.* He is one of the world's outstanding wildlife artists—a master of color . . . form . . . true-to-life detail. And, stimulated by the challenge of his very *first* spoon collection, he has created one of the most beautiful collections of cameo spoons to be issued in this century.

'The Birds of the World' consists of twelve spoons, each crowned by a finely glazed porcelain cameo bearing a portrait of one of Peter Barrett's favorite birds, in an authentic setting of blossom or foliage.

The European Goldfinch, an elegant dandy in its dramatic coat of red, yellow, black and white. The showy *Painted Bunting,* its plumage a symphony of blue, green and red. The perky *Variegated Wren.* Each bird portrayed within a tiny area scarcely larger than your thumbnail. All of this superb detail and richness of color will be faithfully captured. Skilled craftsmen will 'fire' each bird portrait permanently into the smooth, lustrous surface of the pure white porcelain. And each completed porcelain cameo will then be placed in a setting appropriate to its quality as a work of art—at the head of the gold vermeil spoon for which it is crafted. A spoon *minted,* to achieve fine detail. *Highly polished* to bring out its rich golden gleam. And *inscribed* on the back of the stem with the scientific name of the bird portrayed.

A limited edition

'The Birds of the World' is being issued in limited edition. In keeping with the tradition of special collector's issues, the spoons will be made available only during the issue year. There is a further limit of *one* collection per subscriber.



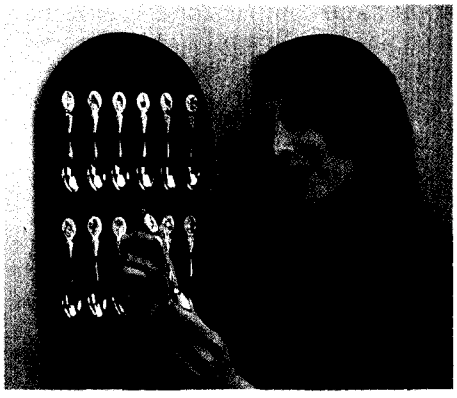
SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE

'The Birds of the World' will be issued at the rate of one spoon every other month. The issue price of $32.50 for each spoon will be billed in two equal monthly amounts of $16.25 per month.

A fine hardwood display rack, designed to hold all twelve spoons, will be provided at no additional charge.

Each spoon will also be accompanied by a commentary written specially for this collection, and a Certificate of Authenticity.

The Advance Subscription Form below enables you to acquire 'The Birds of the World'. But it must be returned to The Franklin Mint, Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091, by May 31, 1981.



This perfect display will accent with superb style any room in which it is placed.

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ADVANCE SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

THE BIRDS OF THE WORLD SPOON COLLECTION

Valid only if postmarked by May 31, 1981.
Limit: One collection per subscriber.

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my subscription for 'The Birds of the World', a limited edition collection of twelve spoons in gold vermeil—24 karat gold electroplate—each bearing a cameo work of art in fine porcelain created expressly for this collection. The spoons are to be sent to me at the rate of one every other month.

I understand that I need send no money now. I will be billed for each spoon in two equal monthly installments of $16.25*, the first installment being due on notification that my first spoon is ready for shipment.

**Plus my state sales tax and $1. per shipment for postage and handling.*

Signature _____
ALL APPLICATIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

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(practically) solitary confinement is cruel and inhumane punishment. One million dollars a year to incarcerate Hess could feed a lot of starving children. I think Hess should be released and Naziism put behind us.

C.A. Butcher
North Fort Myers, Florida

. . . und Nein

Your article on Rudolph Hess in the March 1981 issue was revolting. I can see no earthly reason for Hess to be released or considered a hero. His being in prison to this day is a fitting end to his role as a Nazi party leader. I only wish Nick Thimmesch would use his writing ability and compassion on someone who has been useful to society and not a man like Rudolph Hess.

Greg Martin
Livingston, Texas

Clinging to Our Heritage

This is a short thank-you note to you, your superiors and your staff for keeping *The Saturday Evening Post* alive.

I am not very old compared to your magazine. I am 24. The old *Post* died when I was young. But the name conjured up a strong image. *The Saturday Evening Post* meant traditional American values. It meant honesty, trust and love. It never lost its good humor or its perspective.

The old *Post* never forgot where it had been. It clung with love to its heritage. Like a baby clings to its mother and a Christian clings to Jesus, the new *Post* clings to the old.

In an era of sleazy tabloids and ultraspecialized magazines, the *Post* stands out as an example to all. It is a miracle that a general magazine can survive today. I am especially pleased with all of the Christian articles that you print.

I look forward to each new issue. Yours is the only magazine where I can be sure that every article and story will hold my interest.

I again thank you and pray that your magazine gains readers and strength as it reaches towards its fourth century of existence.

Bill Craig
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Hello Molly

As a proud father of four daughters and one son, I like to share in the many achievements of my children.

Molly Thomas

Molly's Donny and Marie

So, you can imagine my peculiar situation when I first learned that my daughter Molly had one of her favorite photos of Donny and Marie Osmond published in the *Post* (April issue) and then found out the photo credit had been given to my third daughter, Wendy.

Wendy is whom I named Wendy's Old Fashioned Hamburgers Restaurants after. She is a sophomore in college and also takes photos.

However, Molly is studying to become a professional photographer specializing in portraits. She is a senior at the Ohio Institute of Photography. She does very good work, and I know she'll view this photo as an opportunity instead of a disappointment.

R. David Thomas
Chairman of the Board,
Wendy's International, Inc.

ExtraORDinary Addition

This makes reference to the letter "ExtraORDinary Tale" in the March 1981 issue of the *Post*. The information Mr. Townley was given as to how O'Hare Field in Chicago came to be called ORD is quite close but is not complete.

In the early 1940s, O'Hare Field was assigned identifier CZI, probably because Chicago Municipal Airport (now Midway Airport) had identifier CGI. The following incident changed O'Hare field from CZI back to ORD.

The pilot of a UAL air carrier was flying into the Chicago Municipal Airport the latter part of 1949. He was homing in on the Chicago ILS localizer. He suddenly observed the Edison power plant to his right and realized something was wrong. On close inspection, he discovered what had occurred: He was mistakenly homing in on the O'Hare Field ILS localizer, CZI, instead of the Chicago Municipal Airport localizer, CGI. In dash-dot code, the two identifiers sounded so similar that one could be mistaken for the other. Upon landing at Chicago Municipal Airport, the pilot immediately notified the FAA Regional Office about what had happened.

I was in Technical Services and Planning in the Regional Office in Chicago, and this problem was funneled into my office. I was aware that ORD had been the former identifier for O'Hare Field, prior to CZI, and found that it was the most suitable identifier that I could come up with. I recommended to FAA headquarters in Washington, D.C., that identifier CZI be immediately replaced by ORD.

The foregoing is from the horse's mouth.

Raymond W. Kruke
Sun City, Arizona

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"A 20-MINUTE CALL ANYWHERE COAST TO COAST WILL COST ME ONLY $3.33? WHAT'S THE CATCH?"

No catch. Just be sure to dial direct when the rates are lowest. That's anytime Saturday and Sunday till 5.

Many of your visits by phone could cost less. 20 minutes is just an example and $3.33 is for the maximum distance on out-of-state calls. The chart below gives you many more city-to-city prices. Have a nice visit.

Reach out and touch someone.

All prices are for 20 minute out-of-state calls dial direct, without operator assistance, anytime Saturday, Sunday 'till 5 p.m., or any night after 11 p.m. till 8 a.m. A different schedule of attractive dial discount rates applies to both Alaska and Hawaii.

Rate Chart

To find the rate between two cities, trace down the vertical column of one city to its intersection with the horizontal column of the other city, as illustrated.

	ATLANTA	BOSTON	CHICAGO	CLEVELAND	DALLAS	DENVER	DETROIT	INDIANAPOLIS	MEMPHIS	MILWAUKEE	NEWARK	NEW HAVEN	NEW YORK	OMAHA	PHILADELPHIA	SAN FRANCISCO	SEATTLE
ATLANTA		3.16	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.00	3.16	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.16	3.33	3.33
BOSTON	3.16		2.99	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.16	3.33	3.33
CHICAGO	3.00	2.99		3.16	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.33	3.33
CLEVELAND	3.00	3.00	3.16		3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.33	3.33
DALLAS	3.16	3.16	3.00	3.00		3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.33	3.33
DENVER	3.16	3.16	3.00	3.00	3.00		3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.33	3.33
DETROIT	3.16	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00		3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.33	3.33
INDIANAPOLIS	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00		3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.33	3.33
MEMPHIS	3.16	3.16	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00		3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.33	3.33
MILWAUKEE	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00		3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.33	3.33
NEWARK	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00		3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.33	3.33
NEW HAVEN	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00		3.00	3.00	3.00	3.33	3.33
NEW YORK	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00		3.00	3.00	3.33	3.33
OMAHA	3.16	3.16	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00		3.00	3.33	3.33
PHILADELPHIA	3.16	3.16	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00		3.33	3.33
SAN FRANCISCO	2.99	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00		3.33
SEATTLE	3.16	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.33	

Bell System

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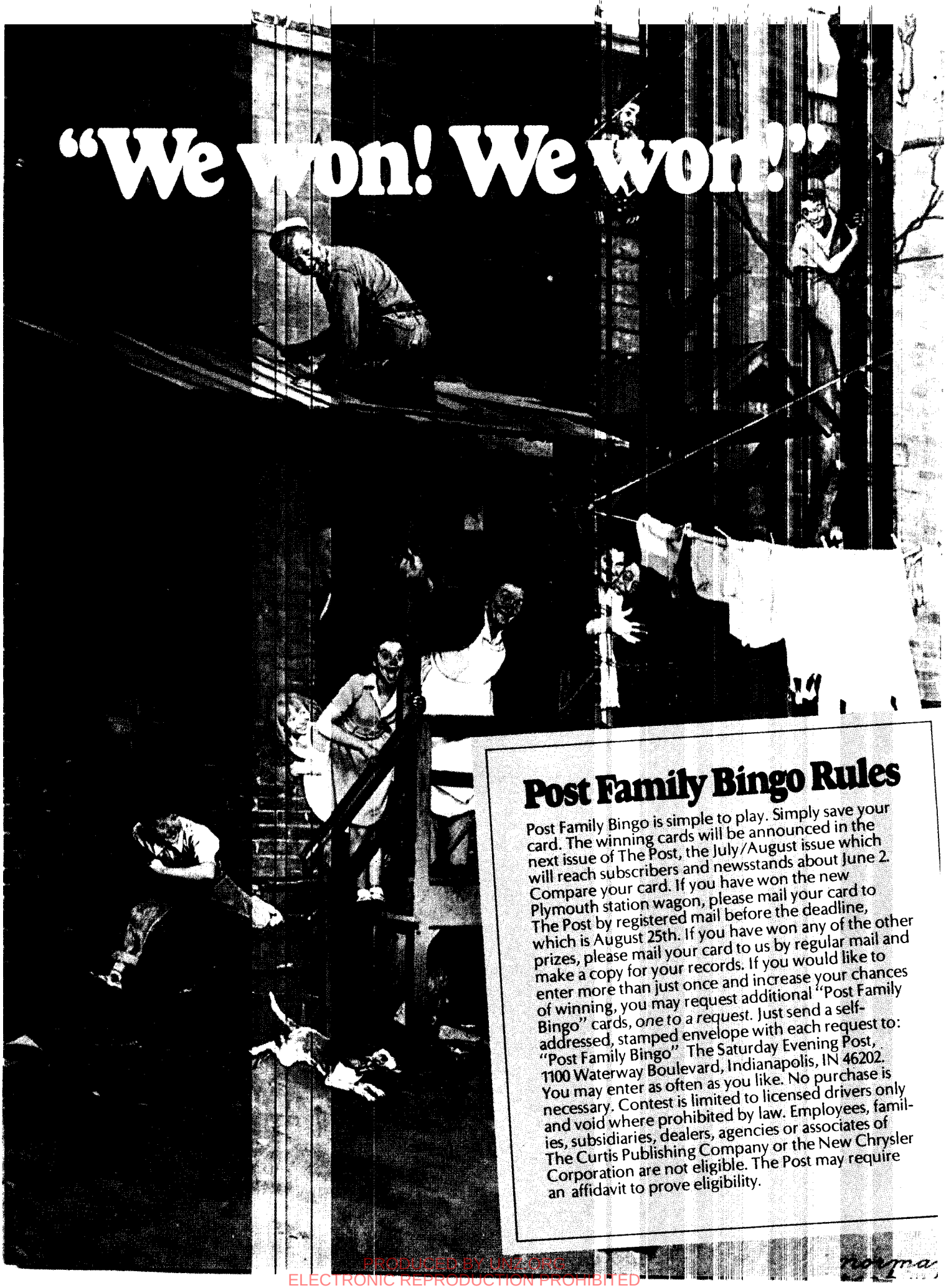

Post Family Bingo Rules

Post Family Bingo is simple to play. Simply save your card. The winning cards will be announced in the next issue of The Post, the July/August issue which will reach subscribers and newsstands about June 2. Compare your card. If you have won the new Plymouth station wagon, please mail your card to The Post by registered mail before the deadline, which is August 25th. If you have won any of the other prizes, please mail your card to us by regular mail and make a copy for your records. If you would like to enter more than just once and increase your chances of winning, you may request additional "Post Family Bingo" cards, *one to a request*. Just send a self-addressed, stamped envelope with each request to: "Post Family Bingo" The Saturday Evening Post, 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, IN 46202. You may enter as often as you like. No purchase is necessary. Contest is limited to licensed drivers only and void where prohibited by law. Employees, families, subsidiaries, dealers, agencies or associates of The Curtis Publishing Company or the New Chrysler Corporation are not eligible. The Post may require an affidavit to prove eligibility.

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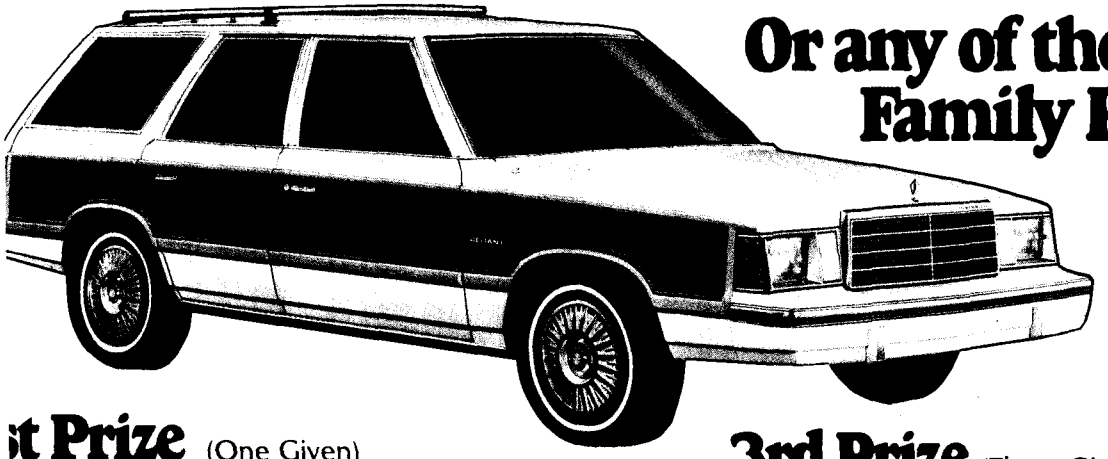
Play Post Family Bingo!

Save this card... you could win this car.



Or any of these Great Family Prizes!

ıt Prize (One Given)

1 PLYMOUTH RELIANT 4-DOOR ıTION WAGON IN PEARL WHITE*

America's only front-wheel drive, mid-size station ;on offering 6-passenger room with the handling and nomy of a small car. The energetic 2.6 litre Hemi ine assures this family car of power and performance. l it just might be yours!

› substitutions. Taxes, title and license paid by winner. ıse allow up to 90 days for delivery.

3rd Prize (Three Given)

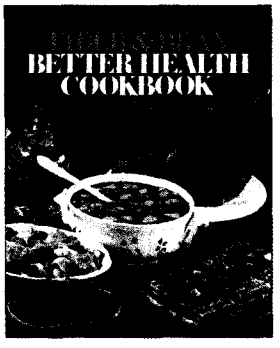
HOLY BIBLE—Health Record Commemorative Edition

Deluxe King James reference edition bound in rich, grained leatherette with the words of Christ in red. Over 56 full color illustrations many by Norman Rockwell. Also contains sections for important family dates, health records and family tree. Truly, a lifetime treasure.

2nd Prize (One Given)

ENTEX ELECTRONIC BASEBALL GAME

Baseball at home was never like this! You can hit curve balls, fast balls, even change ups, sliders and knuckle balls. Slug singles, doubles, triples, home runs. Hit fouls, walks, bunts, even steal bases. And more! One or two players.



4th Prize (Six Given)

FIBER & BRAN BETTER HEALTH COOKBOOK

Here's the cookbook that proves healthful food can be delicious! New information about bran and other high fiber foods in the diet—along with over 350 new recipes. Illustrated with classic full-color masterpieces.

ɔur Bingo card may already be a winner!

t takes to play is to save your Post Family Bingo card. winning cards will be announced in the July/August ɛ of The Post, which will reach subscribers and sstands about June 2nd. Yours could be the winning ! If your card's numbers match the numbers of any of winning Post Bingo cards—Bingo! You've won!

imagine yourself behind the wheel of this exciting economical Plymouth Reliant Station Wagon. Or k of the fun you could have with the challenging x Electronic Baseball game. Having a Bible like the nan Rockwell Commemorative Edition would be a or any family. And the delicious recipes in the Better Health Cookbook will make a splendid addition to anyone's kitchen.

So, hold on to your card! And wait for the July/August Post. You just might be a big winner!

If the Post Family Bingo card has been removed from the magazine, or if you wish to enter again to increase your chances of winning, simply send a self-addressed, stamped envelope requesting a bingo card to: "Post Family Bingo", The Saturday Evening Post, 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

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WEDDING BELLS HEARD ROUND THE WORLD

She would have time to think "if it was all going to be too awful," but Lady Diana "never had any doubts" about her answer to the proposal.

by Thomson Prentice and Nicola Tyrer

"It is with the greatest pleasure that the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh announce the betrothal of their beloved son, the Prince of Wales, to the Lady Diana Spencer, daughter of the Earl Spencer and the Honorable Mrs. Shand Kydd."

This release from Queen Elizabeth's press secretary ended more than six months of intense speculation over the most publicized courtship ever conducted by a future British monarch. It was a delightful relief to an intrigued public the world over, to the vast international media corps and, most of all, to the harassed but happy couple.

The relief and the happiness showed in abundance when Prince Charles ushered Lady Diana into the sitting room of his private quarters at Buckingham Palace within an hour of the announcement for their first press interview together. He had proposed to her over a private dinner in this same sitting room.

Prince Charles, now fulfilling the function of deputy monarch, has packed more experience into his 32 years than most men cover in a lifetime.

"I asked Diana just before she went to Australia three weeks ago," Prince Charles said. "I wanted to give her a chance to think about it—to think if it was all going to be too awful." Lady Diana replied: "Oh, I never had any doubts about it." She was openly—and for the first time—wearing her heart on her sleeve, and her frankness said much about the future queen of Great Britain and the Commonwealth.

But it was a nervous and self-conscious interview session in which two people found it difficult to reveal their most private feelings to eager world scrutiny.

Delicately, they picked at the details of their romance. It began, they said, last July, when Lady Diana went to Balmoral Castle to help her sister Lady Jane with her first baby.

"We began to realize then that there was something in it," said Prince Charles, as if love were a mystery to be solved by careful investigation. When, later in the year, Lady Diana returned to Scotland to stay at the Queen Mother's home and be near the Prince, the engagement was, he revealed, "planned like a military operation."

That remark illustrated a great deal about the almost unimaginable complexities of a modern Royal courtship. The fact, however, that both of them have survived such stress with like mind revealed even more about their relationship.

They were already feeling the impact of their decision. Lady Diana would "immediately" leave her job as a kindergarten teacher and simultaneously move out of her flat. She would at once come under the "protection" of Buckingham Palace, a facility that has usually been accorded only to members of the Royal Family.

When Lady Diana marries Prince Charles, it will be the first time for more than 300 years that the heir to the throne of England has married a British subject. It will also be the first time in 60 years that Britain has had a Princess of Wales.

The last time a King-to-be married an English woman was in 1659 when Charles II's brother James, who later became James II, married Lady Anne Hyde. Lady Diana's predecessor as Princess of Wales was the wife of George V, who became Queen Mary in 1910.

History plays an important part in the marriage of a Royal heir. Now that the announcement has been made by the Palace, the Queen has to give her formal assent to the marriage. Only then can Operation Marriage—which will be

Continued on following page

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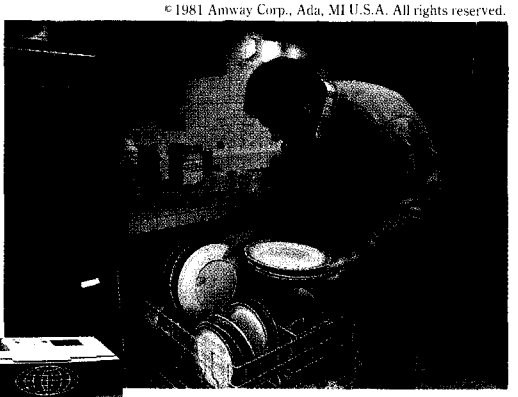

Dishwasher detergents, Scrub Buds® scouring sponges, L.O.C. Liquid Organic Cleaner® and others, make light work of your kitchen chores.

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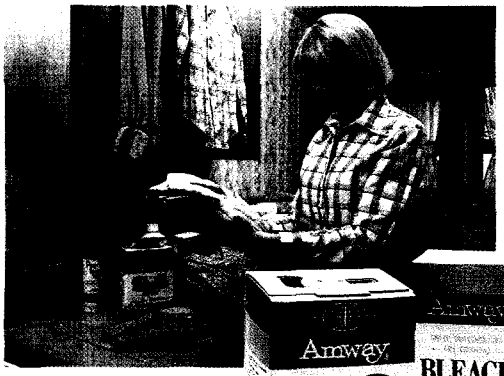

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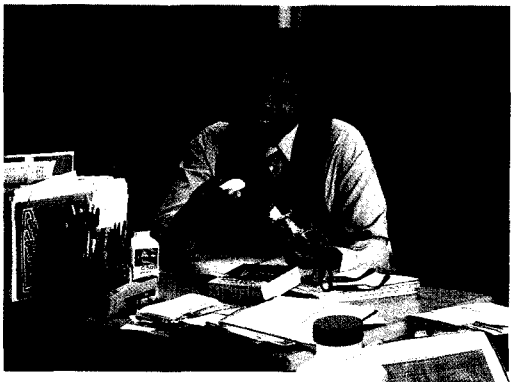

Amway offers a full line of Nutrilite® food supplements – and the Nutrilite Food Bar – to aid your family's nutrition.

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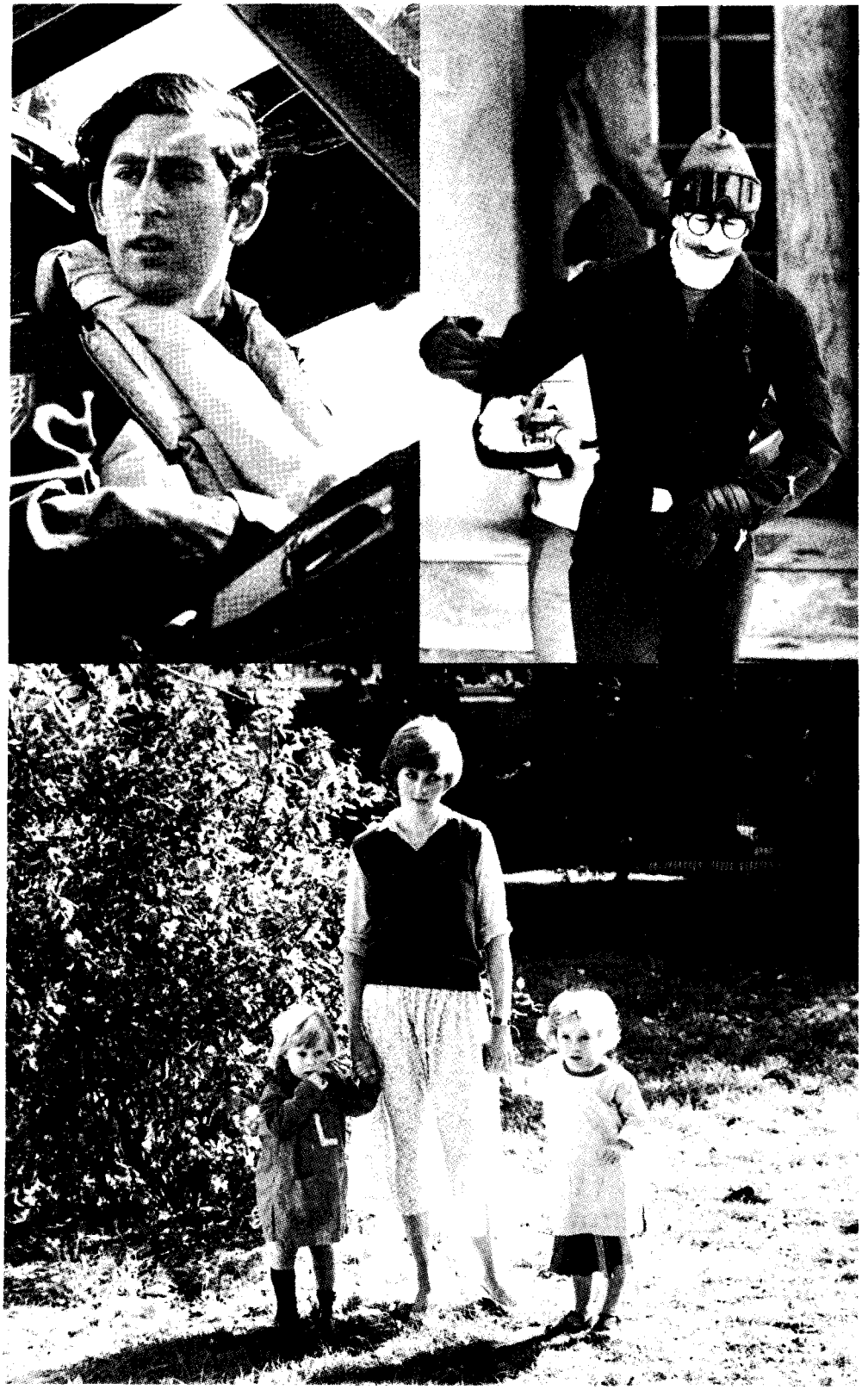
He is known for captaining his own ship, leading a national sports team, flying jets and helicopters, training as a frogman and a commando, making parachute jumps and earning a college degree, but England's future king would also like to be known for his sense of humor.



History has it that the sun never sets on the British Empire, but Lady Diana might have wished it had the day she inadvertently struck this well-publicized pose with two students from her kindergarten class.

Britain's most important wedding since that of Edward VII in 1863—be launched.

As daughter of the eighth Earl of Spencer, Lady Diana's qualifications are excellent. She can trace her ancestry back to the 15th century, and these ancestors include Mary Queen of Scots and Charles I. Lady Diana and Prince Charles are, in fact, 11th cousins once removed, both directly descended from Charles I.

Overall responsibility for the organization of Royal weddings rests with the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Maclean, who has held the office since 1972 and who organized the wedding of Prince Charles' sister Princess Anne at Westminster Abbey.

Those who know the Prince believe he will opt to be married in uniform—he enjoys dressing up. Many predict he will be married in naval uniform. As for the bride, the Royal wedding dresses are traditionally made by a team of seamstresses employed by one of the Royal warrant holders. The late Sir Norman Hartnell created the Queen's wedding dress from silk woven in Scotland.

By Royal tradition, though, the bride's wedding ring will be made of Welsh gold, a special supply of which is always kept ready for such an event. The gold, which was first mined in the days of King Arthur, is believed to have mystical properties. But when the engagement was announced, there was already magic in the air as, almost reluctantly, Prince Charles and Lady Diana addressed themselves to their future. The wedding will be on July 29, several months from now, "because there are all sorts of people to be considered," said Prince Charles. It will not take place in Westminster Abbey, as was widely supposed, but in the larger Saint Paul's, the beautiful London Cathedral designed by Sir Christopher Wren.

And afterwards where will they live? "I only have two rooms here and a bedroom," replied Prince Charles, tongue in cheek, gesturing at his fraction of Buckingham Palace, "so it will obviously be difficult to stay here for very long."

Their real home will be his rather

Continued on page 87

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Here's the problem:

$AERO\ HP = C_D \times A \times q \times V$

(Aerodynamic horsepower = Coefficient of drag X frontal area X dynamic air pressure X velocity.)

1981 Buick Regal. At the risk of telling you a lot more about physics than you ever cared to know, we'd like to tell you how we arrived at the shape for the new Regal.

Basically, the problem is air. In fact, at 50 miles an hour, at least half of a car's fuel is burned just pushing air out of the way. Hardly a productive use of your hard-earned money.

So, when we redesigned the Regal, we worked very hard to make it more aerodynamic than its predecessors. And what came out of the hundreds of hours of designing, testing and fine tuning in the aerodynamics laboratory is the magnificent looking car you see here.

Its low front and high rear not only delight the eye, but the engineers as well. Because what it accomplishes is an 18% reduction in the coefficient of drag over last year's Regal.

And what that means is impressive economy. But while the engineers have been busy making it efficient, the people in charge of making it look and feel like a Buick have also been very successful. A fact which one look and a test drive will confirm.

The 1981 Regal. A very nice solution to a very knotty problem.

Come and see how thoroughly enjoyable physics can be. At your Buick dealer's now.

EST. HWY.*	EST. EPA* MPG
30	21

* REMEMBER: Compare the "estimated mpg" to the "estimated mpg" of other cars. You may get different mileage, depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the estimated highway fuel economy. Estimates lower in California. (Buicks are equipped with GM-built engines supplied by various divisions. See your dealer for details.)

Here's the solution.

GM

THE V-6 BUICKS

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

ANNUAL COVER CONTEST

To revive and keep alive our tradition of bright, realistic illustrations, *The Saturday Evening Post* happily announces its 8th Annual Cover Contest. It's an open invitation to all artists and illustrators to join the ranks of talented people of the past who have brightened the covers and the pages of the *Post*—legends like Frederic Remington, John Falter, Grant Wood, W.H.D. Koerner, J.C. Leyendecker and the incomparable Norman Rockwell.

To add still another name to this illustrious group, we encourage you to send your best. If the work is used as a cover, the artist will be awarded a fuel-efficient 1982-model car. If used on an inside page, the prize will be the fabulous Jenn-Air Microwave Oven.

This contest has always been a venue for new talent and we want this contemporary tradition to stand. Illustrators, send us your best effort. Don't delay. The minute an idea strikes, use it. Give other Americans the chance to see themselves as you see them.

If you have the courage, talent and will, the unique combination that makes an artist, you can be a winner. This is your opportunity. Don't pass up this chance. Make the attempt. Try!

Win a 1982 Chrysler automobile if your entry is chosen to appear on the cover of the *Post*. Should no entries be deemed usable for the *Post* cover, the winning entry chosen for use inside the magazine will be awarded a Jenn-Air Microwave Oven. Shown above is Robert Charles Howe, the 1973 contest winner.

Rules

1. Send expendable, nonreturnable material (prints, tear sheets, slides, etc.) only. Original art work will be returned unjudged.

2. Entries are limited to one per contestant.

A two-dimensional medium is acceptable; three-dimensional entries will be eliminated.

3. Each entry must be clearly identified on the back with the title, if any, and name, address and phone number of the entrant.

The judges will select from these reproductions the 10 finalists whose original paintings are to be examined and which will be, after the winners have been selected, shipped back.

4. Before receiving a prize, each winner must sign a statement that he has full rights to the illustration, that he grants full rights to the *Post* for the use of the work for publication or advertising and that the work has never before been published.

5. Entries will be judged by the editors of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

6. Entries must be postmarked no later than February 28, 1982. They should be addressed to *The Saturday Evening Post* Cover Contest, 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, IN 46202.

7. Results will be announced in the earliest subsequent issue.

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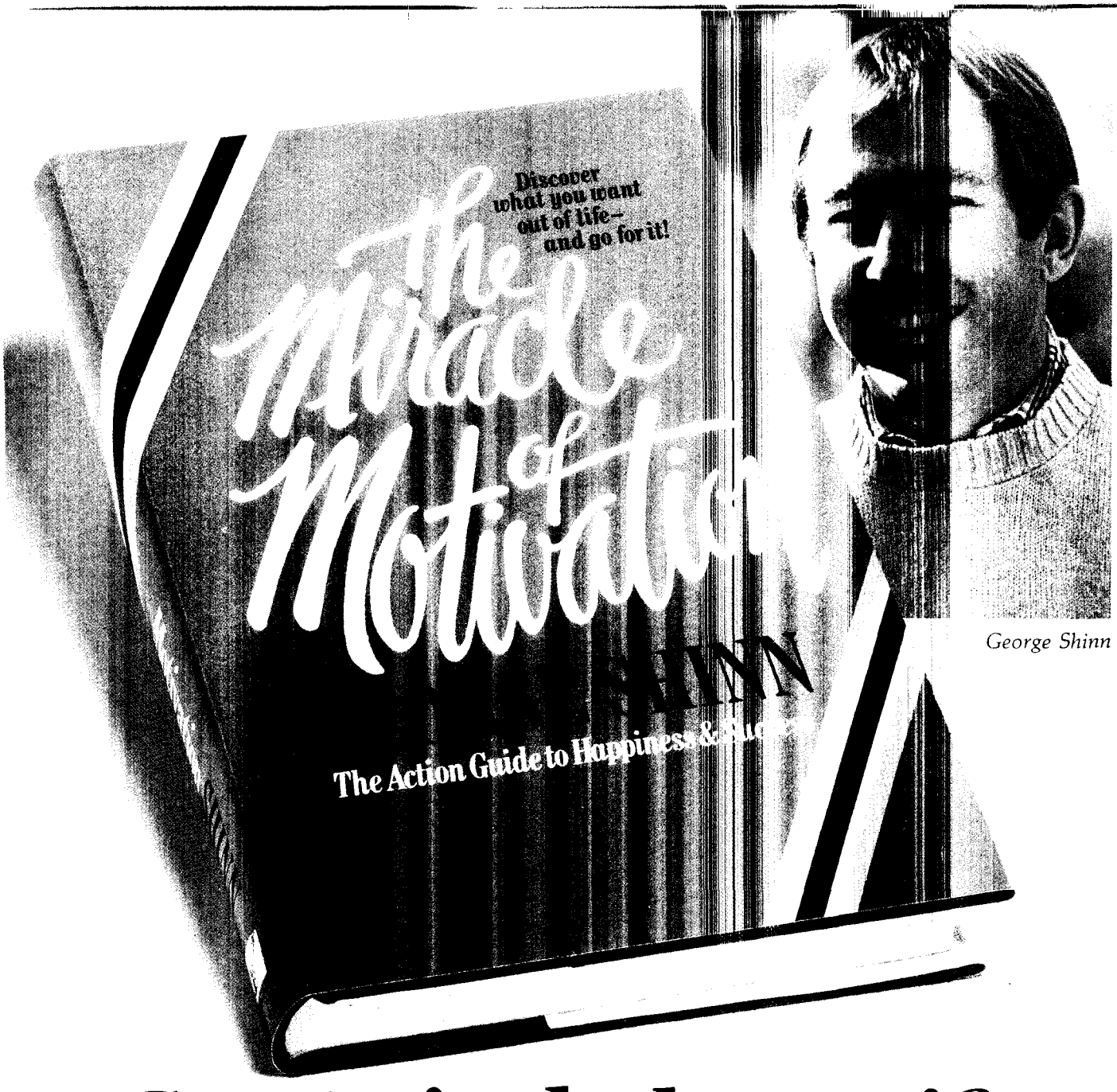

George Shinn

Get Excited About Life!

Now there is no longer any excuse for anyone to lead an unsuccessful, unsatisfying life. In *The Miracle of Motivation* George Shinn reveals the secret of self-motivation— that fire within which keeps us going as nothing else can.

The Miracle of Motivation is a practical book. Every action chapter takes you another step on the road to success. Motivational Memos will help you quickly recall valuable nuggets of advice. The Success Seeker's Easy Index will make this a book you refer back to time and time again. Whenever your life sputters and stalls you'll turn to the counsel of a professional, a man who's been there, George Shinn.

It's time for you to benefit from what this remarkable man has to say. George Shinn, driven to the edge of bankruptcy, clutching only a business school diploma, climbed from despair and failure into the seat of success. It was truly a miracle.

Here Shinn says, "You too can turn your failures into brilliant opportunities. You too can set imaginative and daring goals *and reach them*."

Using George Shinn's secrets for success, you too can be what you want to be. Cloth, $8.95

George Shinn at the age of thirty-four, was the youngest person ever to win the coveted Horatio Alger award. He is today a self-made millionaire and the owner of some thirty corporations, in such diverse fields as career education, auto dealerships, sporting goods, oil wells, real estate, printing and publishing. He lives in Charlotte, North Carolina.

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HOW TO BAT .372 WHEN YOU HAVE A TEMPERATURE OF 101°.

You might think it's impossible for a kid to hit a curve ball when he's flat on his back with a thermometer stuck in his mouth. But he can.

Not only can he hit curve balls, but also fast balls, change-ups, sliders, and even knuckle balls.

All he needs is an Entex Electronic Baseball Game. With this game, he can slug singles, doubles, triples, home runs. He can hit foul balls, walk, bunt, strike out, or hit sacrifice flies. He can even steal bases or "pull" hits into left field.

Entex Electronic Baseball is so close to real baseball, it's easy to forget it's an electronic game. And, like many other Entex Electronic Games, it can be played by one person or two.

So if there's someone in your home who loves baseball, get him an Entex Electronic Baseball Game. That way, even when he has a stuffy nose and a temperature of 101° he can still do almost anything he could in a real baseball game. Except maybe get grass stains on his knees.

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ENTEX ELECTRONIC BASEBALL

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ALMOST A WHAT?

If young Filmer Wheeling adopted the vile smoking habit before his 21st birthday, he got no car. If he didn't smoke, he got no respect from his peers or girl friend. The answer was Omura tablets to overpower his cigarette breath. Or was it?

by Booth Tarkington

Illustrated by Marcus Hamilton

By the end of June the first throes of vacational exhilaration had passed; summer languor was settling down upon the leafy streets and suburbs of the middle-sized town. On a torrid morning Filmer Wheeling, lately become 15, found himself aimless; without engagements, without ideas and almost without impulses. Moved by a vague prompting to seek his own kind, however, he went out to the shady sidewalk before his father's and mother's house and strolled southward.

Beneath a hot blue sky and a few motionless cotton clouds Filmer sauntered, not thinking anything definitely, yet as aware of himself as if he had been a great actor known to everybody in the world. His style, he knew, was not only good; it was unquestionable. He was hatless, of course, and his hair showed a stylist's dislike of regimentation. His blue jersey was not only wrong side front but wrong side out, too, so that the stitchings of H S 39 could be seen upon his back. His hot corduroy trousers, of a purple brown, were incomparably baggy and shapeless, and no color at all could be ascribed to his once-russet shoes. He walked loungingly and now and then moved his jaws as if he were chewing gum, though he wasn't. He thought it looked well to appear to be chewing something and the action reassured him, helped him to make the glance of his eye disdainful of all life and property except his own.

Turning eastward at the next corner, he came upon a colleague stagnant in a gateway, a boy who also wore H S 39 upon his back. Automatically he joined Filmer in the stroll, and, as greeting, inquired, "Whaddy know, Fil?"

"Nertsy-nerts," Filmer replied fashionably; then, as they walked on together, he drew forth a package of cigarettes, lighted one and proffered the package. "Got the nerve to smoke a Bilical with me, Mister Charlsworth Beck?"

"You know what I'd get," Charlsworth said. "Listen, I thought your grandfather was going to give you a car on your 21st birthday if you never smoke up to then. So how——"

"Is him saying so the same as me saying so?" Filmer asked challengingly. "If my family wants to think my grandfather's promising me a car's the same as me taking the tobacco pledge, why, the way I look at it, Charl, it's let 'em sizzle in their own grease."

"Yes, but look, Fil. Don't you want to get that car when you're 21 years old?"

"Might or might not." Filmer was lofty. "Listen. In the first place, I don't hardly expect to ever live to be 21 years old, and in the second place, look, supposing I would live that long, look, is it my business to go puffing around the family? What they don't know won't hurt 'em, will it?" Again he was heartless. "Just let 'em sizzle in their own grease!"

"But listen a minute, Fil; look here a minute. The reason I don't smoke, myself, it's because my mother can always tell. The only thing ever fixes my breath right is a raw onion, and you can't always find one and, look, I hate 'em in the first place. What you do about your breath, Fil?"

Filmer remained superior. "Yes, a good many fellows have trouble with their breath. I used to worry some over mine till I worked out just the right substance for it. There's just one substance knocks it. It's Omura."

"What?"

"Omura." Filmer took from his pocket a small flat blue tin box. Charlsworth looked at the box, saw the name Omura and had a sketchy view of smaller print, "One every two hours until relieved," and his eye caught the final words, lower down: "should be regulated by the advice of a physician." Filmer threw away what was left of his cigarette, opened the tin box, took out a small bluish-white tablet and placed it in his mouth.

Charlsworth looked at him ad-

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miringly. "Say, listen, Fil. Isn't that kind of medicine or something? Isn't it kind of risky?"

"Oh, might be to some people," Filmer said easily, and restored the box to his pocket. "You got to learn to stand the taste, but I'm used to 'em."

Charlsworth's admiration increased. "Look! I've noticed sometimes you smell like kind of inside a hospital or somewheres. Don't your family ever notice?"

"Yes; but we use medicated soap at our house and I just say I been washing in it."

"Yes, but——" Charlsworth struggled interiorly with thoughts. "Well, look, f'r instance, Fil. Your family use that same soap themselves, don't they? So don't they think it's kind of funny that you smell when they don't?"

"No, they don't." Filmer uttered a scornful laugh. "When I smell and they don't and I say it's the soap, well, their minds don't go on working. They just think, 'That's kind of funny,' and then think about something else. It's the way most people's minds work." Then he added, "It's why if you got a few brains, you can do just about what you like to in this world."

"Boy! That's telling 'em!" Charlsworth said. His friend had used an expression that pleased him, and he now made it his own. "Do your own way and just let the family sizzle in their own grease, huh? 'S the way I do, too, Fil."

The two boys, sauntering round the block, had now reached the corner of the shady street upon which Filmer lived, and here Charlsworth began to walk more lingeringly; he came to a stop.

"Look," he said. "You heard Antoinette Fry's going to give a party?"

"Her?" Filmer stopped, too, and in all sincerity was disgusted. "Listen. That dame could give a million parties; I wouldn't be caught dead at 'em!"

Charlsworth spoke hushedly in warning. "Listen, Fil; she might hear you."

He made a nervous gesture toward the house before which they'd paused; and Filmer, glancing over, saw a girl sitting upon the veranda steps, prattling gaily to two boys. She was a beautiful creature, animated, fair-haired and dainty. Her blond hair was waved glossily; her gold-figured blue blouse and white linen skirt were new and unspotted. Her short white socks were inconsistently protected by small but adult high-heeled blue slippers.

Filmer openly sneered. "Look at Bill and Slops listening to that dame like she was the supreme toots of the world! Not me! She'll haf to show a few brains before she ever gets Filmer Wheeling to——"

Charlsworth interrupted timidly. "Look, Fil. Say, listen. Let's go in and——"

"What?" Filmer, insulted, stared at him. "You ask me to go in there and——"

"Why, if you got a few brains, you can do just about what you like to in this world!"

"But I told you I heard she's going to give a party, didn't I?" Charlsworth said, in apologetic explanation.

"Goo'-by, siss!" Filmer turned on his heel and slouched toward home. "Goo'-by, siss-boy! Go on in and watch her wave her old fingernails she's been sticking in her mother's strawberry jam!"

Charlsworth, depressed, joined the lively group on the veranda; and Filmer, having swaggeringly passed before the two next adjacent houses, paused to enact a fragment of drama for which the inspiration came upon him out of nowhere. Chewing nothing faster, but otherwise cool and deliberate, he elevated his left hand, in which he held an invisible baseball. Then, enclosing this intangible with his right hand also, he lifted two fingers as a signal, wound up, and pitched a miraculous curve. "Hot zingazooey!" he said and, squatting upon his haunches, became an imperturbably chewing professional catcher, received the ball in an imaginary glove, said "Smack!" and, immediately becoming an umpire, announced curtly, "Striker out!" This, for nobody's benefit but his own, gave him a little satisfaction. He ate another Omura tablet and walked slowly into his own yard.

In a striped-canvas chair under a tree in the side yard, a moonfaced elderly woman sat contentedly knitting. She was Filmer's relative, Cousin Olita, seldom very alert mentally and a member of the household for reasons that were economic on her part and philanthropic on his father's and mother's parts.

"That's a nice boy," she said, for no reason. "You've got that medical smell again, Filmer. Before your mother went out this morning we were talking about your having it from the soap when nobody else does. It must mean something about your constitution, and before it goes any deeper the doctor ought to give you a nice thorough examination. It's so peculiar, your smelling so, like——"

"Is that your business or mine?" Filmer asked sternly. "You 'tend to yourself and I'll 'tend to myself. If any doctor tries to examine me, he'll see what he gets."

Cousin Olita's mind wandered from the smell.

"Your sister Wilma's having a nice morning, Filmer. She's gone out riding with her nice new friend, Mr. Porter."

"In what?" The information had a bad effect upon Filmer, and his still-changing voice was suddenly agonized.

"Why, in your mother's car, Filmer. Your mother said she could."

"What? My mother let her?" Filmer threw himself desperately at full length upon the ground. "My golly! Hasn't anybody in this world got one particle of sense left? My golly!"

"What's the matter, Filmer?"

Passionate, he sat up and told Cousin Olita what was the matter; for herein was touched the very core of his life. Over and over, with acute feeling, the subject had been debated between himself and his family, Filmer always holding the affirmative and the other members

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of the household the negative.

"If it's come to this," he said, toward the conclusion of his present oration to Cousin Olita—"if it's come to this, that a girl that isn't 18 years old yet and thinks the radiator's what runs the engine, and said so herself, and has no business on earth to have a driver's license—if it's come to this, that my mother continuously lets that girl take out one of our two family cars while I'm not even allowed to touch a wheel, when I'm as good a driver there is in this city, and my family falls back on the mere driveling legalistic excuse that I haven't got a driver's license——"

"That isn't the only reason, Filmer," Cousin Olita interrupted, knitting placidly. "Don't you remember the day of the picnic when nobody was looking and you took your father's new car out of the woods and along that country road, and that cow and——"

"Listen!" Filmer said fiercely. "Did those animals receive one iota of injuries? I ask you to answer me!"

"No; but you know what his new car looked like when it couldn't be got out of the fence because you didn't hit them. Your poor father can't help remembering——"

"Listen! Everybody's got to have an accident when he's only a beginner, hasn't he? How old was I when I had that accident?"

"Well—let me see. It wasn't so long ago. You were——"

"Not long ago!" Filmer shouted. "I was 13 years old. Only 13. That's how long ago it was!"

"Thirteen," Cousin Olita said reflectively. "Yes, I remember; it was about a year ago."

"What? Listen! Do you expect ever to make a mathematician? Use the bean, can't you? What's 13 from 15?"

"Two," Cousin Olita replied. "But the picnic was on Memorial Day, the 30th of May, I remember now; and you've only been 15 since the fourth of this June, Filmer. So it's only a year and a few weeks since you were 13 you see."

"I give up!" Filmer said. "Thirteen from 15 don't leave two any more. What's the use? Here we've got a government that won't give you a driver's license on merit and lets a girl that don't know a spark plug from a taillight have one, and I'm supposed to do nothing with my time while she rides all over the United States with——"

"Wilma likes Mr. Porter. She only met him at that party last Friday night; but she's been talking about him every minute since. I think it's so nice when young people fall terribly in love."

Cousin Olita's thoughts of love were repulsive to Filmer, and to make clear that they hurt his stomach, he placed both hands over it and went stoopingly into the house. Entrance through an open French window brought him into the dining room, and here he remembered something. On the previous evening, while "the family" sat upon the front veranda, he had retired quietly to the dining room to read a borrowed work reputed liable to confiscation and known to him and his male circle as *Bokackio*. Threatened by interruption, he'd hurriedly disposed of the volume in a drawer of the small sideboard; and now, as nobody was near, he decided to retrieve it and do a little more summer reading.

"Almost a What?" will be concluded in the July/August issue.

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Speaking Out

ARE AMERICA'S MORALS OBSOLETE?

Things that decent people used to shun—or at least feel guilty about—have now become "alternative life styles."

by William Raspberry

The people who call themselves the Moral Majority surely include some whose views are more political than moral: views favoring an increased budget for the Pentagon, for instance, or the repudiation of the Department of Education or the establishment of economic and social conservatism.

But just as surely their ranks include people who are convinced that America is in danger of losing—perhaps already has lost—its moral compass; that we are, in your grandfather's phrase, going to hell in a hand basket.

You don't have to be a pro-Vietnam, anti-SALT religio-political fanatic to agree that maybe they've got a point or to concede that many of the more disturbing trends are interlinked with modern-day liberalism.

The reference here is not to liberalism as it relates to governmental programs and social ideals but to the liberalism that is nervous about making moral judgments. Nothing is just plain right or wrong; everything is relative.

Things that decent people used to shun—or at least feel guilty about—are now described in morally neutral terms as "alternative life styles." Liberals feel guilty about inflicting guilt.

This liberal attitude is wonderfully tolerant—particularly appealing when contrasted with its opposite number, intolerance.

But the line is fine indeed between the tolerance that says you must not impose you values on another and the injurious tolerance that amounts to a sort of moral *laissez-faire.*

Young people need "a moral compass," says William Raspberry, influential **Washington Post** *columnist.*

Too many of us have opted for a tolerance that denies the very existence of a societal morality that is willing to say: This is wrong.

We delight in the sophistication that tells us there are no absolutes, no moral authorities. And one result is that we confuse and frustrate our children, who keep telling us (though usually not in words) that they want rules: consistent, reliable guidelines for running their lives.

It is this abdication, I suspect, that principally accounts for the continuing attraction for our young people of what we call "sects." These young people (and some not so young) seem to be looking for a value system that comes from outside their own heads. They yearn for an authority that will speak of absolutes, even at the cost of suspending their own intellectuality. And the more morally uncertain their families and churches become, the more attractive are authoritarian sects.

Not everyone, of course, is dismayed at the notion that all questions are open, that there are no final answers. Indeed, some of us find it exhilarating to be freed from the religious, social and political myths we learned as children. We want to give our children a shortcut to this same freedom by teaching them right from the beginning that truth is relative.

But for many children, the shortcuts produce not exhilaration but frustration. It may be well enough to question everything, but young people seem to need some place to stand, something they can hold on to, while they are doing the questioning.

When things start to come apart at the seams, people start looking for something they can believe in and rely on. For some, it is the marvelous immutability of the free market. For others, it is the gold standard or world government or passivism or political militancy.

And for some—the Moral Majority—it is the old-time religion.

Some of the answers these true believers come up with make me nervous. But I think it's about time we recognized the legitimacy of their questions.

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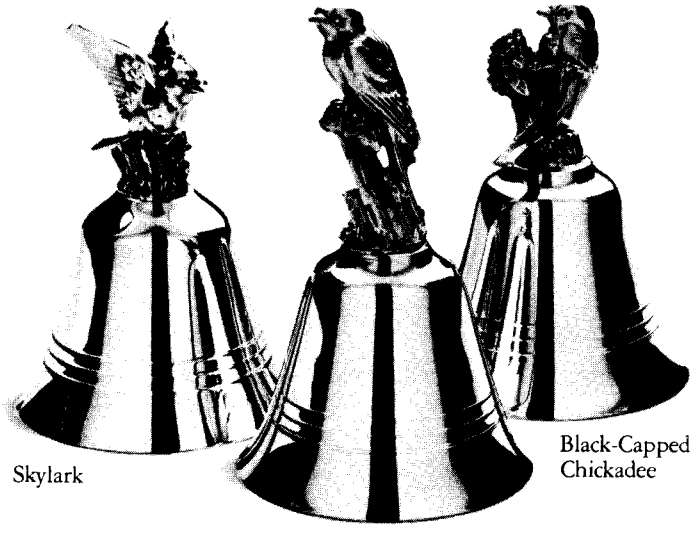

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THE NEXT GREAT AMERICAN HERO?

Only the living legend that is George Brett could finish the 1980 season with a .390 average, lead the Kansas City Royals into their first World Series and still say, "The best is yet to come."

by Curt Smith

He is tall, lithe, tow-haired and handsome, a household word from a heartland Valhalla. In 1980 he electrified America, arousing even those who confuse baseball with croquet. He became the American League's Most Valuable Player, led his team into its first World Series and verged upon becoming the first major leaguer to hit .400 since Ted Williams—striding like a Colossus—crashed .406 40 years ago.

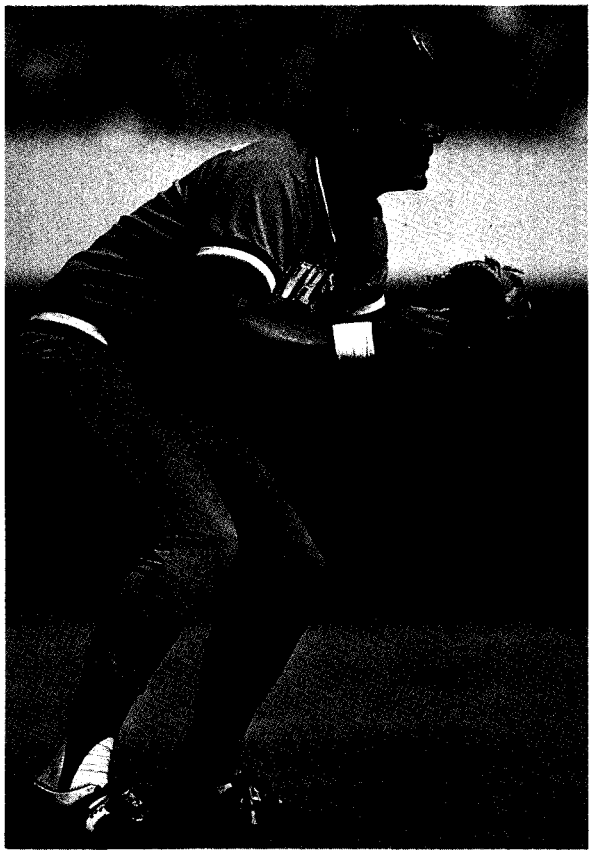
- "He's close to being another Pete Rose," declares Frank Malzone, scout for the Boston Red Sox. "He's like Sugar Ray Leonard—a fighter."
- "What's he like?" asks Whitey Herzog, formerly with Kansas City, now manager of the St. Louis Cardinals. "Just everything you'd want in an athlete, both on and off the field."
- "When I think of how hard I've worked at hitting and how many hours I've put into it, and then look at him making it look so easy, I'm amazed," says Carl Yastrzemski, he of the 3,109 career base hits. "Do all hitters have weaknesses? Where his are, I don't know."

Bequeathed with adoration, George Brett has weathered well.

If he is not yet a living legend, he is surely baseball's best-known star. At age 28, Brett last year reveled in one of the most glorious seasons to ever drape a baseball player—hitting .390, the finest of any American League fixture in 38 years; leading Kansas City into October combat against the Yankees and then Philadelphia; "standing on the threshold," said *The Sporting News*, "of becoming the next Great American Sports Hero."

He certainly looks the part. Blue-eyed. Expansive. Articulate. Self-deprecating. West Virginia-reared. "He hasn't changed much in the years I've known him," General Manager Joe Burke says of the Royals' third baseman. "Not even in 1980," its histrionics leaving Brett bone-weary, exhilarated and damnably rich. Indeed, trying to exceed such feats rivals Lorne Greene's task after "Bonanza" or Bo Derek's following *10*. The perils of anticlimax.

"I know there are some who say, 'Well, this year has to be a letdown,' " Brett muses. "The hell with that. We didn't win the World Series. Until we do that," he reasons, "the best is still to come."



The American League's Most Valuable Player of 1980, looking to 1981, hopes a World Series flag will soon fly over the Kansas City Royals' ball park.

Even before last season, Brett's "best" was plenty good. A member of the Royals since 1973, he became Kansas City's regular third baseman a year later. In the next six seasons he compiled 1,082 base hits, won a batting title in 1976 (his .333 besting rivals Rod Carew and Hal McRae) and in 1979, the year the Royals did *not* win their division, set or equaled 14 club offensive records, hit a lofty .329 and was coronated as only the fifth player ever to gain at least 20 doubles, triples and home runs in a single season. **How to eclipse such indelible deeds? A year ago George Brett showed the nation how.**

For Brett's 1980, the importance of hitting in earnest began in June. "I hadn't really been playing with intensity before that," he says. "I'd been sort of resting on everything I'd done before." On May 21 his average plummeted to .247. Early the following month, Brett suffered ligament

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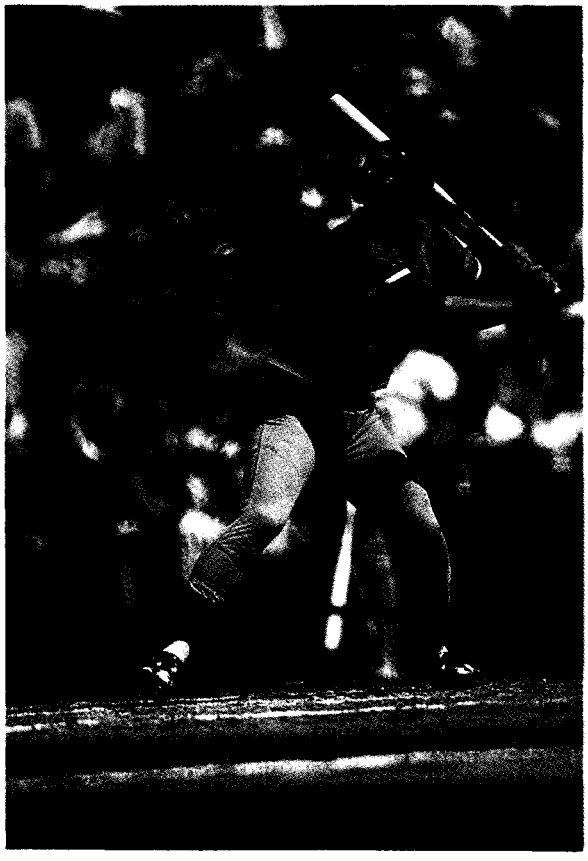
damage to his right knee, inflicted as he slid into second base, and missed 26 games, returning on July 10 with visions of a .400 season, he concedes, "about as far away as Harold Stassen is from the presidency."

By July 18, though, Brett stood at .377, and during the next four weeks—hitting safely in 30 straight games—he raised his average to .404, delighting Missourians and evoking conjecture that four decades after Williams toppled the .400 barrier, baseball's most mythic figure might again be felled. In 1961, chasing Babe Ruth's single-season mark of 60 home runs, Roger Maris grew to despise the press, "the questions and the publicity," he remembered, "the pressure that kept clawing at you, eating your insides out, the strangers around you every moment of the day." George Brett was more serene. "The only pressure is before and after the game," he jibed, half-smiling, at a writer. "And even then, I figure I can give as good as I take."

In 1980, for Brett, of course, what August brought, September took away. On August 26, his average reached its high-water mark, an improbable .407. But in the following month, as newspapers ran daily "George Brett Reports," as he was lionized on network radio and television and as—finally—tendinitis sidelined him for nine games, Brett not only dropped below .400 but, increasingly, wondered if he would compile enough plate appearances to qualify for the batting title. "Wouldn't that have been a stitch?" he marvels. "Here I was, leading the league in hitting by 50 points, and as I kept sitting out games in September, I didn't even know if I'd have a damn thing to show for it."

As tendinitis faded, Brett returned to the lineup, but the stroke which impelled July and August had eroded, and hope of .400 was gone. Even so, Brett, who on September 8—besieged by journalists—huffed, "Regardless of what I hit this year, they probably are going to say, 'He failed in what he set out to do,' " delighted in the afterglow of a sun-dazzled year. "I feel great," he said in early October. "I feel more relaxed than I have been in months." In 117 games, limited to 449 at bats, Brett recorded 175 hits, smacked 24 home runs, scored 87 times and knocked across 118 more, the first athlete with more RBIs than games since the Red Sox' Walt Dropo in 1950. "Yeah, and all that would have been academic," Brett recalls, "if we'd bombed in the play-offs again."



George Brett's 1980 season, which saw his batting average climb as high as .407, was among the finest in the history of the major leagues.

From 1976-78, helped by their overall balance (and weak opponents in the American League's Western Division), the Royals won three consecutive division titles. Three times they met the New York Yankees in the league championship series. Three times they lost. Thus, when the 1980 club won 97 games in the regular season, drew a team-record 2,288,714 patrons and finished 14 games ahead of second-place Oakland, America's baseball public countered with a gigantic yawn. Until Kansas City downed the Yankees, even Brett's flirtation with .400 would pale. "For Kansas City," said its star, "beating New York is the ultimate."

October, then, was Nirvana (at least until Philadelphia arrived). Kansas City won the first play-off game, 7-2, and the second, 3-2, moving within one game of the American League pennant. "The Ultimate" occurred on October 10, before 56,588 fans at mist-shrouded Yankee Stadium. Rallying from a one-run deficit in the seventh inning, Brett rocked reliever Rich (Goose) Gossage for a titanic three-run homer that landed in the ballyard's third tier—a blast which propelled the Royals to a sweep of the best-of-five series and stirred Midwesterners to dream of the club's first world championship in its 12-year existence (as compared to the Phillies, with none in their first 97).

The Phillies' famine ended, the Royals' did not, and Philadelphia won the World Series, four games to two, in a set of games termed by one sportswriter "the Series nobody lost."

"To the people of the Midwest," Brett counsels, "beating the Yankees was enough. It *was* the World Series." Perhaps the Royals, younger than their counterparts, faltered under Series pressure. Perhaps the Phillies' talent was superior. Perhaps, as seems most likely, the difference lay in the teams' relief pitching, where Philadelphia's Tug McGraw excelled and Kansas City's Dan Quisenberry did not.

Brett looks with fervor upon 1981. Can he topple .400? "If it happens, fine. If not, I'll survive. What really matters is what happens to our win-loss record." In 1981, only October counts.

"We'll be back," Brett vows. "In baseball, there are different plateaus. For a couple years, we almost won the division title. Then we won that and couldn't beat the Yankees. Now that we've shown they're not invincible, the Series is the next step." For Kansas City, "next" means last. Scaling it might make the darlings of Middle America "America's Team" as well.

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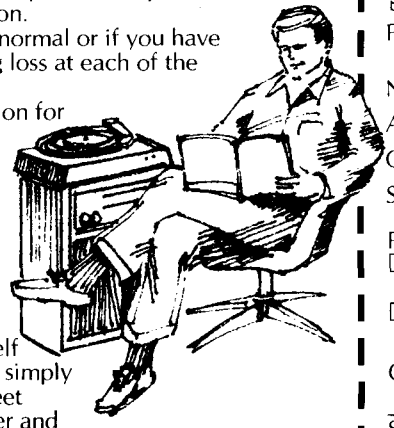

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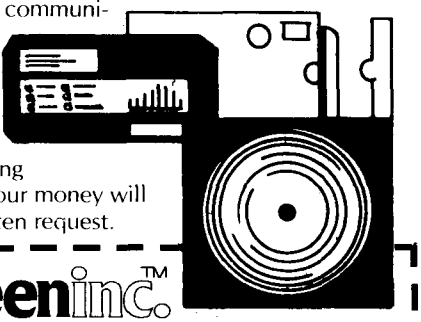

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Speaking Out

JEAN SEBERG AND THE MEDIA MYTH-MAKERS

Romain Gary's explanation for his wife's suicide made "socko stuff" for the media, but the actual truth proved too bland to make the headlines.

by Jeffrey Hart

The story had absolutely everything. On September 8, 1979, in Paris, a beautiful actress was found dead, wrapped in a blanket in the back seat of her Renault, full of barbiturates and alcohol. Paris society was agog. One of her former husbands was the famous novelist, Romain Gary—and Gary provided the media with an effective interpretation of the death of Jean Seberg and provided, too, an irresistible villain: the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Two days after Jean Seberg's death, Romain Gary held a press conference and accused the FBI of *destroying* the film star.

As Gary told it, the FBI had set out to ruin Seberg's reputation because she had been a radical political activist. The Bureau, he said, had planted a story in the press to the effect that Seberg was pregnant by a prominent California Black Panther. When Seberg read the story, according to Gary, she went into premature labor. The baby died soon after delivery. And Seberg was unhinged emotionally by the experience. Each year, on the anniversary of the child's death, Seberg tried to kill herself, according to Gary.

The media bought this story hook, line and sinker. The major newspapers, the news weeklies and the wire services resembled nothing so much as rubes flocking into Barnum's big tent. Today, at this very moment, a movie, a couple of books and even a musical are in the works. The Seberg story is "socko stuff." The trouble is that it isn't true. Gary's initial interpretation, which became the prevailing one, was one of his best pieces of fiction. But Gary himself didn't stick around for any of this year's fiction prizes; he committed suicide on December 2, 1980.

Thanks to Reed Irvine, the indefatigable media watchdog of Accuracy in Media, the truth is now beginning to overtake Romain Gary's fiction about Jean Seberg.

Using the Freedom of Information Act, Irvine turned up two transcripts of conversations between Seberg and Black Panther headquarters, and these leave in tatters the idea that she was martyred by the FBI. It turns out that the FBI in Los Angeles did suggest leaking the story of Seberg's pregnancy and her romantic relationship with a top Black Panther. This suggestion was vetoed by Washington—but the story itself was absolutely true. And Seberg was anything but traumatized by

Continued on following page

The wild tale blaming the FBI for his ex-wife's death might have been Romain Gary's most imaginative work of fiction. But he didn't stay around for any fiction prizes—instead he himself committed suicide last December.

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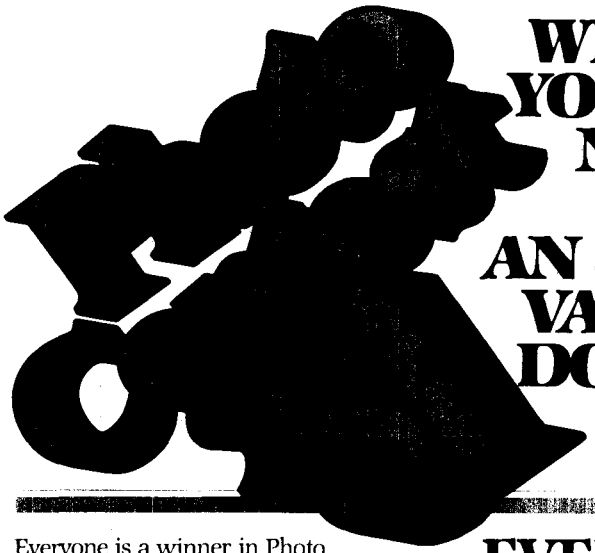

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4 CONTEST CATEGORIES

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2 ANIMALS: all species

3 HUMAN INTEREST: people, their actions, emotions & relationships

4 SPORTS: all sporting activities

CONTEST RULES

1. Contest is open to anyone except employees and family members of IMAGES or CAMERA WORK, LTD.
2. Entries must be unmounted black and white or color prints up to 11" x 14" or any color slide.
3. Every entry must carry the name of the contestant and contest category on back of print or on mount of slide.
4. No more than 3 entries per person will be considered.
5. All prints and slides will be returned if accompanied by a self-addressed return envelope or other suitable mailer with sufficient postage applied.
6. Fees: first entry, $5.00; second entry, $3.00; third entry, $2.00.
7. A list of winners will be furnished upon request with a self addressed, stamped enveloped.
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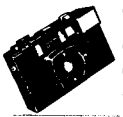

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the whole idea.

When Joyce Haber, a Hollywood gossip columnist, printed the story and when *Newsweek* then picked it up—and both deny getting the story from the FBI—Seberg thought the whole thing was a big laugh. She phoned Panther headquarters for a conversation that was tapped, one which Reed Irvine later uncovered. Seberg thought that her projected lawsuit against *Newsweek* might produce a lot of money for the Panther cause. Here are some key excerpts:

Seberg: "I have given instructions to a very prominent establishment liberal lawyer in New York to begin an extremely heavy and extensive and costly lawsuit for this defamation and intrusion in personal affairs—everything you can imagine."

Panther: "Uh-huh."

Seberg: "There is a very good chance of making a lot of money if I am lucky enough to get this baby into the world, because I've been having trouble, you know."

Panther: "I understand."

Seberg: "Yeah, so the initial thing is, of course, right now, is my health and to get through the rest of this."

Panther: "Right on."

Seberg: "Now, the second thing I want him to know, and I want him also to know that you know, and he knows that if there is a lot of money coming out of this, you know where a great part of it will go."

Nothing in the transcripts now available supports Gary's idea that Seberg was shattered by the disclosure of her pregnancy. In the recorded conversations she exhibited a great deal of bravado and saw the disclosures as an opportunity to make a killing in a libel suit—and she planned to deliver the cash to the Black Panthers. Far from being a vulnerable woman victimized by the authorities, Seberg comes through as a typical 1960s radical-chic type, complete with all of the jargon.

Her love life, moreover, was kaleidoscopic. She separated from Gary sometime in 1968 and had numerous affairs, including one with Clint Eastwood and a stormy one with a Black Muslim named Hakim Jamal. She had an affair with a Mexican revolutionary called El Gato. On the basis of tapped phone conversations, the FBI believed the father of her child to be a Black Panther named Raymond Hewitt. There is a wild social comedy in the tapped phone calls between Seberg, in places like Paris and Zermatt, and Black Panther headquarters in Los Angeles. When Seberg committed suicide in 1979, she was living with an Algerian named Ahmed Hasni, then her husband. In the current phrase, she sure "got around." In fact, when her child was born in 1970, the paternity was not (and

Romain Gary's phony account of the FBI having caused Jean Seberg's suicide by revealing her alleged pregnancy by Black Panther Raymond Hewitt (above left, in clear glasses and hat) was eagerly pounced upon by the media as grist for their sordid rumor mill. Seberg's lovers included actor Clint Eastwood, a Mexican revolutionary and Algerian Ahmed Hasni (right), to whom she was married at the time of her suicide.

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has not since been) established.

An important part of the Seberg story, messy as it really turns out to be, was its handling by the media. As I have noted above, the major media accepted the original story about the role of the FBI in her suicide completely. No skepticism was exhibited. No notable investigative reporting was done. I do not think it is fanciful to suggest that this was the case because the FBI, from the point of view of the major print and electronic media, is a duly certified villain.

I think it is further the case that an individual like Seberg, an intimate of Black Panthers and an actress with what is sometimes miscalled a social conscience, is a duly certified heroine/victim. She took her place in the great moral melodrama which pits progressives against fascists and which includes Sacco and Vanzetti, the Scottsboro Boys, the Rosenbergs and Alger Hiss—to name only a few—as the obvious White Hats.

When the Seberg truth emerged, however, the media was singularly uninterested. Using its new information, gained through the Freedom of Information Act, the media watchdog, Accuracy in Media, brought the new facts to the attention of the TV networks, the wire services and the major newspapers.

CBS News refused to make any correction. The Washington Bureau of the Associated Press also refused, until pressured by AP headquarters in New York. Even then, its "correction" was incorrect, stating that FBI files were "ambiguous" about whether the Bureau had planted the pregnancy story.

Occasionally, a major media organ behaved honorably and, indeed, professionally. On September 5, 1980, the *Washington Post* printed a lead editorial acknowledging that the earlier smear of the FBI had been false. When Romain Gary committed suicide on December 2, 1980, however, the *Washington Post*, along with CBS and ABC News, the Associated Press and United Press International, featured the earlier and false stories in their coverage of Gary's death.

Of the electronic media, so far as I can learn, only NBC News joined the *Washington Post* and made a straightforward factual correction based on the evidence contained in the FBI files. CBS News actually continued to repeat the old canard—despite the corrections issued by the *Post* and by NBC.

Anyone like myself who values privacy as well as individual liberty must have mixed feelings about the role demonstrably played by the FBI in all of this. Clearly, the Los Angeles office of the FBI was far off base in suggesting that a leak-and-smear campaign be run to damage Seberg. In any event, the headquarters in Washington vetoed the whole idea.

I am not comfortable with the idea of telephone taps recording the private life of Jean Seberg. If she had been going to bed with alligators, that is not the concern of the federal government.

But just as clearly, the FBI had an obligation to monitor terrorist activities in this country in the 1960s—or, for that matter, has such an obligation at any time. The individuals and groups with whom Seberg was consorting were potentially dangerous. One of her many left-revolutionary lovers, attending

Continued on page 113

Mrs. Eleanor May, Headache Sufferer.

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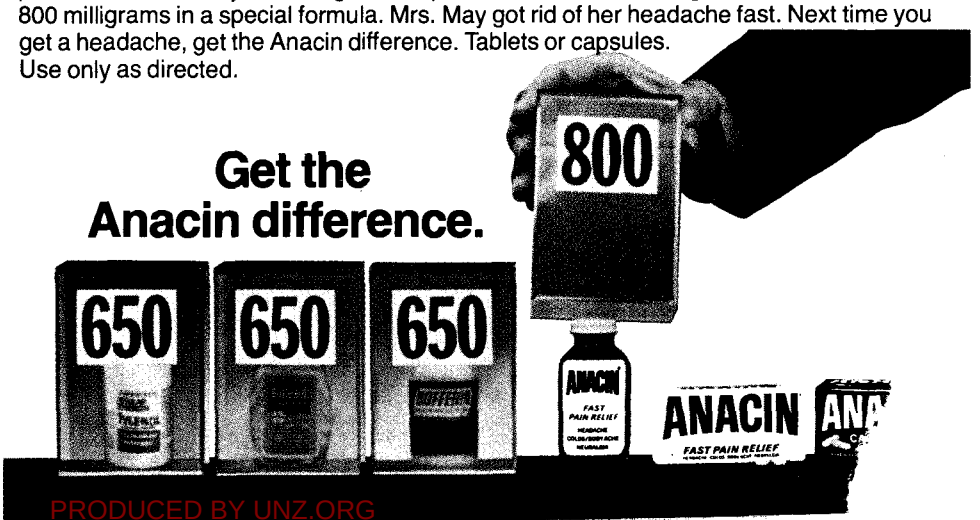

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Post's Alive And Well

Health Food Recipe Contest

$17,000 in prizes and surprises.

. . .with a Wishing Well loaded with exciting prizes: $10,000 Mink Coat. . .Windjammer Cruise for 5. . . Flowers for 5 Festive Occasions. . .Jenn-Air Microwave Ovens. . .Rockwell Family Bibles. . .

If you have ever wished for any of these fabulous items in the Post's $17,000 Wishing Well of prizes, your golden opportunity is here. All you have to do to bring one up is to create an original Health Food Recipe that will influence the tastebuds of the contest judges.

Before donning your apron, however, remember . . .your chances of winning will improve by following the helpful hints from our government's recommendations for a healthful American diet: less fat. . .less sugar. . .less salt. . .less cholesterol. . .less meat. . .more vegetables. . . more beans and potatoes. . .more fruit. . .more whole-grain cereals.

With these timely tips and your imagination, that apron can change into a full-length mink coat. . .or put you and your family on the passenger list of an unforgettable Windjammer Cruise in the Caribbean. . .or decorate five festive occasions of your choice with $50 worth of colorful FTD flowers. . .or put into your kitchen the homemaker's dream: a Jenn-Air Microwave Oven . . .or place on your nightstand or coffee table the beautifully illustrated Norman Rockwell Family Bible.

Whether we say it with flowers, a mink coat or any of our other prizes, we wish you luck, the best of health, a winning recipe. . .and your choice from the Wishing Well.

Rules

All recipes submitted must be original and will become the property of The Saturday Evening Post. Entries must be received at the Post editorial offices by December 1, 1981. All prizes will be awarded—no substitutions, please. Employees of The Curtis Publishing Company and their families are not eligible to win. Mail your entry to: Health Recipe Contest, SatEvePost, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. Contest void in New York, Maryland, Florida and other states where prohibited by law.

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(one given)

Full-length brown let-out mink coat with petal collar. Value: $10,000

Second
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Family Windjammer Cruise for up to five members of your family. Value: $2,000

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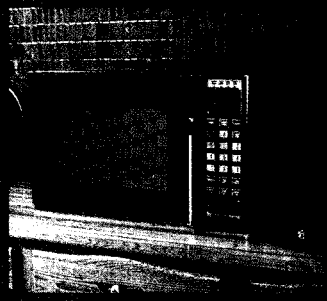

Jenn-Air microwave ovens. Value: $750

Fifth
(25 given)

Norman Rockwell Family Bibles—a family heirloom. Value: $40

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PASTOR, EVANGELIST, CRUSADER

Is government today a religion in itself?

by Cliff Yudell

As in a dream, the steeple rises 30 stories into the sky above Fort Lauderdale, Florida, its majesty dwarfing everything in sight. Below this great white symbol of hope stands the enormous church itself, tower windows aglow like vertical rainbows illuminated for the eyes of man. The sanctuary, welcoming thousands, is dominated by an immense, 7,000-pipe Ruffatti organ, its harmonies backing a 200-voice choir; there is a moment of silence, then a sound to awaken the soul.

But a "clear and present danger" is touching the dream, twisting it into a nightmarish vision, threatening to destroy everything for which it stands. And because of the threat, because of the danger, one man is speaking out:

"I believe there is a very dangerous trend, a 'new religion,' sweeping our schools, sweeping our country. It will eventually lead to tyranny and vast abuses of human rights."

The man is Dr. D. James Kennedy, the tall, charismatic senior pastor of Coral Ridge Presbyterian Church. Around him stands a virtual empire of Christian witnesses, a powerful and controversial international ministry that has brought this former dance instructor more than his share of plaudits and criticism. Within him burns the flame of evangelism; he directs its heat toward institutions that he claims to be the enemies not only of Christianity but of all American freedoms.

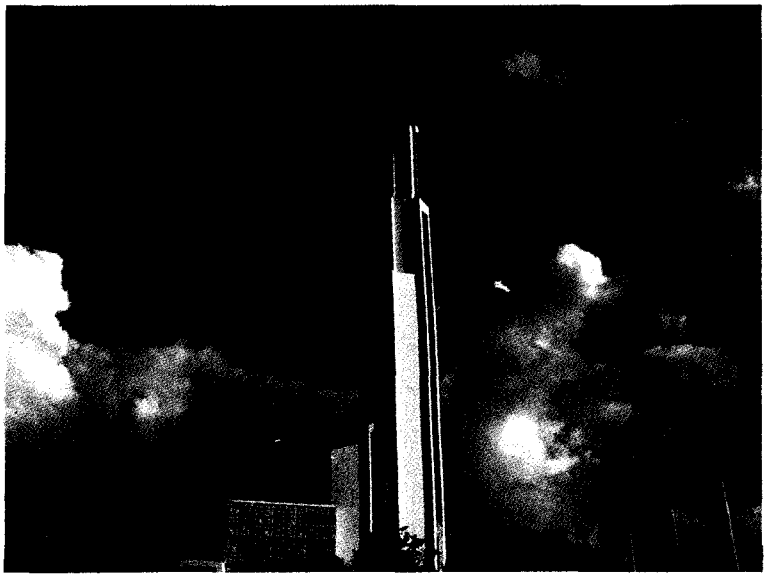
Dr. D. James Kennedy proudly numbers wife Anne and daughter Jennifer among his most loyal supporters.

"The idea that our government is somehow exempt from the control of God is probably the most dangerous concept that has ever come down the pike," he says. "I am convinced that the First Amendment does not teach the separation of Church and state."

Dr. Kennedy states these convictions factually in the deep, resonant tones of a news anchorman, without the expected "fire and brimstone" in his voice. He doesn't need it. The words themselves carry the power, and they hit hard—not only because of their content, but because of their source. While Americans have always accepted warnings from the pulpit, they have most often been directed against individual sin, designed as stopgaps to individual damnation. This time, the warnings come from the pulpit but—unabashedly—involve international affairs, public education and national politics.

"The founders of this country did not see the government as something outside of God," he says. "But we have come to a place where it is even illegal to teach a student that he is *created* by God! We are told today that religion may be dangerous to the American way of life, and so young people abandon it, and our mental institutions are filled with these youngsters because they have nothing to anchor their souls. This secular approach to life is not only found in our schools. It is, in fact, a new, Godless religion, with more money, more people, more 'priests' than any other religion. It is the religion of our government, which has legislated wrongs into rights. And we will see a different kind of land when these high priests take over our country."

If Dr. Kennedy were preaching in a small country church before a handful of listeners, his message would be no less powerful or shocking but much less pervasive. As it is, he uses every means of modern technology to reach hundreds of thousands of people in



The Coral Ridge Presbyterian Church at Fort Lauderdale is the fortress from which Dr. Kennedy wages his war against the "religion" now sweeping our country.

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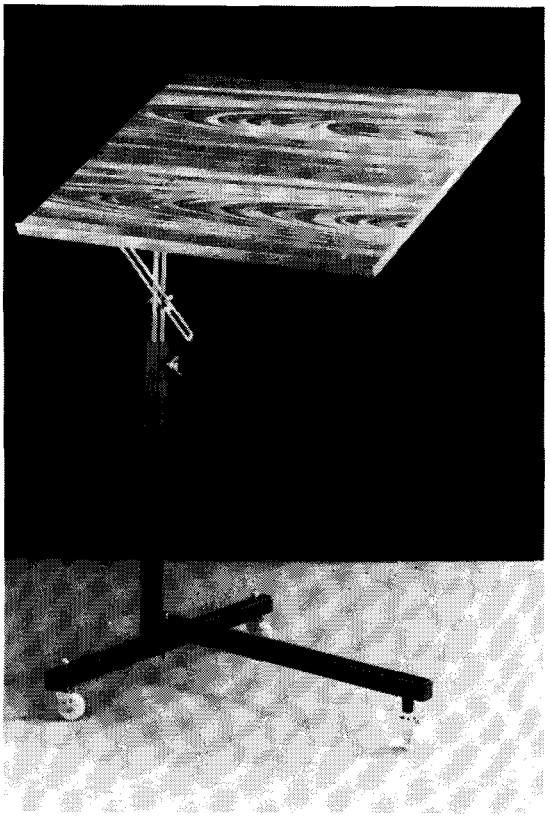

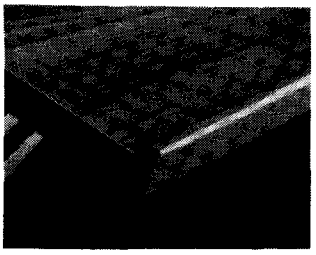

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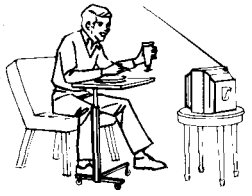

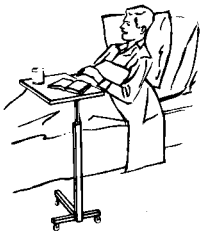

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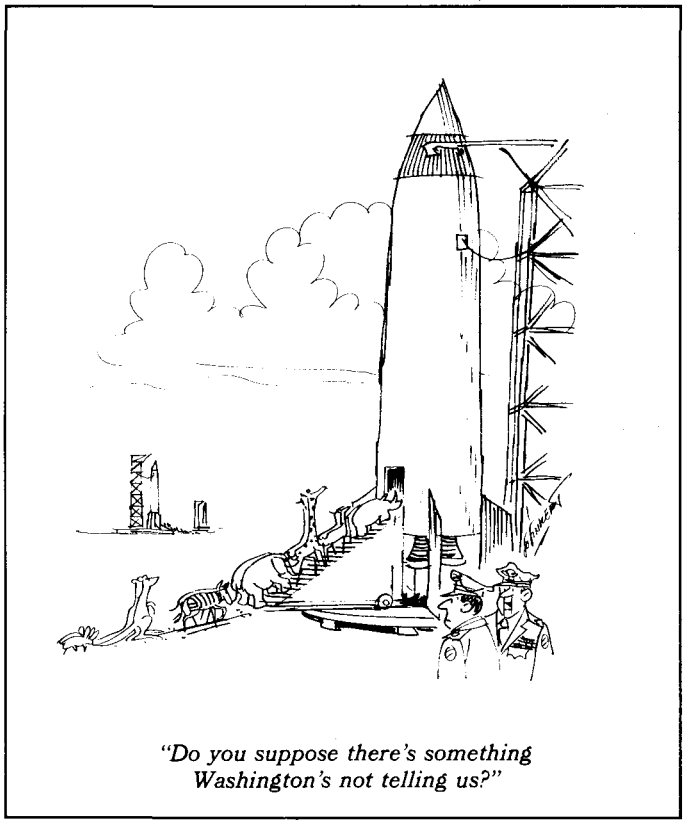
America, millions around the world. And there can be no doubt that they are listening.

For 15 consecutive years, Coral Ridge has been the fastest-growing church in the nation and currently boasts a membership of 5,500. As many as 9,000 people have attended services on a single Sunday. Dr. Kennedy's sermons are received by direct television broadcast or cable in 1,600 cities in all 50 states and on 60 radio stations broadcast from studio facilities within the church. *Like a Mighty Army*, a one-hour color film on the life and ministry of Dr. Kennedy and Coral Ridge, has been shown in more churches throughout the world than any evangelistic film in history.

Nor is the message limited to celluloid or the American airwaves. Evangelism Explosion International, Dr. Kennedy's lay mission program, works within approximately 150 denominations in 50 foreign countries. "Our predictions show that, person to person, Evangelism Explosion will spread the Gospel to 100 million people within the next five years," he says.



"Do you suppose there's something Washington's not telling us?"

Who is this man who preaches as much about the beast of communism as he does the Beatitudes, who studies the missile gap and congressional misbehavior as part of his mission? It might seem as if the power to communicate a spiritual message could only come from someone who had been intensely devoted to Christ from his youth, but the James Kennedy who grew up in Chicago and Tampa was a vastly different human being from the Dr. James Kennedy of today.

"My parents sent me to Sunday school, but they were members of the kind of church where they didn't really tell you much about the Gospel," he recalls. "In fact, there are a lot of churches in America where you could go for years and never find out how to become a Christian. They just assume that if you walked in the place, you must have been one before you got there."

His ambition was to be a musician—he studied clarinet and saxophone at the University of Tampa—until "I realized I didn't have any talent. I felt a miserable failure, but because I loved to dance, I went to work for Arthur Murray Studios as an instructor, then as studio manager. I had found my niche in life. I was going to be tripping the light fantastic. That was it."

Then, one morning, his clock radio awakened him with a broadcast message from Dr. Donald Grey Barnhouse, pastor of Philadelphia's Tenth Presbyterian Church. "Suppose that you were to die tonight," Dr. Barnhouse asked, "and God were to say to you: 'Why should I let you into heaven?' What would you say?"

Kennedy thought he knew the answer: that he had obeyed the Ten Commandments and therefore was entitled to enter heaven. "But then Dr. Barnhouse said the most astonishing thing I had ever heard in my life—he said I was entitled to enter heaven, to enjoy eternal life, *as a free gift*! When he told me that God loved me enough to give his only begotten son to die for me and was willing to give me eternal life freely, I was absolutely dumbfounded. I went out and got a book (Fulton Oursler's *The Greatest Story Ever Told*) and really studied it. Sometime later, I asked Christ to come into my life. I didn't see any angels, I didn't hear any trumpets or see visions, but something happened in my heart."

His heart had been touched in a different way, too, during the Arthur Murray years. "One day a young lady came to a dance party," he remembers. "I was introduced to her for about 30 seconds. I went back to the teachers' lounge and told the folks I'd just met the lady I was going to marry. Indeed, a few years later, I did."

Anne Kennedy was as outspoken from the start as Dr. Kennedy is now. "Once, she asked me where I went to church, and I said I didn't go anywhere. I gave her the standard line that I could be just as good a Christian without going to church. She said, 'No, you can't.' I was astounded. No one had ever challenged me before. That was a few weeks before I heard the radio broadcast and everything started coming together."

Still, the decision to become a minister did not come easily. "I fought it," he says. "It was a real calling, but I really resisted. Finally, I had to give in to the Lord."

He received a bachelor of divinity degree from Columbia Theological Seminary and in 1959 took up the pastorate of a newly established church in Fort Lauderdale—a church consisting of 45 people (no members) attending Sunday services at a local elementary school. Within weeks, the attendance dwindled to a discouraging 17. It was only after he overcame his initial shyness of going out and meeting people in their homes that the congregation began to slowly increase. He was able to build a modest church, and then, as his sermons grew in intensity and home visitations brought more people to service, the present-day Coral Ridge became a reality.

From this platform, this pulpit, Dr. Kennedy gives

Continued on page 128

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DON'T UPSET THE APRICOT

Janet with a "t" (otherwise it would be Jane) did walls and windows "spank and span," but it was what she did with proverbs that drove her employer up the wall.

by Bill Conklin

Janet Withatee didn't come to us on the east wind like Mary Poppins, but her arrival was certainly unexpected. Our next-door neighbors moved away, leaving Janet available for what she called "the daywork," and she appeared on our back porch one morning, stolid, indomitable, filled with purpose.

"I'm here to spank and span your house, mister," she said, gesturing toward the mysterious black bag at her side. I was happy to see Janet; my wife was in bed with a cold, and the children and I were rapidly turning the place into a shambles. Besides, now I'd find out what was *in* Janet's lethal-looking black bag. It was tall and narrow, like a salesman's sample case, and mounted on roller-skate wheels. It accompanied Janet everywhere, clickety-clacking over the sidewalk as she made her neighborhood rounds, and I'd been regarding it nervously for months.

Actually, or on the face of it anyway, Janet's bag contained nothing more than the tools of her trade; cleansers in boxes and bottles, sponges, cloths and assorted gear for "spanking and spanning" a house. There *was* one strange item, however, an odious pink powder in a Mason jar, and she brandished it with a gesture which I now realize was the beginning of a power struggle between us.

"*I've* brung the bramlitt," she said and added the first of many remarks that still give me pause on sleepless nights. "It's got the air of the dog that bit you," she said ominously. I realize now I should have corrected Janet at once, but I didn't.

The house soon sparkled, my wife grew quickly well, my children flourished under Janet's benevolent rule, but she and I seemed joined in dubious battle. Our second encounter came a week later, when I made out a check payable to Janet Withatee. This was the way she'd introduced herself and the way she'd been addressing herself. Janet examined the check, gave a low wail and let it flutter to the floor. She pointed an accusing finger at it. "There's nobody knows who this *is*," she said in a voice that implied we weren't dealing with things of flesh and blood.

"You mean you're *not* Janet

Continued on following page

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Withatee?" I said.

"I spell Janet with a *t*, mister, but my final name is Jones."

"You *spell* Janet with a *t*?"

"Of course," she said, fixing me with what I now believe was a voodoo eye. "Otherwise my name would be Jane!"

I made out a new check, but we were both still brooding when she trundled her black bag out of the pantry to go home. Pausing in the kitchen doorway, her voice vaguely threatening, she gave me one more thing to think about.

"Listen, mister, don't upset the apricot," she said.

I certainly tried not to. Janet was a wonderful housekeeper who went over things with "a fine tooth and comb." I'd have gladly settled for peaceful coexistence, but she continued to stalk me. She told me she could read the handwriting out in the hall. She told me I was letting the grass groan under my feet. She told me I was acting like a little thin god. She told me not to get up on my hind horse, that I was nothing but a puppy on a string.

The more I listened to Janet, the more I became convinced that the sinister things she said in my presence were a kind of attack on me. I resolved not to let her get away with it any longer; I decided to start correcting her.

The next evening when Janet was serving dinner (including her little ragged muffins, of which she was justifiably proud), my wife happened to mention a neighborhood girl.

"She's nothing to ride home about," Janet sniffed.

"You mean *write* home about, Janet," I said sharply.

Janet ignored me. "She drinks too much because she's got a wooden leg," she said.

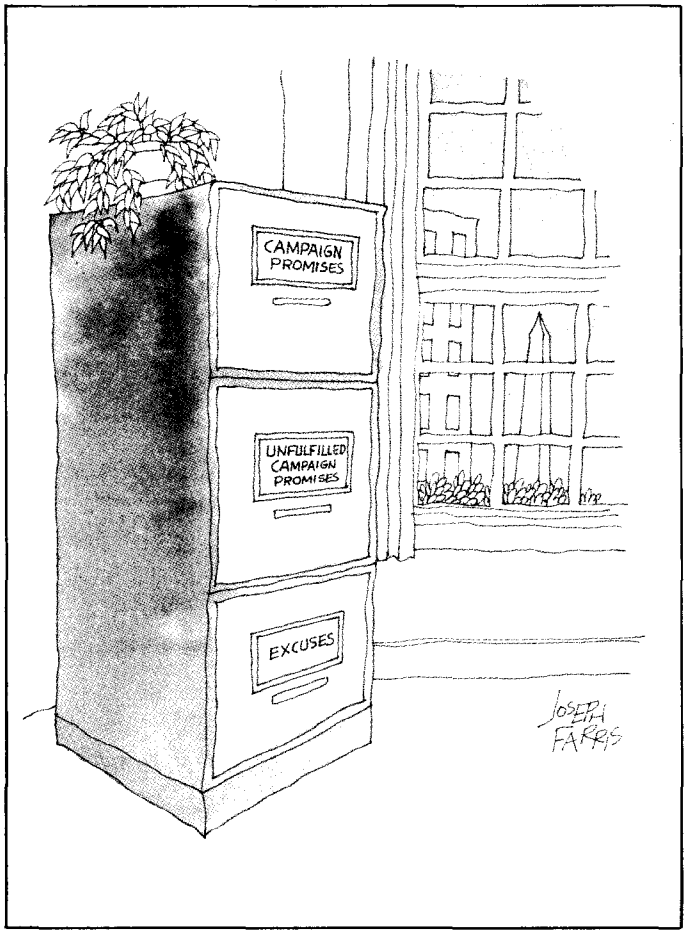
I had to think that one over. "You mean *hollow* leg."

"She's got the morals of a pussycat," Janet said.

"She's got the morals of an *alley* cat!" I shouted.

Janet favored me with a look of sullen triumph. "Mister," she said, "*you* seem to know her very well." My wife coughed in her napkin, and my children chortled with untoward glee. That night I hardly slept at all.

As I left for work the next day, Janet accosted me in the hall. "There's a flaw in your ointment, mister," she said.



"Yes," I snapped, "and there's a blot on your escutcheon!"

Janet blinked. Nobody else would have noticed it, but we were locked in mortal combat. I knew I'd finally landed a blow that stung. "Coals to Newcastle, Janet, piling Pelion upon Ossa," I added quickly. She backed away, and I hurried out the door.

When I got home that night, I went to my study, my only haven against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. I looked around in disbelief. The furniture had been rearranged. The books and papers I kept in happy confusion were stacked in neat piles. My desk was clean and bare. Janet stood at the window, bramlitt in hand and black bag at heel, pretending to clean a pane of glass. Somehow I knew she was playing for keeps this time. My only chance was to get her before she got me.

"There is no *way*, mister," she said. "The night's so black you can't see your face in front of you."

"I don't want to see my face in front of me," I said, feigning calm.

"*Any* face!" she said stubbornly.

"How about the Chessie Cat's face, Janet? It's nothing but a great big grin that lives up in a tree."

"That's just an old wise tale," she said, but she was nervous.

"How about Silky Swallowwort, the common milkweed? He was hoist by his own petard. Just ask Kubla Khan. Ask. . ."

Janet began moving toward me. Fighting panic, I flourished my attache case. "Do you know what I've got in here?" I cried. "Something *twice* as good as bramlitt. What use will ordinary bramlitt be when great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill shall come?"

Then, desperate, I quoted:

Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu!
Groweth sed and
bloweth med
And springeth the wude
nu. . . .

That did it. "I got to go now, mister," Janet said, and she bolted from the room.

A day or so later Janet told my wife she had made new derangements. She said she was going to work for the people who live under the hill.

Janet's departure is still a tender subject around our house, I'm afraid, but I can't help thinking she'll be happier with people like that. And vice versa. Meanwhile my youngest daughter is busily spreading throughout the neighborhood *her* version of why Janet left us. "Daddy attacked her and she fled."

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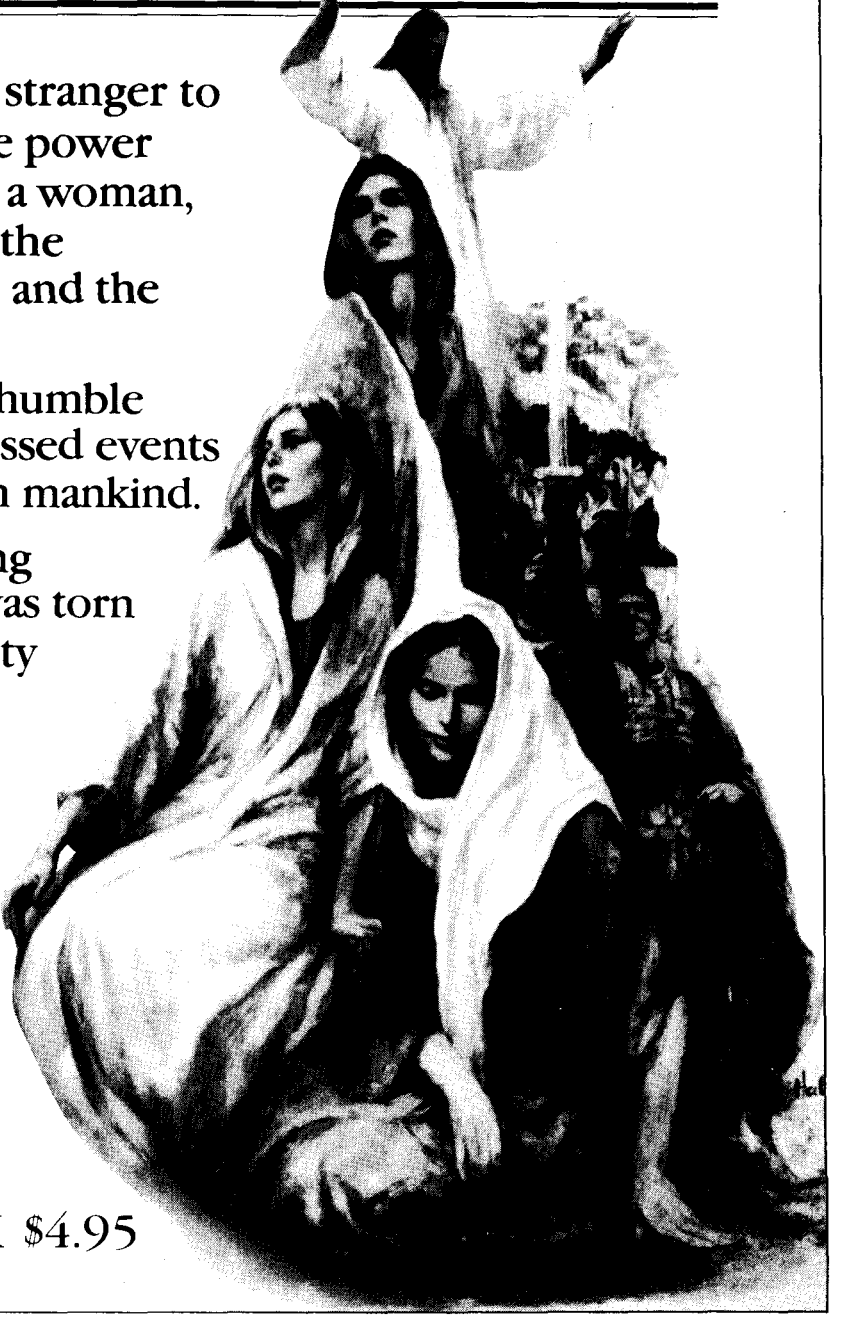

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By MARY LA CROIX

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THE IMMORTAL SPIRIT OF HORATIO ALGER

The new heroes receiving the Horatio Alger Award each year give proof that the spirit of this "rags-to-riches" writer is alive and well—and flourishing in America.

by Ralph Gardner

Someone showed me an ad that was headlined "Is Horatio Alger Dead?" Then I saw a book titled *Horatio Alger Is Dead.* Horatio Alger *dead*? Don't you believe it!

Horatio Alger! What happy memories that name brings to mind. Warm recollections of good old days; of action-packed stories of honest, hard-working lads who strived and succeeded and—with a little luck and pluck—paid off the mortgage on the old homestead on their way from rags to riches.

Anyone who thinks those days are gone forever need only talk with any of the 340 *new* Alger heroes who, since 1947, have received the awards given annually by the Horatio Alger Awards Committee. Selecting individuals who, by their own efforts, turned adversity to advantage and pulled themselves up by their bootstraps, the committee named their first winners 34 years ago.

He was a Harvard-educated minister and teacher, but people often are surprised to learn that Horatio Alger, Jr., was the name of a real person.

Early winners included Herbert Hoover, J.C. Penney, Ralph Bunche and Eddie Rickenbacker. Former President Eisenhower received his recognition in 1961, and President Reagan became a winner eight years later, while he was Governor of California. More recent awardees include Rod McKuen, Lieutenant General James H. Doolittle, Joseph Hirshhorn, Hank Aaron, Clare Boothe Luce, Lawrence Welk, Rafer L. Johnson, Art Linkletter and Willie Shoemaker. Winners—about 12 each year—have been industrialists, bankers, politicians, performers, sportsmen, military and professional people.

The Horatio Alger Awards, presented at black-tie ceremonies each May in a different major city, were conceived in 1947 by the late Dr. Kenneth Beebe, who was then the president of the American Schools and Colleges Association.

With a small group of friends who shared his belief that there existed among young people the impression that equal opportunity and eventual success through their own efforts were a thing of the past, he developed a new approach to the problem.

Selecting living individuals who had achieved significant success through their own efforts, he demonstrated with living proof that the American way still offers abundant opportunity to all.

"Our accent has always been on youth," says Helen Gray, executive director of the committee. "Copies of our book, *Only in America—Opportunity Still Knocks*, are distributed free to schools, libraries and young people's organizations across the country. We sponsor free career seminars at which top business leaders and our own members from diverse fields discuss their own companies and careers. We assist school boards in establishing special classes on free enterprise for educators. The more teachers become familiar with current opportunities available to their students through free enterprise, the better they can teach it. We also have a speakers' bureau available to schools and colleges."

A pivotal figure in the committee's rise to prominence has been the Reverend Norman Vincent Peale—past president, now general chairman, the man who has presented some of America's most illustrious entrepreneurs with their awards. "In 1977, the awards were given for their 30th year, and Dr. Peale celebrated his 25th year with us," says Ms. Gray. "To commemorate the occasion, he was given a

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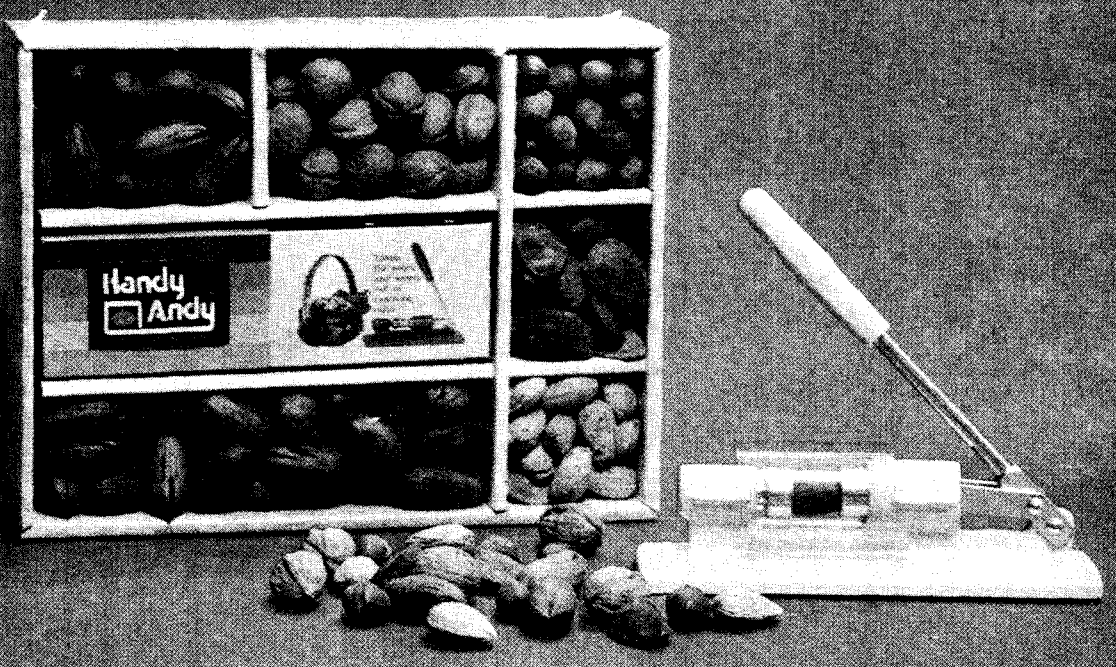

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sculpted bust of Horatio Alger."

Occasionally—although less frequently than even a few years ago, according to Ms. Gray—young people ask who Horatio Alger was. It's not an unusual question, considering that the famed author of *Ragged Dick, Brave and Bold, Tom the Bootblack, Struggling Upward* and a hundred other fast-paced novels died in 1899, and his books, for the most part, have been out of print for decades. But from Civil War days almost to our Great Depression, his books were read, reread, swapped and borrowed by virtually every boy and many girls who were then growing up in America. They were favored as gifts and school prizes, recommended from pulpits, and they could—unlike blood-and-thunder dime novels that were often forbidden at home—be read in the parlor.

His typical hero was a recently orphaned country lad, forced to leave the mortgaged old homestead to seek his fortune. Or he was a city urchin who, most often, didn't know where he came from. It's pretty evident that Alger, himself sickly as a child and afflicted all his life with bronchial asthma, patterned his young heroes after the stout lad he wished he, himself, could have been.

Receiving his award from Norman Vincent Peale in 1969, Ronald Reagan said, "I read Horatio Alger when I was young—and learned more than a little from him."

This ruddy, self-reliant youngster was generally thrust upon Lower Broadway or the Bowery with but a few cents in his pocket. Though ragged, he was bright and ambitious, cheerfully accepting a menial station as bootblack, messenger or peddler. It was a start, and with the sterling qualities endowed him by his creator—honesty, a penchant for hard work, an engaging aggressiveness, temperance and consideration for others—he couldn't go wrong.

But like anyone on the way up, he had enemies—the swaggering snob, the criminally inclined guardian, the penurious village squire, the bully, the traveling con man, pickpocket, burglar and kidnapper.

Scoundrels conspired to waylay him on his road to success. They defamed him by false accusation, stole his wallet, dumped him into an abandoned well. But between daring escapes, he performed heroic deeds, rescuing a child from the path of a runaway horse, jumping into the East River to save a life, stopping a speeding train or preventing an old man from being sandbagged and robbed.

The hero was inevitably rewarded with cash (which he wisely invested in real estate, mining stocks or Erie Railroad shares) and a better job—perhaps as a clerk earning $10 a week, a fairly decent salary in those days. Then, because he showed initiative and shrewdness, he was sent on a confidential, perilous journey. The mission was always a triumph, and in its course he discovered a secret that cleared up the mystery of his own identity or accidentally met the benefactor who helped recover his legacy. While the hero usually did not achieve great financial wealth, he was well on his way, with the clouds past, the mortgage paid and a bright future predicted.

During the 1870s, even before many of Alger's books had been produced, A.K. Loring—his first

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major publisher—proclaimed him to be "the dominating figure of the new era. In his books he has captured the spirit of reborn America. What Alger has done is to portray the soul—the ambitious soul—of the country!"

Critics along the way offered a variety of judgments. The *New York Times*, in an editorial, called Alger the Prose Laureate for young people. Paul Gallico supposed that Alger caused generations of readers to be wary of bankers and afraid of mortgages, even though they didn't know why they were afraid or what they were afraid of. In any event, he wagered, Alger probably caused plenty of kids to wind up with a bloody nose when they stood up to the neighborhood bully. Heywood Broun called Alger's stories "simple tales of honesty triumphant." Westbrook Pegler called Alger's heroes "little heels," and Brooks Atkinson described Alger as a "prodigious hack" and a "literary mechanic."

The barbs of modern-day carpers notwithstanding, the question arises: Today, who struggles upward like Alger's heroes? Who, like Carl Crawford in *The Odds Against Him*, labors in a factory for $2 a week and board? Who, like Luke Larkin in *Struggling Upward*, receives "a dollar a week for taking care of the schoolhouse" and earns as much more doing odd jobs in his village?

Let's face it. Even if one such ambitious lad should show up, he would be prevented by a dozen local, state and federal laws from earning a living the way Alger's heroes did. In addition to minimum wage and hour legislation, there are compulsory education statutes, state labor acts, workmen's compensation, federal fair-labor standards, income taxes, social security and hospitalization deductions, requirements for union membership, full-time and vacation working permits, indoor and outdoor employment regulations, public contract laws and probably a dozen others that the young hero would be violating.

While our modern-day hero has all the above to contend with, he, like the indomitable Alger lad of old, demonstrates initiative, ambition, love of freedom, enthusiasm and integrity which lead him to outstanding achievement and service.

Presented with his award in 1969, then-Governor Reagan advised young people in the audience, "If there is one thing that menaces you, it's a philosophy that what has happened to us (Alger Award recipients) can't happen to you.

"You demand your right," he told them, "to fly as high and as far as your own strength and ability will take you, without fear of penalty, and you will find that, as you do so, you will not become hard-nosed, less kind to those who compete with you. Instead, you'll find that you want to extend a helping hand."

"Of course," says Helen Gray, "times change. But opportunity? *Never!* The same kind of youngster that made it in Alger's day can do it today. It's a different world with different opportunities. But they're there for everyone. If you give it a try you may even find that *you* are a genuine Alger hero!"

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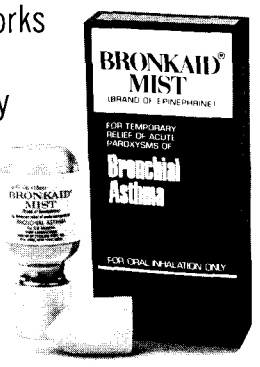

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PET PEEVES

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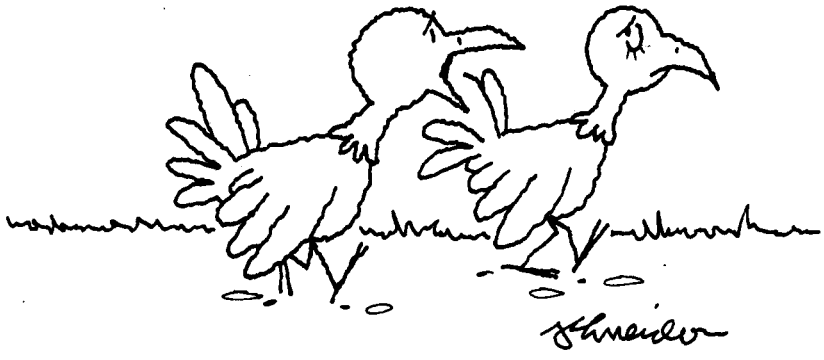

"You gotta admit, Bernice, your fear of flying makes it darned hard to get to Capistrano every year."

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The New England Collectors Society Presents Its First

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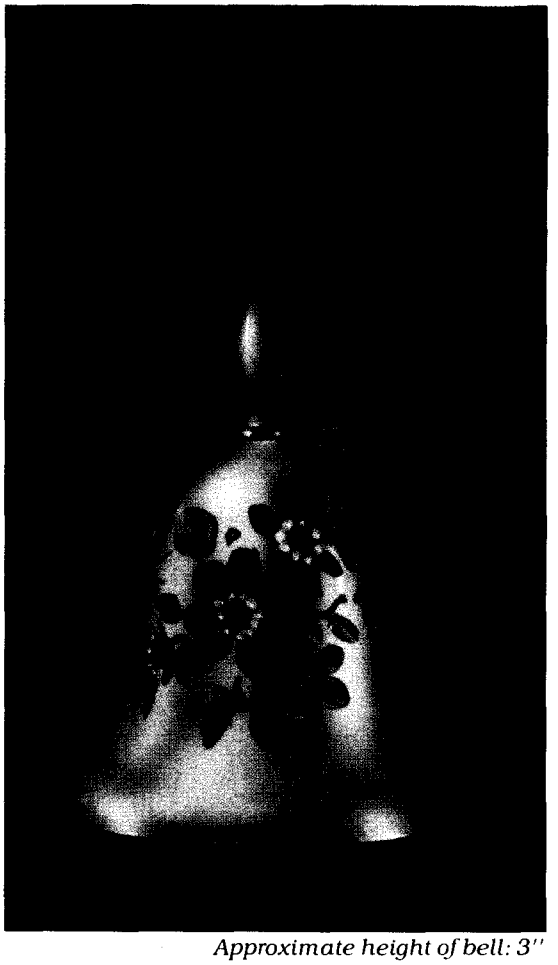

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TUGBOAT ANNIE AND THE CHEAPSKATE

There was something fishy about a cheapskate cutting rates to get a salvage job—and Annie put her life savings on the (tow) line to prove it.

by Norman Reilly Raine

Illustrated by Phil Smith

It was a blustery spring day, with the white-flecked waters of the Puget Sound port of Secoma patterned by cold sunshine and the shadows of fast-moving rain clouds and the air alive with the high, wild piping of gulls. But in the private office of Alec Severn, the plump and amiable little owner of the Deep-Sea Towing and Salvage Company, the atmosphere was heavy as he sat behind his desk and stared morosely at the weather-beaten, mastiff face of his senior skipper, Tugboat Annie Brennan.

"Well, that's the jam I'm in," he said unhappily. "And there's not a cussed thing I can do without outside help."

"But, Alec, all yer tugs has been workin', an' fer months me own Narcissus was haulin' big supply barges up to them new arctic bases," Annie protested. "Gov'ment contracks pays good, an'—"

"That work has slacked off now!" he said irritably. "You know that! And as a result of being in constant service, my whole tug fleet needs a complete overhaul. But I just can't swing it."

"So along comes this San Francisco feller, Bulger—"

"Bolzer, Annie! B-o-l-z-e-r! And he'll finance me, yes—provided he approves our operation methods."

"Does he know the towboatin' business?"

"No, but he's a business-administration expert. And since he tells me he has many contacts

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with shipping companies, he might steer some jobs our way."

"Ye check his financial standin'?"

"Naturally! I'm not a fool, Annie!" he snapped testily. "But I do wish I didn't have to leave tonight for that Sea Freight Carriers' Convention in New York. It's important, though, for business."

"Don't worry, Alec," said Annie, promptly reassuring. "I'll run things here for ye like I've allus done."

Severn looked uncomfortable. "Not—not this time, Annie, I'm afraid," he said placatingly. "You see, Bolzer insists on coming in to supervise while I'm gone. It'll give him a chance to study—"

"Ye mean ye're hirin' him?"

"I asked him about that, but he doesn't care one way or the other, as long as I give him authority to appoint himself in an emergency where he'd have to commit the company. So he'll come in as an adviser only, at present. But mind, Annie"—and Severn's tone hardened—"whatever he says here goes!"

"It won't work!" said Annie abruptly. "Unless his job's official, he could git us in a jam, then duck out an' leave you holdin' the sack. No, sir! Put him on the payroll. Then you're his boss."

"What's wrong with your thinking today, Annie?" he said impatiently. "A tugboat owner's always liable for the mistakes of his employees! But this way, if he was at fault, I could sue him! Anyway," he ended in sudden appeal, "quit arguing, will you? I need his money—and I need it soon!"

"O.K., ye ol' gafoozler," she replied quietly and stood up. "When's the financial blizzard takin' over?"

"Before I leave. I'll want you to meet him. So come back—"

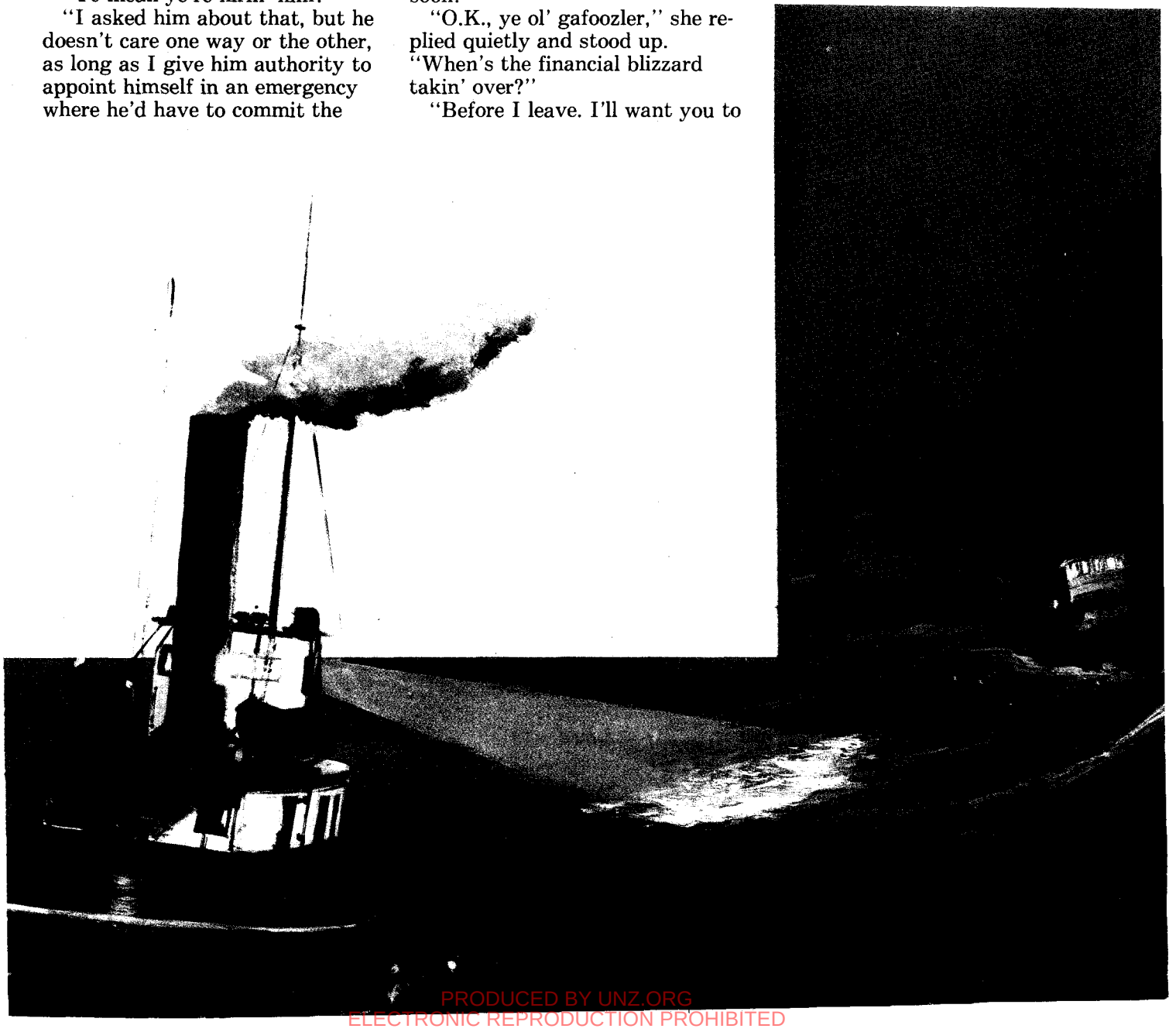
"Can't," said Annie. "I got that tow fer Foss Harbor right away."

"That's right; I forgot. Well"—he held out his hand—"see you when I come back. And please don't tangle with Bolzer! I'm already committed for dockyard space and new supplies for overhauling the tugs, and if you foul me up with him, Annie, I'll be out of business and you'll be out of a job!"

"I won't let ye down, Alec," she assured him.

From Foss Harbor the Narcissus was dispatched to other jobs, so a few days elapsed before she was headed once more toward her home

Continued on page 114



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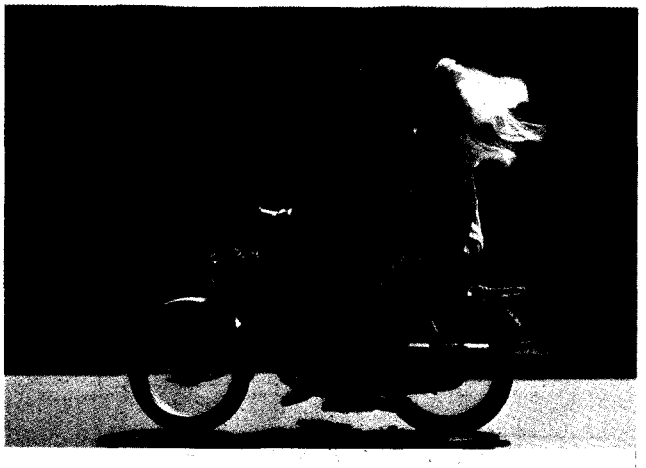
HERE COMES THE BRIDE—AGAIN

From a kinky couple on a Central Park knoll reciting their own vows to the lilting strains of a cowbell, weddings in the last decade have come back to the church and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March."

by Letitia Baldrige

June 1969

The wedding invitations had been written painstakingly in calligraphy on fragile rice paper and were mailed in envelopes that didn't match. No one could find a source that could make envelopes to match the exotic paper. The scent of sandalwood emanated from the invitation; the text was laden with ancient philosophical sayings from the East. After reading it several times—and by combining various clues in the text—the recipient could finally conclude that this was indeed an invitation to a wedding—a wedding to be held in a certain section of Central Park at sundown on a certain day. The rice paper was so thin, one felt it would easily disintegrate in one's fingers.



Weddings have come full cycle—from barefoot in the park back to the elegance of formal attire and traditional vows in a solemn church service.

The bride and groom were assembled with their parents, attendants and a handful of friends on a knoll in the park. (One cannot call it a "grassy" knoll, for it was quite devoid of grass.) Fortunately, it was a beautiful day. The couple had just spoken their own specially composed vows, which were a combination of Haiku poetry, a few words from the Old Testament and readings of Buddhist philosophy. Somewhere in the maze of complicated recitations, the guests could make out the young voices saying "I Do" to the man dressed in white shrouds who was marrying them. The young couple was dressed in white, too—she in a long-sleeved leotard with a transparent overskirt that rather resembled bandage gauze. In her hands, as her bridal bouquet, she held a white flowering plant in a white pot. The groom was dressed in what looked like a man's collarless shirt, elongated to the floor. It was custom-made for the occasion; it was a sartorial decision that had taken weeks to reach. Both were barefooted.

There was music from a lute, played by a young woman with hair that covered her knees. She was dressed in what looked like a burnt amber, unpressed cotton nightgown. Her music was accented by a bearded man who intermittently rang a cowbell. Both were barefooted.

The bride had instructed her four attendants to wear "what you—individually—most want to wear, something that expresses the *real* you." She ordered them to keep it as a surprise from her and from each other "until we all meet on the wedding day. . . .I want this wedding to be an expression of our friends, not just of ourselves."

One of the bridesmaids decided on her favorite jeans, which sported a backpatch that read, "Send the *pigs* to war, not *us*." On the front of her white T-shirt she had embroidered two gold intertwined wedding bands for the occasion.

Another bridal attendant wore a tattered, frilly Victorian teagown she had found in a thrift shop, which made her look as though *she* were the bride, come upon hard times. One wore a white college graduation robe (which she explained to the bride was "in honor of your graduation into life"). The fourth wore a harem costume that made her look like the star of the "I Dream of Jeannie" TV series. She explained that it was a "total fantasy—the silly and absurd dream of a completely liberated woman."

The groom and his best man wore top hats they had found in a junk shop several months previously. The groom's attendants all wore jeans with long, white Indian shirts.

The bride's mother was on valium that day (prescribed by a sympathetic physician), and the bride's father was on the bottle for the day, having been unsuccessful in his efforts to have the Central Park police stop the wedding before it could begin.

Two older women who had been walking in the park stopped short at the scene and decided to stay when they concluded it was a wedding. One said to the other in a tone of obvious disapproval, "And to think

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A decade ago, couples began moving from the sanctity of the church to the freer ambience of the field, there to pledge original declarations of respect.

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they call *that*, whatever they're doing, getting married! It's a disgrace. . . .It's a—a mockery!"

"Listen dear," said the other in a resigned tone, "they've probably been living together for a long time. Think of it as a blessing they're finally getting married. They're getting it legalized."

"Well," sniffed her friend, "I'm glad that with all that incense they're burning, there's a strong wind that will carry it all away. I don't want Central Park smelling like *that* all weekend!"

After the ceremony, the entire group walked out of the park to a small restaurant on the West Side where they were to dine. The barefooted members of the wedding party stepped carefully among the pieces of broken glass and dog droppings. Once at the restaurant, the bride and groom drank from large loving cups of honey—and would continue for several weeks to drink the sweet liquid, following the Anglo-Saxon tradition that if the couple drinks honey every day for a month from their wedding day, their sex life will remain fantastic forever (hence the word "honeymoon").

A trio of expressionless Indian musicians played seated in a corner of the restaurant while the bride's father wondered out loud when it was "time for a cobra to come out of a basket somewhere?" The bride's mother shushed him. She was in a reverie, thinking of her own lavish society wedding in 1947. She sat quietly, alternately holding hands with her husband for mutual support and nervously fingering the questionable contents of the dish in front of her. She managed a weak smile whenever she remembered that she should.

The groom's parents had skipped the reception, the mother having remarked to her husband at the conclusion of the ceremony in the park, "We've seen and been through enough."

Late that evening, the bride and groom walked through a shower of rice to their car (a present from the bride's parents), a psychedelically decorated Volkswagon. Two young strollers watched them leave. "Gee," whispered the young girl, "that's right on. Think how rich they are! Wish *we* could get married like that." She sighed with envy for something that could not be.

May 1981

If you bothered to look at the embossed words on the underneath flap, you knew the wedding invitations had been ordered from Tiffany's. They were engraved in black Roman script on heavy ecru stock. A thin sheet of tissue protected the freshly inked engraving

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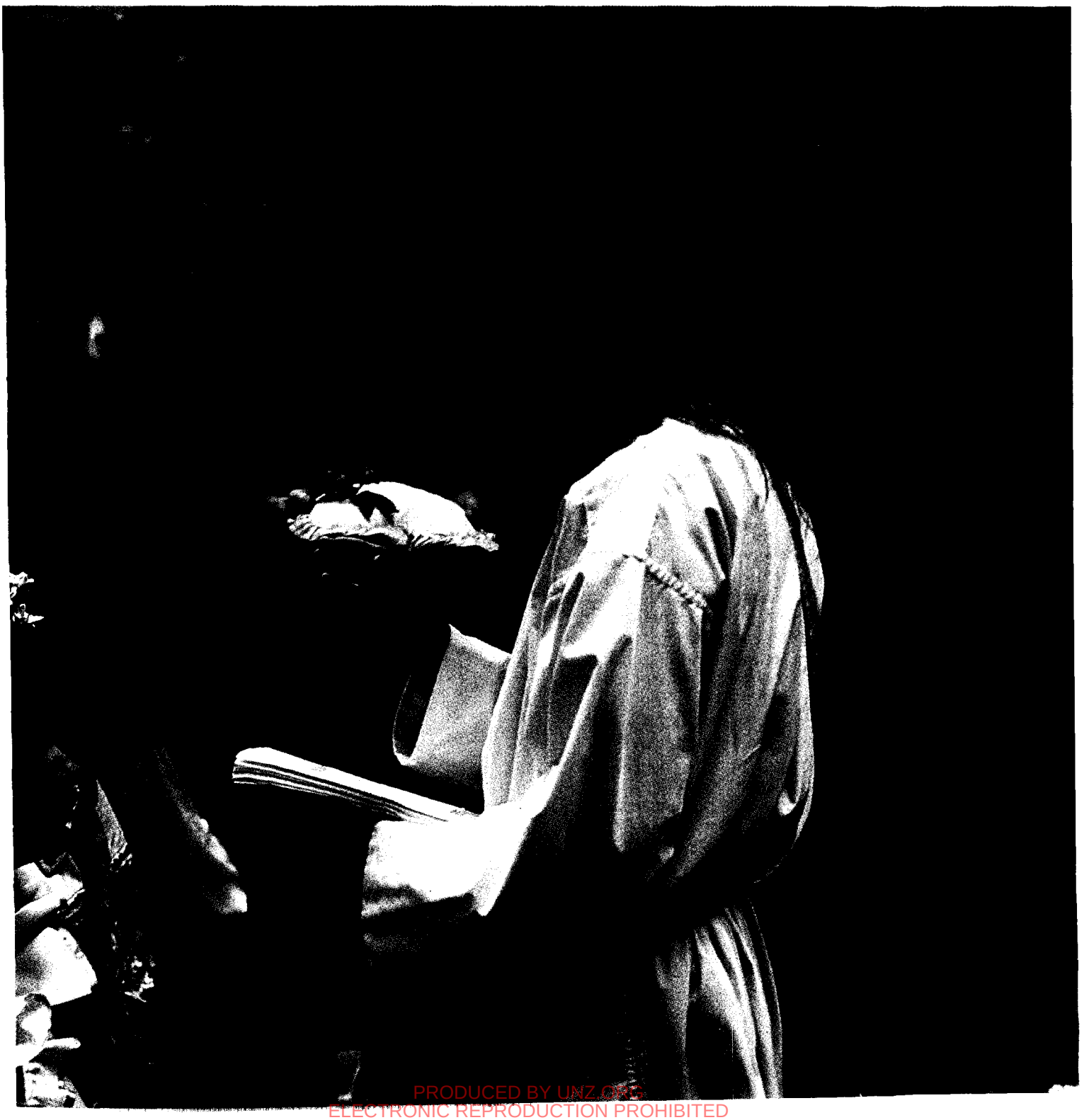
from smudging in the mail. The invitations were expensive to mail because of the weight. They included the invitation to the church ceremony, another invitation card to the reception and an "At Home" card, communicating to the recipients the couple's new address. As a reflection of the times in which we live, the "At Home" card did not say "Mr. and Mrs. John Smith." It gave two names, his and her maiden name. It meant she was keeping her maiden name after marriage.

In another break with tradition—but for the sake of efficiency—the couple's new telephone number was given. Why *not* change the formal traditions to conform with today?

A pale gray canopy stretched from the church door, down over the steps to the curb. It had been put up by the florists only that morning on this sparkling clear day in early May.

Two older women had been walking by, chatting busily, when the doors of the great stone edifice sud-



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Proud fathers may again claim the traditional second dance at the reception, and most couples are again tossing garters and bridal bouquets.

denly flew open, and they could stand in the street and still have a perfect view of the interior filled with well-dressed people, a profusion of flowers and towering tapers that cast a lovely candlelit glow everywhere. The majestic sound of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" came pealing forth from the organ into the street. The bride and groom came grinning down the center aisle, walking at a fast pace over the canvas runner that had been laid only 15 minutes earlier by the ushers to protect the bride's cathedral train.

The couple was now on the steps, laughing and whispering to each other. "Wasn't it great? Were you nervous? Didn't it look beautiful? Did you see Uncle Harry in his waistcoat and spats?"

The groom was a handsome, slim figure in his dark-gray cutaway with gray-striped trousers and a tiny spray of white flowers from his bride's bouquet tucked into his lapel.

The wide skirt of the bride's magnificent white organza dress billowed in the spring winds. Her maid of honor had draped her long train and veil over her arm, so she could walk without tripping.

A series of well-polished black limousines was lined up in front, their drivers standing at the best kind of attention they could muster. The one with the widest grin smartly opened the door of his car for the bridal couple. He had put a sprig of lily of the valley in the button hole of his black suit. The flower was a fake, but who would notice? He was the number-one driver, the one who drove the bride and her father to the church and who was now driving husband and wife to the reception. He began to reminisce how, in the garage before World War II, he always changed the tires on the limo from regular ones to white-walled ones if he was driving for a wedding.

The door of the limo was closed, and the car pulled away from the curb. The two women strained to catch a glimpse of the couple in the back seat. All they could see were two heads very close together.

The women and the other spectators, who had grown in number by now, turned their attention to the top of the church stairs where there was sudden activity and peals of laughter. The attendants had assembled, ready to descend the steps with the bride's and groom's parents and relatives. Eight beautiful young women pirouetted and flirted with the eight ushers in their cutaways. The bridesmaids wore gowns in shades of coral organza. Their nail polish and floral bouquets were a perfect blend. As they moved and their skirts swirled, one could see their matching satin pumps. Their capes were removable for dancing later.

"The young people are so handsome—and distinguished looking, too," remarked one woman to her friend.

"Remember, Felicia, clothes do not make the man," smiled the other woman.

"But they help, Angela, they help."

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The three-year-old, tow-headed ring bearer was now running noisy circles around the older attendants. His job was done, he had produced—at the right time—the white satin pillow on which the bride's wedding ring was safely sewn. The pillow was now in his mother's hands, so he could join the flower girls in a game of tag—all over the church steps. He was a picture in constant motion in his white cotton-velvet shorts and white shirt with a lace Peter Pan collar. The flower girls' long, coral organdy dresses had white-lace Peter Pan collars, too. All three young children wore black-patent Mary Jane shoes, and the little girls flung their flower baskets high and low with excitement. It didn't matter. The flowers inside were wired to the baskets and wouldn't fall out.

The limousines filled and began to pull out from the curb, one by one, bound for the St. Regis Hotel, where guests could take the elevator to "The Roof" for the reception—just as New Yorkers have been doing since the mid-'30s. Arriving guests could hear Lester Lanin and his orchestra playing an upbeat tempo in the ballroom, just as their parents and even grandparents had for decades.

"Lester is a tradition," the 27-year-old bride had explained to her attendants long before the wedding. "Mom and Dad had him; we're doing everything the way they did."

"No rock band?" her friends asked incredulously.

"No rock band," the bride-to-be answered firmly and then laughed, "nor country music either. It doesn't go with the kind of wedding we're having."

The ball is over; the bride has flown away, leaving behind another young lady who may be dreaming of some wedding circa 2001. And the tradition will carry on.

The two women lingered in front of the church until it had emptied and the last guest had departed by taxi for the reception.

"Isn't it wonderful, Angela? *Just* like in our generation."

"Yes," replied her friend. "Except for one thing, Felicia. When you and I were married in the '30s, from a sexual point of view, we went from our fathers' homes to our husbands' beds. There was nothing in between. Those two young people have probably been living together for years and years!"

The women walked away, happy but pensive and reflective on what they had just witnessed and what it all meant.

What does all this mean? It's an interesting question. We seem to have survived almost 15 years of a youth revolution that began in the 1960s. During those years, the young instinctively rebelled against any tradition held dear by the older generation. The formal wedding was one of them.

Parents finally gave in to their children's "strange ideas" on how things should be run for their weddings. It was necessary to do so in order to keep those precious lines of communication open. Parents were at first angry, then sad and resigned as their influence waned and as the Haight-Ashbury hippie culture waxed. Parents looked the other way as their children took their wedding present—air fare and expenses—to go to an ashram in India or to a cave in Corfu to celebrate their marriage.

It was either accept the dictum from the younger generation or be cut off from them. For the majority of parents, it was far preferable not to be totally alienated. Weddings were not always the joyous affairs for the adults that they should have been, and the young people must have felt some sort of chagrin—even if they refused to show it.

Today, future brides and grooms are going over their parents' and grandparents' wedding books saying, "Let's do that, too. . . .That's a nice thing to do, isn't it?"

Traditional weddings are being held in the church

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From a ceremony signifying youth's rebellion against the Institution, the bridal pair (below) again glows with an exuberance for the institution of holy matrimony.

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or in the temple again, instead of out in the field, in the forest, on the beach. The brides are wearing long white dresses with veils and sometimes even cathedral trains—even if they have been living with their grooms for some time. Couples are accepting the traditional wedding service instead of writing their own completely. They choose to have traditional music performed. Bach has won out over The Beatles, Simon and Garfunkel and folk singer Arlo Guthrie, and the organ has triumphed over the recorder, the folk guitar and the varied instruments of the East.

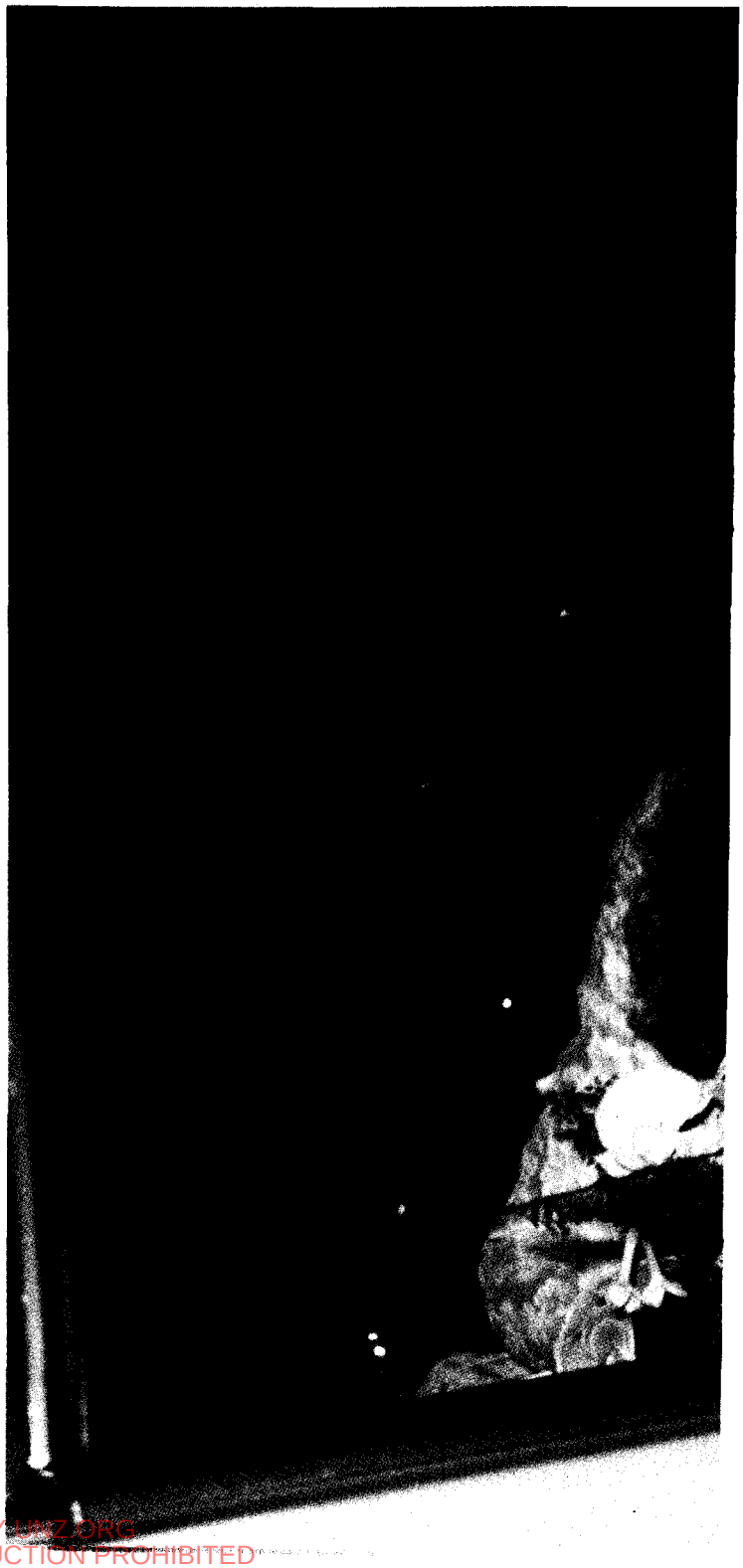
They are relishing the unrivaled excitement of the bridal dinner held on the night before the wedding, hosted by the groom's family. They and their peers take great delight in getting all dressed up for the occasion—the men in their own or in rented black-tie regalia, the women in honest-to-goodness evening gowns (nary a granny gown nor a wrinkled peasant dress in sight!).

There are perhaps several reasons for this return to formality in some of the special occasions of one's life. First of all, there has been the transition from the period of youth rebellion to a period of continuing quiescence. The Vietnam War is no longer inciting youthful feelings of frustration and nose-thumbing at anything America's older generation felt or did.

Today there is even a feeling of exuberance about ceremony. It's rather an "I-don't-want-to-miss-*anything*" kind of enthusiasm. Young people seem to want a taste of that elusive glamour they've heard so much about from the '30s, '40s and '50s. As they mature, they will probably add more and more formality to certain aspects of their lives. We can't predict, of course, the precise degree of formality. Debut parties are coming back in strength, but we can't be sure if there will ever be a return to women regularly wearing long, white kid gloves and ball gowns and men appearing in white tie and tails, wearing silk top hats.

Right now, most of us are content with just the return of the formal wedding. It is a period of make-believe for the bride and groom. It makes the reality of what comes afterward more acceptable—the hard work that lies ahead in an increasingly competitive, strident, abrasive world far removed from the fantasy of the wedding ceremony.

There's even a fiscal reason behind the return to more formal weddings. The financial burden for the wedding used to lie squarely on the shoulders of the bride's father, and if his income was limited, so was



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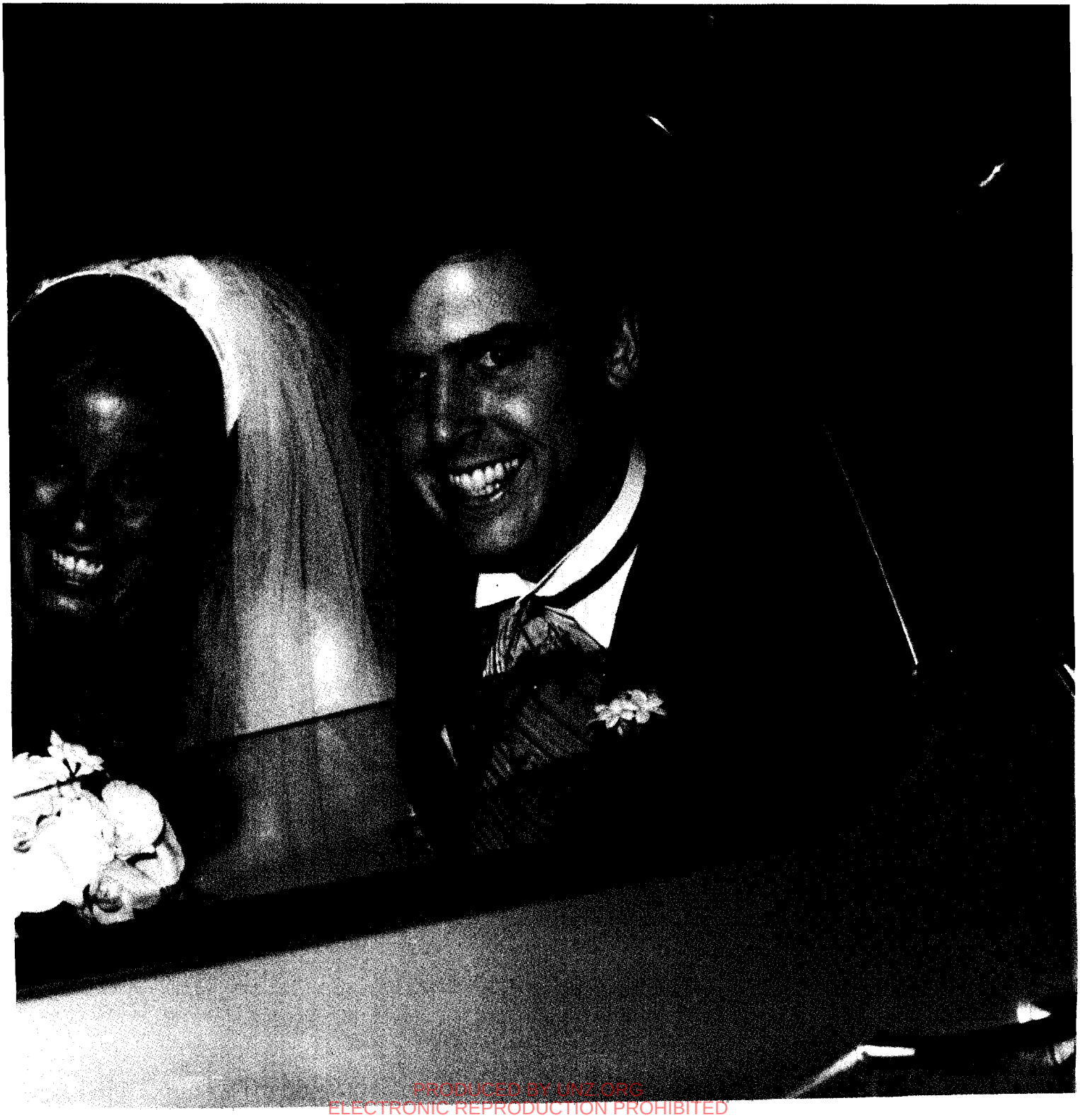
the wedding.

Today, the groom's family is sharing many of the expenses. But also, since many people are marrying in their late 20s and 30s and are making from fair to good salaries, they are paying for the kind of wedding they want themselves. This is a departure from past norms.

It made sense for the formal wedding to come back to us again. The etiquette books tell us what to do, how to organize it. It's a comfortable, secure feeling to know that one is "doing it right." It's better for everyone. It keeps us all from feeling clumsy and awkward when we know what to do, what is going to happen.

When we do things according to custom, not according to someone's whim of the moment, we do it more easily and therefore more happily. And those time-honored traditions can deepen the significance of the moment. "You know," says today's younger generation, "the old fogies had something after all."



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A hit man may get only $2,000 for a murder, but his standing in the mob is his real profit.

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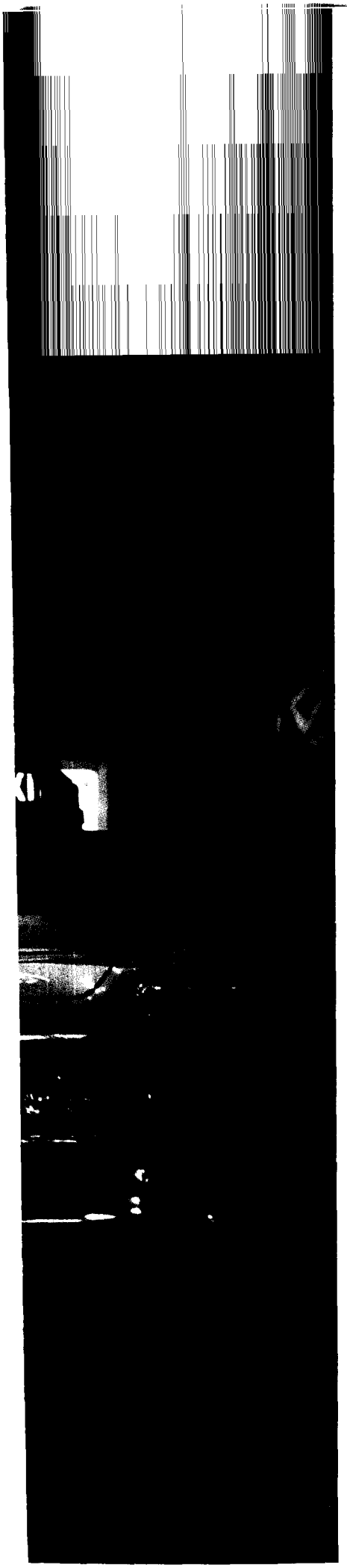


CRIME: "TAKING" IT EASY

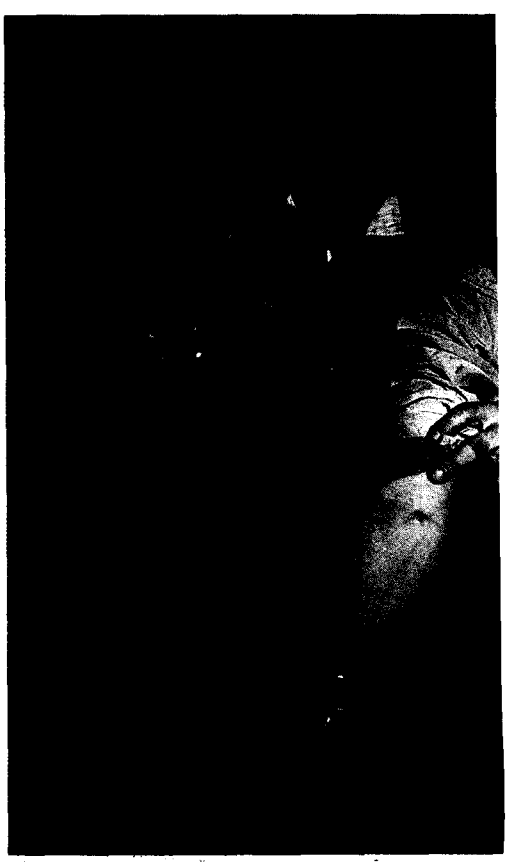
The annual "take" of $100 billion from crime of all kinds makes still another victim of the phrase "crime doesn't pay."

by David Harrop

That superstar of criminals, Al Capone, was estimated to have grossed over $100 million during the Prohibition year of 1927 from his various illegal undertakings: production and sale of liquor, gambling establishments, dog tracks, "protection" rackets, extortion, prostitution and so forth. Even if the figure is exaggerated and the overhead (including the cost of labor) was high, it still makes Capone one of the great earners of all time and worth more than a whole league of professional basketball players. It also indicates the earnings potential that has existed for criminals in America's past. Today the potential is higher still and growing all the time.

The annual "take" from crime of all kinds is over $100 billion. More than one-third of this money stems from ordinary crimes against business. For example, burglary, robbery, shoplifting, employee theft, bad checks, credit card fraud and arson account for as much as $35 to $40 billion a year. The victims of these crimes suffer in roughly the following proportions: retailing 35 percent, services 25 percent, wholesale and manufacturing about 20 percent, transportation 10 percent and arson victims 10 percent.

Another $50 billion or more in criminal profits are derived from major crimes, including illegal gambling, narcotics, loan sharking, hijacking and assorted other vices. These activities are usually associated with organized crime, but obviously, independent operators take a good share of the action and income. Independent entrepreneurs are even more in evidence in personal crimes involving what might be described as "gainful sin," that is, prostitution, pornography and other types of sexual exploitation for money. Although highly publicized and profitable in individual cases, crimes against people for gains, such as kidnapping, blackmail, hostage taking and murder for money, are actually a minor factor in the total crime take.



Organized crime cashes in by supplying addicts with hard drugs to maintain their $28,000-a-year habits.

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Crime is very big business in the United States, currently employing an estimated 500,000 "career criminals." They have a large and diversified range of enterprises in which to engage, and the turnover in some of them is staggering. During 1978, between $75 and $85 billion changed hands in illegal gambling, from numbers rackets to bets on professional football and other popular sports aside from horse racing. The profits from such transactions are very high and naturally not declared or subjected to taxation. The Internal Revenue Service, however, estimates that about $800,000 per hour is bet in the United States, and other sources put the amount of net profit from illegal betting over $12 billion a year. This is a much higher percentage of profit out of total revenue than that of the great majority of legitimate businesses in the country.

Illegal gambling is the largest single source of criminal income, but other crimes are also increasing, although they still have a less impressive profit margin. Arson, in particular, has grown at a rapid rate in recent years, with losses in arson-caused fires rising from about $74 million in 1965 to over $2 billion in total property and related losses in 1978. Fires intentionally set to collect insurance have become a major threat to the insurance industry.

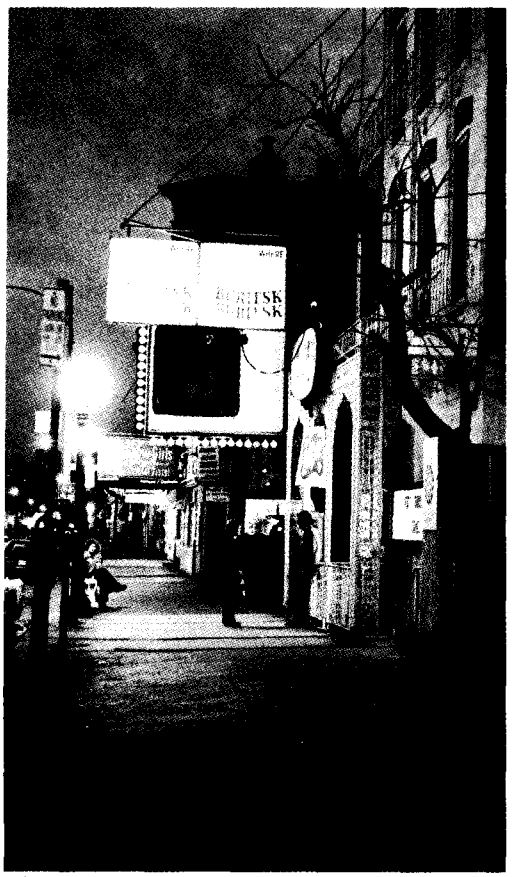
Robberies, burglaries and larcenies are also rising at a brisk pace. In 1975, 4,180 banks were reportedly held up; in that year, bank robbers made off with about $25 million in cash and negotiable securities. In 1979, there was a much publicized wave of bank robberies that increased the amount of money stolen to nearly $40 million. According to the FBI, the average "take" from a bank robbery is $4,000, compared to $400 for other armed robberies. Reports of all types of property theft, including automobiles, went from 719,000 in 1957 to 4.8 million in 1979.

One category of property crime, shoplifting, accounted for nearly $8 billion in losses to retail stores of all types in 1978. Professional shoplifters sometimes turn over their stolen goods to fences for about 25 percent of the actual value. At other times they return the merchandise to the very stores from which they were lifted for a 100 percent refund. Another lucrative aspect of professional shoplifting is, ironically, instituting civil lawsuits against stores for false arrest. Damage settlements from such suits can be sizable. Careful studies of shoplifting in the past decade show that a highly skilled and experienced practitioner could average about $30,000 in 1971 and about $53,000 a year in 1978.

These figures, as well as all other crime income statistics, are by nature only informed estimates. Reliable figures are difficult and sometimes impossible to obtain. Both criminals and law enforcement authorities exaggerate their estimates—the criminals generally down-playing success to avoid more attention, the lawmen inflating it to dramatize the problems they are facing. Income estimates are likely to be more accurate for individual criminals than they are for large organized groups. In fact, reports on the wealth and profits of "the mob" vary so much as to be of little help. For example, the recent mob superstar Meyer Lansky is credited with running a crime empire that has gained him a personal worth variously estimated at figures between $150 million and $300 million. Because the spread for such figures can be so great, it is better to discuss crime profits on a more modest, manageable level both for major offenses and for commercial vice.

● Illegal Gambling. The day-to-day core facet of illegal gambling is the unglamorous but extremely pervasive numbers racket. This racket grosses an estimated $14 to $15 billion a year with a total profit margin of about 40 percent, before and after taxes of course. It has been estimated that almost 60 percent of all adults living in the inner city play the numbers at least occasionally. The numbers runner is the low but indispensable man in this business. His job is to accept bets in homes, bars, pool halls, barber shops, work places or wherever else there are gamblers. For his work, the runner receives about 20 percent of all bets handled, and on an average day that would be about $500. Thus, a runner can make about $100 a day. As an independent entrepreneur, his annual income depends on the number of hours and days he works, but the average runner can earn about $25,000 a year. The numbers collector oversees a group of runners and so he makes more, perhaps as much as $70,000 a year on the average.

● Narcotics Dealing is considered much more dangerous and more socially unacceptable than gambling and is far more closely scrutinized by law enforcement officials. For the most part, it is dominated by members of organized crime, who are active in all phases of drug traffic—obtaining, distributing and selling. According to the Drug Enforcement Administration, it costs about $28,000 a year to maintain the habit of a drug addict, and there are an estimated 110,000 to 160,000 such addicts in the United States. Besides addicts, there are an estimated 10 million marijuana users in the country. Al-



Commercial vice has many variations which run the gamut of community harassment and illegality.

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though the efforts to control marijuana are relatively weak, considerable profit is still made from its sale.

But the real money is in hard drugs, where the process of diluting heroin or other narcotics and the continuous price markups along the route from grower to consumer make the ultimate profit enormous for everyone involved. An original investment of $300,000 for nearly pure heroin obtained in Mexico or elsewhere can earn the wholesaler $1 million after the drug has been cut and broken down into small packages. The heroin then goes to a supplier, who recuts it, repackages it and makes another $500,000 on the shipment. Finally the drug is diluted again, put into smaller packages and sold on the street, gleaning the pusher an additional $300,000 profit per kilo sold. At this point the heroin is about one-fifteenth of its original strength. Everyone, from original importer to final pusher, can make hundreds of thousands of dollars a year, although most of it is shared with the overall organization. Of course, because of the nature of the work, a person in narcotics may be on easy street one day and in jail the next.

● Loan Sharking is another illegal enterprise where organized crime predominates. Fast loans at stupendous rates of interest make for great profits, although sometimes considerable violence must be used to ensure payment. Most states' usury laws limit interest rates to 1.5 percent monthly or an annual total of 18 percent. Loan sharks charge 20 percent a week on short-term loans and 15 percent per week on longer-term transactions. Loan sharks, who share their profits with the mob in return for its protection and the use of its musclemen, can make over $175,000 a year on the average.

● Hijacking is another widespread and profitable crime. Whole truck loads or boxcar loads of goods are often stolen by hijackers and sold to fences for redistribution into the market. Hijacking profits depend on the size of the theft and the number of accomplices, which can be many. The rewards of success are great and incomes of over $100,000 a year on a continuous basis are possible.

On a somewhat smaller scale, industrial theft can also produce substantial profits. Rather than by the truckload, individual manufactured items can be removed from the production line in a quiet and occasional manner. This can add up if the product is, for example, a TV set retailing at $550. If a hundred sets were pulled off the line for "testing" every three months, the thief and his accomplices might net as much as $60,000 in one year or even more if they can sell the goods without a fence. This form of theft is common with products ranging from books to bulldozers, with the elements of profit and risk rising as the value of the product increases.

● Auto Theft. There were 968,000 reports of auto theft in the United States in 1978, and this profitable crime continues to increase every year. A competent auto thief generally gets about one-quarter the value of the car from a fence or a car salesman who directly handles stolen vehicles. A thief turning over 20 cars a year for resale can make an average of $20,000 to $25,000 a year, and this is often a handsome supplement to a salary earned in some legitimate phase of the automobile service business.

● Fraud, "con" games and scams of every description are very common elements of crime in this country. The number and variety of frauds and con games are enormous. They can range from stock certificate swindles and complicated bankruptcy frauds to simple cons employed by panhandlers to get money. Some involve counterfeit securities, others include orders placed for goods that are delivered but never paid for, phony gambling establishments that take bets but never pay off and even

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An annual gross of $14 to $15 billion from illegal gambling and billions more from legalized gambling proves that the betting public is not only losing its collective shirt but supporting organized crime in a big way.

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HAPPY FATHER'S DAY—MOTHER AND KIDS

The old man won't get his deserved tribute until his *day is moved ahead of Mother's Day—the grand occasion that drains the kids of their cash and sentiment.*

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Jerry Pressler

There's a movement afoot (and this is it) to have Father's Day changed from the month of June to the month of April. All Fool's Day would be appropriate, although any time before Mother's Day will do. It's Mother's Day that leaves the kids teetering on the brink of bankruptcy. And it's dear old mom on whom they have shot their wad of sentiment for the year. One day out of 365 set aside, supposedly, to honor the old man—who himself is still making payments on his wife's Mother's Day gala—and the piggy banks are empty, the heart strings plucked to the drooping stage.

It was last year's spectacular, in which I was to be the designated centerpiece, that lent feet to this movement now afoot.

Kids who have fluttered from the nest develop their own subtle ways of letting pop know that just making it home for the big occasion is in itself a magnificent gesture. Anything over and above this sacrifice of time and effort is pure extravagance.

Our son ran out of gas coming up the driveway. He then used my special tube for racking wine to siphon enough gas from my tank to get his car up to the house. I ran out of gas the next morning on my way to work.

With everyone accounted for, the big moment of "gift" presentation had arrived.

My kids' combined contribution, cleverly wrapped in a grocery sack slit along one side and tied with what looked to be dental floss, consisted of a genuine monkeypot horseshoe crab, all the more valuable, as was quickly pointed out, because the bottom and top didn't match. The envelope accompanying this prime candidate for the attic contained, to my daughter's embarrassment, an overdue telephone bill instead of a Father's Day card. This got a good laugh all around. Around to me, that is, as the bill included a 16-minute call from Indianapolis to Lubbock, Texas. In prime time.

In an effort to outdo me sentimental-wise for the sewing machine I had given her for Mother's Day, my dear wife went to heaven-only-knew-what expense to add to my treasures the cordless grass trimmers she had been wanting for the past two years. Heaven and I both knew at the end of the month, because I got the bill.

That's another thing. On *her* day, mother is always taken out to dinner, the vote going three to nothing, with one abstention, that she should be spared the labor of cooking. But has one of the three "yes" voters ever stepped forward or offered to arm wrestle me for the restaurant tab when it's presented? No. And no one in the group having yet come up with a subtle strategy for out-fumbling dear old dad for the bill on *his* day, the old man's mess is served at home.

They do make one concession for this weight-watcher's banquet: I am allowed to choose the menu. My choice hasn't varied since I first became a father: broiled ham steak and butterscotch pie. And that's pie made from scratch, not from pudding.

I have yet to get either.

Following the gift-unveiling ceremonies at this last tribute, I retired to the garden to hoe up an appetite befitting a feast of broiled ham steak and butterscotch pie. After our three-week drought, the soil could certainly use the saliva I would lose in fantasizing.

When my dear wife finally whanged the triangle (a surprise—shock, rather—Christmas gift the year I had requested a desk set) to call the gang to dinner, it was no surprise, the way things had been going, to find the menu completely devoid of broiled ham steak. And the butterscotch pie not only hadn't been made from scratch, it had been scratched altogether. By popular ballot, taken while I was outside the precinct working up an appetite, we would be dining on creamed tuna on toast.

"You can have broiled ham steak any old time," the cook consoled me. "But the kids didn't want to see me slaving over a hot broiler on a day like this."

"They could have looked the other way, then," I argued. "As long as you had the oven on for the butterscotch pie," I pointed out, hoping to humble her still further, "surely you could have tossed in a few ham steaks."

"That's something else. . ." she pointed back—the upshot being that, short of a Mother Fletcher pie truck tipping over in our front yard, there would be no butterscotch pie. A further poll of the members had come out with a preference for ice cream, with son magnanimously volunteering to drive into town to buy a quart (after siphoning more gas from my

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car to make the trip). The vote, by four to zilch, had gone to chocolate. And I hate chocolate. But a flavor I hate I can eat a quart of without any help.

Entertainment for Mother's Day is never a problem. Mother likes to digest while father knots his stomach on a lovely bumper-to-bumper drive with five adults and two grandchildren brandishing lollipops donated by the restaurant cashier while dear old dad is shelling out $42.78 to settle the tab.

When at long last the traffic thins out to where the drive is no longer exciting, then I can turn around and bumper-to-bumper back home again.

But what can the family do in the way of entertainment to make the day a memorable one for pop? Hand him a whittling stick and a sharp knife? Read to him from their collection of overdue bills and dunning letters? Or could they, just this one time, leave him alone to watch the three-hour coverage of the final round of the U.S. Open Golf Tournament (a Father's Day opportunity that occurs but once in a lifetime)?

I had no more than turned on the tube and settled down with my one-seventh of a quart of chocolate ice cream, when the family, by democratic process, legislated to have Dear Old Dad's Day commemorated by a junket to McCormick's Creek State Park.

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GOLDIE HAWN HAS THE LAST LAUGH

Could a 5'6" schoolteacher "with no cheek bones" make it in show biz? The "Laugh-In" girl keeps laughing at the answer all the way to the bank.

by George Haddad-Garcia

"I know it sounds corny, but I had a lovely childhood," says Goldie Hawn, explaining why she is one of Hollywood's most normal and happiest stars. Not to mention one of the biggest. Her last three films—*Foul Play*, *Private Benjamin* (which she coproduced) and *Seems Like Old Times*—were all enormous hits.

"I'm very, very lucky. I could have been happy at teaching, if I hadn't gotten on 'Laugh-In' and if the ball hadn't started rolling so fast for me." Goldie won an Oscar for best supporting actress in her first film, *Cactus Flower*, starring Ingrid Bergman and Walter Matthau. "I've worked with so many wonderful people," she notes. "It's great to have the opportunity to make friends so easily with so many varied and interesting people."

Even so, Ms. Hawn is not a typical Hollywood type. She is not asocial but shuns most celebrity parties, has many friends outside of "the business" and puts her family life first. A mother of two, she is currently separated from her husband Bill Hudson (of the Hudson Brothers). Having done four films back to back, she's taking a well-deserved rest, spending it with son Oliver, four, and daughter Kate, not quite two.

Referring to the impending divorce—filed by Hudson—Goldie states, somewhat sadly, "My father gave me the best advice the other day. He said, 'Goldie, you're an extraordinary woman who lives an extraordinary life. Your rules have to be different. Stop trying to apply the norm to yourself, because your life will never be everyone else's definition of normal.' He has a point. Maybe I'll never be able to make the pieces fit." She admits, though, that she has trouble thinking of herself as *not* normal.

"My career is successful, and being an actress, I get far more publicity and recognition than most people. But that's my professional life. Other than that, what's so different about me?"

Goldie Jeanne Hawn was born in Washington, D.C., and her parents are still living in the same house, which Goldie calls home. On her mother's side, Goldie is Jewish. "Mom was very giving; I had plenty of attention from babyhood onwards. My mother was never one of those over-bearing stage mothers." The star remembers that, as a girl, she used to bemoan her lack of conventional beauty:

"I was basically happy, of course, but children compare themselves to each other so much. I'd cry a lot and run home to Mom and ask, 'When am I going to be a wow, like other girls?' Mom always used to reply, 'Don't worry, Goldie, one of these days you won't be able to control all those boys who are going to come around.' And I'd say, 'Oh?' and start bawling again. I wasn't crazy about my looks, because my face is sort of flat. I have no cheekbones and my eyelids look big and heavy, especially when I'm tired."

But the 5-foot, 6-inch blonde has definitely become more attractive over the years. Her face and figure have matured, as has her fashion sense. "Sometimes I look back at my 'Laugh-In' bikini or the miniskirts, and I shudder!"

Though she was instantly popular in films, it took some years for Ms. Hawn to become a true superstar. "I definitely made an effort to learn from all my films, from my mistakes. But I know I've got faults," she reasons, "and I simply try to learn from my boo-boos." Her apprenticeship occurred in movies like *Butterflies Are Free*, *Sugarland Express* and *Shampoo*. Then came a break, with her marriage and her first baby, after which she returned to the screen in *Foul Play*, which marked Chevy Chase's screen debut. What does Goldie have to say about the controversial Chase, whose big feet are often found in his even bigger mouth?

"Everybody's different," she shrugs. "I like Chevy. He's fun to work with. Sometimes he talks without thinking. It's something I used to be accused of doing, but I'm smarter than people give me credit for. I mean, I have moods and levels, like anyone else. Sometimes I feel klutzy and girlish, other times I feel very sophisticated, not funny, just grown-up and womanly."

Insiders say Goldie is a shrewd investor who is neither tight nor a big spender. She served as executive producer of *Private Benjamin*, a feminist comedy that was 1980's top comedic film. She also owned a piece of the film and had set up two of her own production companies. Her acting fee was paid to one, and her salary as producer went to the other for tax purposes. She recalls with pride, "The time had come for me to become a businesswoman. I also wanted to be responsible for my own mistakes this time. I will produce again, but not every single film I do."

Upcoming is a much-awaited

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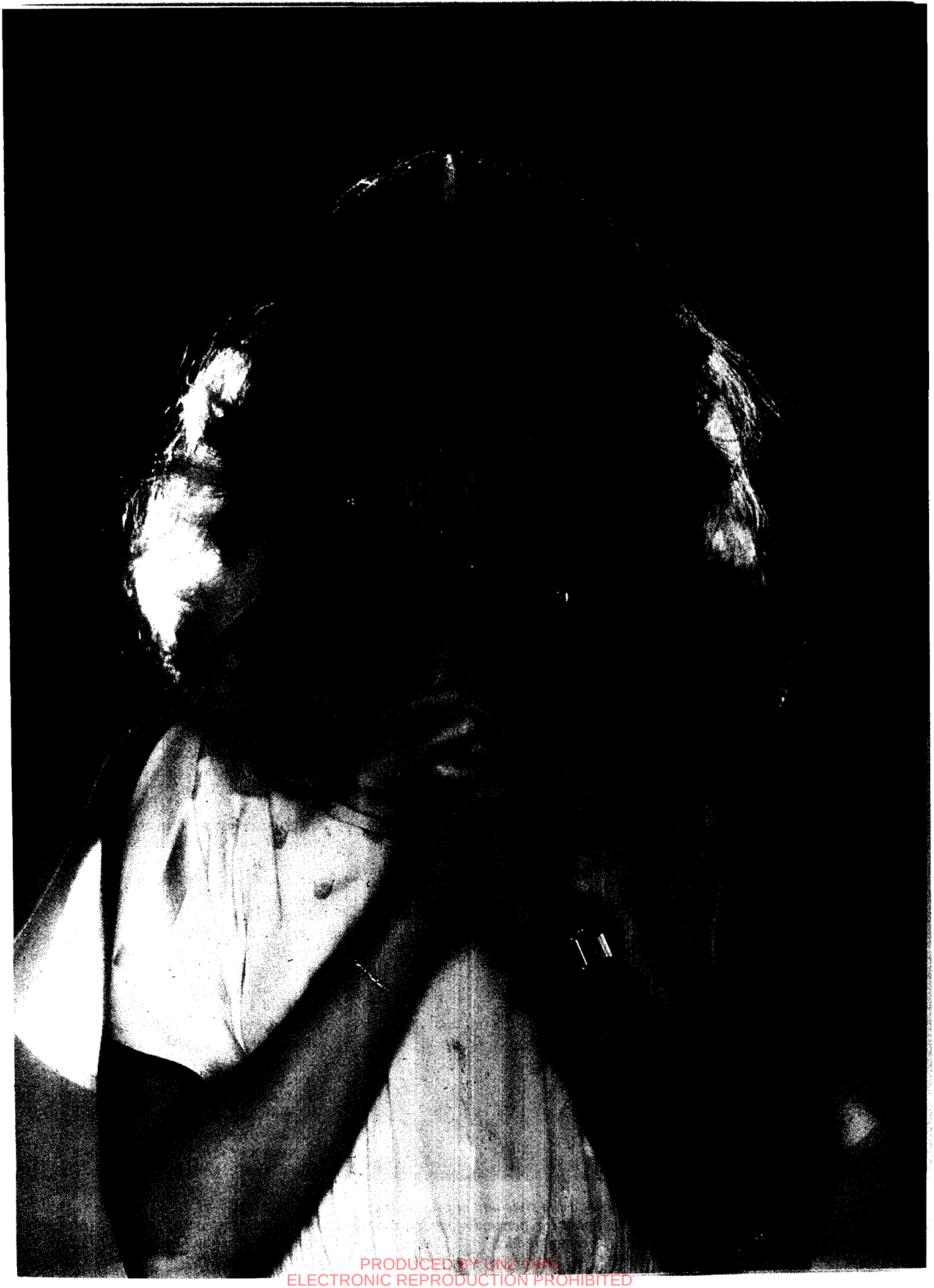

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movie musical, *Chicago*, with friend Liza Minnelli. The two had previously teamed for an outstanding TV musical-comedy special. "I also did a movie in Italy, before my last two," she offers. Italian movies with mostly Italian casts (even Giancarlo Giannini, known for starring in the films of female director Lina Wertmüller) don't traditionally do well in the U.S., but due to the success of *Benjamin* and *Old Times*, it'll probably be at least minimally successful.

First comes a TV special shot at the Moulin Rouge in Paris. "There are all kinds of offers," she says. "Right now, my personal life is messed up, but I'm doing my best, one day at a time."

After the breakup of her first marriage to then-actor Gus Trikonis, she paid him $75,000 alimony, which he demanded. She noted at the time, "If that's the price of freedom, it's cheap at twice the cost." But no hard feelings remain. Nor is there bitterness about Hudson's seeking to end his marriage to a sometimes overwhelming superstar. "I still believe the family is the most important thing," states Goldie. "I know that hurt isn't something that just happens to me. It can't have been easy for Bill. It's too easy for everyone to blame the other person.

"But I do feel that everything happens for a reason, and I truly wouldn't want to change my fate. Sometimes love turns out the way you want it to, sometimes it doesn't. But I think I'm as objective as anyone can be in relationships, and I have worked hard at it."

Incredibly, Goldie calls herself "basically middle-class." She may be a contemporary, liberated woman, but in some ways she is old-fashioned. Certainly she has much respect for herself and for others. "Before I got on 'Laugh-In,' I was so happy teaching. My father was a professional musician —violin, saxophone, clarinet—and he saw that I had an instinctive sense of rhythm and music. I began dancing lessons when I was three and modern jazz at 11. I studied drama for a couple of years at the American University of Washington, and at 18 I was running my own dancing school in D.C. I loved it. It wasn't like work, it was fun. But then I wanted to find out if I could make it in show business, because that had always intrigued me. However, I wasn't terribly ambitious. I had no ground plan to become an actress.

"I did stagework and then drifted into the chorus line in Las Vegas, but my middle-class values came to the fore, and I quit that for good. So I became a dancer and that got me on 'Laugh-In.' "

Years later, she costarred with the late Peter Sellers in London in the movie, *There's a Girl in My Soup*. "We were well into the film schedule when I learned that I was expected to strip—like strip nude. Well, that was out! No way. Nothing about nudity was in my contract, so I refused to play that scene in the nude. We did the scene a different way, after I explained my feelings and convictions to the producer." Now that she is a producer herself, Goldie says she wouldn't think of asking an actress (or an actor, either) to do something "that goes against her or his moral standards, just to spice up a scene."

Goldie says she is comfortable not being a sex symbol, which she was in her early days, even though it was never something she sought. In her mid-30s, she says she looks forward to the eventual transition to "character roles" but obviously has many box-office years ahead of her, for she looks about 10 years younger. "I don't put much exertion into looking or staying young," she reveals. "But I do keep in shape and watch what I eat.

"I make more of an effort to stay in good shape up here," she points to her head. For one thing, she waited to become a mother, even though she had long desired children. "Gus and I were the same age, and we were both Scorpios, both born on November 21st," she recalls, unprompted. "We had fun together; it was a good time.

"But I didn't have babies with Gus because I reckoned he wasn't ready for it. It's not fair to any baby to come into a world that doesn't really want him or her. By the time I met Bill—on an airplane; we were helping each other fasten our seat-belts—I knew I could really appreciate a baby, and then I knew that Bill could, too." The wedding ceremony was conducted by both a rabbi and a priest, with only family members present. As a wedding present, Goldie built Bill a

Although Goldie Hawn dislikes the Hollywood life style and at present there is "no man in her life," producer Steven Spielberg persuades her to run the gauntlet of fans at the premiere of one of her movie hits.

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huge recording studio as an extension of their Malibu home. She also encouraged the careers of the Hudson Brothers, who had their own English-based TV show for a while. "Both of us built our schedules around the baby when Oliver was born," she says. "Scorpios have a certain reputation, but personally, I'm usually happier when I'm at home, off the publicity trail."

Goldie has sometimes had doubts about her ability to tackle a particular role (but she has proven herself a fine dramatic actress in films like *The Girl from Petrovka* and *Sugarland Express*). However, she never doubted her abilities as a mother, even at the outset. "I knew I could look after a child and take care of my son. I knew I could cope with children, because I'd learned to cope with myself."

In today's Hollywood, Goldie Hawn is not only in demand but is a considerable power as a top actress-producer. She is deferred to, and male colleagues give her new respect. "It does help to be a movie star and to have done things the public likes, but still, you have to earn respect and validity, no matter who you are. If you go around acting like a diva, throwing tantrums, you may still be liked—but not respected. I want both. It's a good feeling, and now that my hardest work is behind me, it feels very satisfying."

During *Private Benjamin*, she was involved with script revisions, casting and daily communications between the set and Warners' top executives. Naturally, she isn't eager to rush into another such situation. Goldie will not say exactly why her marriage is ending, but other than her greater success, a main factor may be the hard work she engaged in over the past year. Did her intense schedule break up her marriage? She declines to answer, but allows that she is neither a marshmallow nor a "tough cookie," and that she has had to struggle to maintain her sometimes delicate personality while taking her place among Hollywood's fearsome royalty.

"I fight hard not to become tough. On the one hand, I'm good old Goldie, kind of a kewpie doll in a male-run industry. I'm liked, and they expect jokes and zaniness. But as a businesswoman, I have to make decisions that some disagree with or object to harshly. I have to protect my best interests, and why shouldn't I put across my point of view? But I'd never want to act like a man. Privately, I don't think I'm so strong.

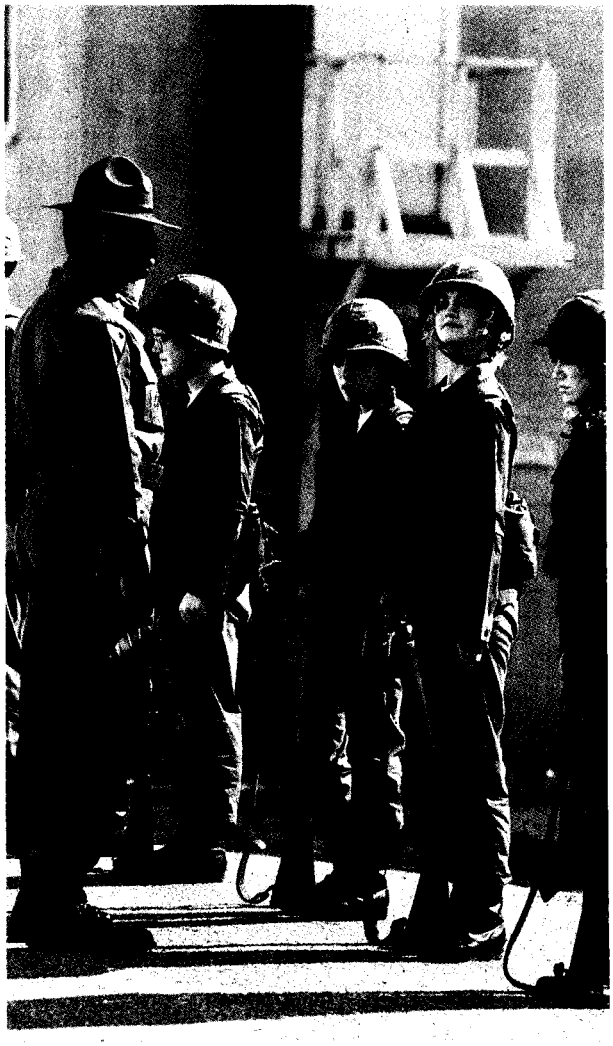
"But someone once said that gentleness is the strongest thing in the world. In the long run, the only thing they understand in Hollywood is money. If a movie makes money, they love you. Hollywood's values are generally very superficial and unhealthy."

Goldie dislikes the Hollywood life style, and at home she does not live like a queen, though she enjoys comforts. She does some of her own housework, especially that pertaining to her children, and she dresses simply, comfortably. "Like I said, I'm very middle-class," she laughs.

At present, there is no man in her life, and she is not eager to run into another relationship, though she doesn't doubt that she may marry again. Will she marry, preferably, a man who is not in show business? "It's unfair to say that actors or comedians or dancers are lousy husbands, or that they're better husbands than other men. Everything depends on the individual, doesn't it?" She is making little effort to meet men, not just because she is busy still, but because "I'm not one of those people who have to go out and get their pictures in the paper, with a handsome young man at their side. As a woman, there are men who would like to meet me, and as a celebrity, there is a small army of guys out there who want to get involved with, or at least be seen with, a famous actress.

"I'm against promiscuity and experimenting—whether it's with men or drugs such as cocaine. In Hollywood, everything is a big high, and then when they come down to earth, they want another high. Well, I like the natural high of being in love, but that isn't the most important thing in life. I have my children to think of and my own values and long-range happiness and security. Permissiveness is due to affluence and the sheer scope of the opportunities. It's up to us to limit ourselves in some ways—if we know what's good for us.

"Sometimes I wonder exactly what propelled me out into the world to seek fame and fortune. But I don't have many regrets and very few about my career. As an actress, a producer or as a dance instructor, I'd still have been happy and have a solid, happy background. I get called things, such as 'a golden girl,' which are cute or flattering, but I'm kind of an average woman, middle-class, middle-of-the-road. And I try real hard."



In general, Goldie Hawn was captain of her own maneuvers in **Private Benjamin,** *the movie on which she ranked as coproducer.*

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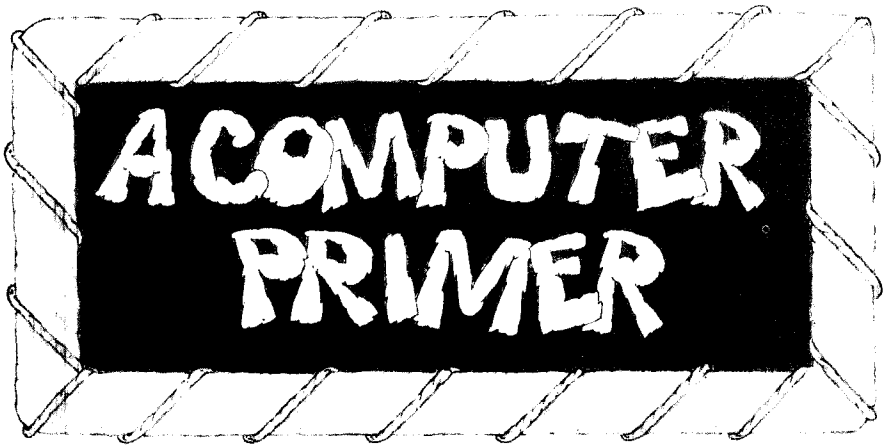

Illustrated by Ed Cortese

There's likely to be a home computer in your future. New home computers are getting cheaper, getting smaller, doing more. They can help you plan budgets, menus and kitchen inventories. They can serve as electronic games, record tax deductions and balance checking accounts. They can do wonders to motivate children. They can turn homework into home fun. We're told they can remind you of dentist appointments and dance lessons and store the kids' vaccination records safely. But if you're like most of the over-30 age group, you've probably resisted learning "computer talk." When the young people throw around vocabularies like "FORTRAN" and "COBOL," you turn off. "Enough," you say. "I didn't grow up with computers like you did. I've learned enough new technology to last my lifetime."

The *Post* editors begin in this issue an easy primer of home computer talk and computer lore. It's not for computer buffs but is written to introduce newcomers to the fascinating world of terminals and easy access.

Computers work with data in the form of numbers.

Man has also been concerned with data in the form of the spoken word or the recorded message. The sending of these messages, the recording of information in a book, the addition and subtraction and sorting of numbers are examples of information processing.

The very first way man added was using his fingers and toes. He then began to use pebbles and sticks for larger numbers. Soon man began to use other tools for his arithmetic problems, such as the abacus.

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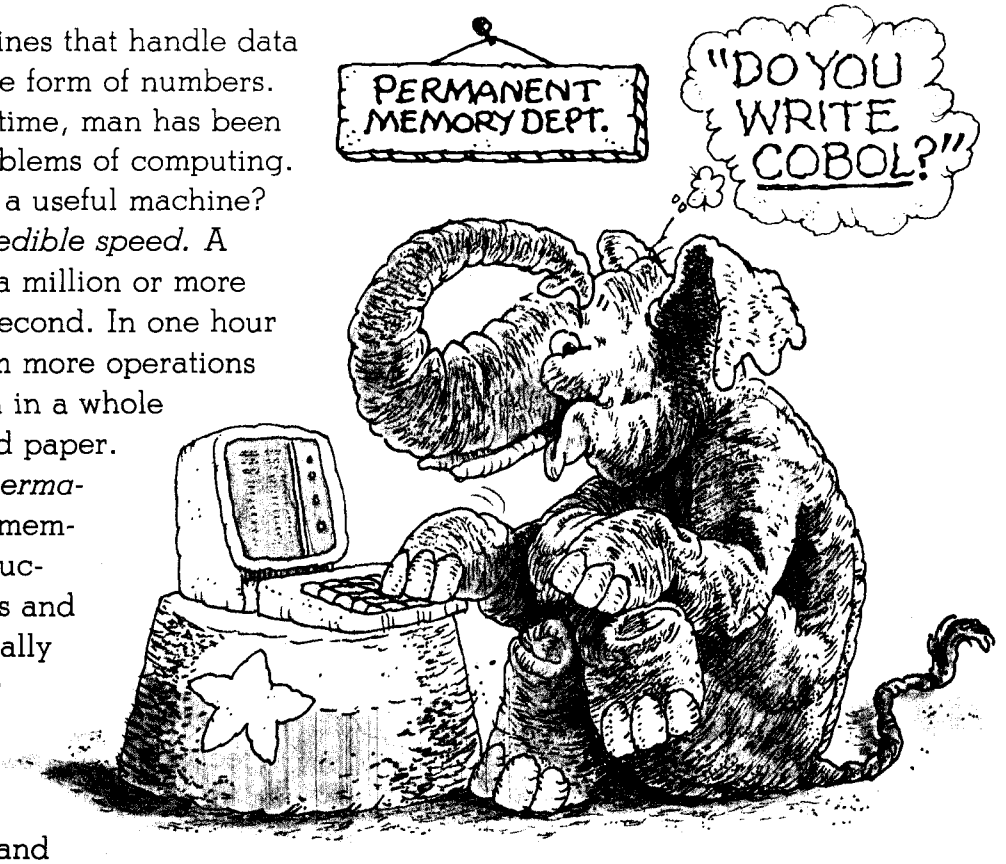
COBOL: Common Business-Oriented Language

Computers are machines that handle data (facts and figures) in the form of numbers. From the beginning of time, man has been concerned with the problems of computing.

Why is the computer a useful machine?

- It works with *incredible speed.* A computer can perform a million or more operations in a single second. In one hour a computer can perform more operations than you could perform in a whole lifetime using a pen and paper.
- A computer has *permanent memory.* It can remember both facts and instructions. These instructions and facts are stored electrically and can be recalled for use in a very short interval of time.
- Computers are very *accurate* and fast and work precisely. If they are given the correct information, they work on this information according to set rules given to them by man.
- Computers work *automatically.* Since computers can remember instructions, they do not have to be told what to do every second. Once the computer has been instructed on what to do, it will execute these instructions until it is told to stop or until it runs out of data to work on. Just like a light with a switch, the computer will stay on until turned off.



We can think of the computer as consisting of five main parts which all work together as one "system." A computer must have a means of getting data into the system. This unit is called an *"Input Device."* *"Memory"* is the part which holds the data for us until we are ready to use it. The place where arithmetic is done or logical decisions are made is called the *"Arithmetic and Logic Section."* The *"Control Section"* directs all operations of the other parts of the computer. Finally, a computer has to make the answers available to us through an *"Output Device."*

Input Unit

Input is usually described as information that is transferred from the outside to the inside of a computer for the purpose of processing. A computer's input device can be a typewriter or a keyboard and a screen attached to the computer. The screen is

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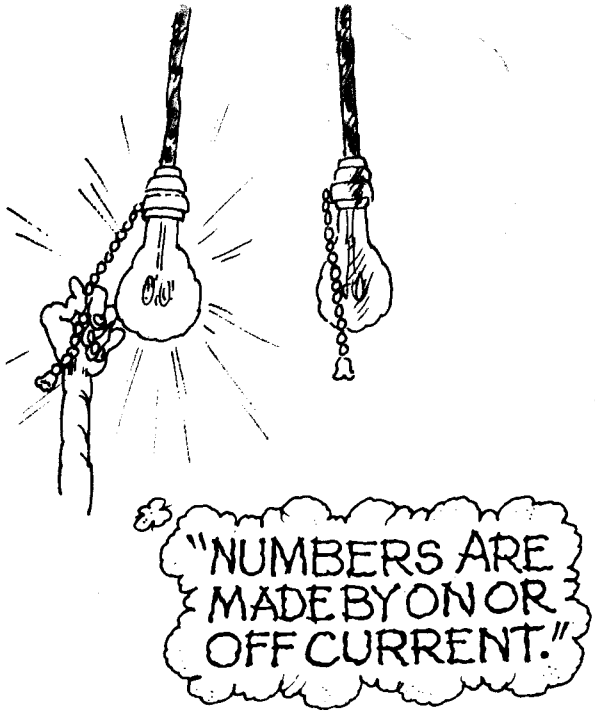

called a Cathode Ray Tube (CRT). The computer can also read certain marks and figures written in a special way or with a special ink. The input may also consist of holes punched in cards or paper tape. These holes are sensed by a ray of light or by tiny metal brushes which convert the holes into a code of electric impulses. The impulses transmit the data or information to the memory.

Memory Unit

The memory unit is the part of the computer system where the data is stored. The memory receives this data from the input unit. The data that is sent to the memory is kept there until it is needed by other parts of the computer.

The storage or memory section can be visualized as a large box divided into compartments, each box containing data. All data is placed in storage before it is processed by the computer. The computer remembers—that is, it stores in its memory—the data received from the input unit and the information that it has received during its operation.

The size or capacity of the storage unit determines the amount of information that can be held within the computer at any one time. The stored data can be found easily by the computer because each location, position or section of storage is numbered.

Instructions and data which are required by the computer to solve a problem are stored within the computer's memory and are identified by an individually numbered location called an "address."

Arithmetic and Logic Unit

The purpose of the arithmetic and logic unit is to perform all of the computer's arithmetical and logical operations.

The operations of addition, subtraction, multiplication, division and comparing are carried out in this unit. Complex calculations are combinations of basic operations and follow a sequence of instructions. The number of instructions required for the solution of a problem varies depending upon the problem.

The arithmetic and logic unit receives its input from the storage unit and, after carrying out the appropriate calculations, sends the answer back to the storage unit ready for use when it is needed.

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Control Unit

The control unit conducts the traffic in and out of the four parts of the computer: Input, Memory, Arithmetic and Output.

The electronic impulses from the other computer segments are sent to their necessary units by the control unit. An electronic timing device, really a clock, regulates the entire control procedure. For example, when data is read into the computer, the control unit will direct it to the storage unit until it is needed.

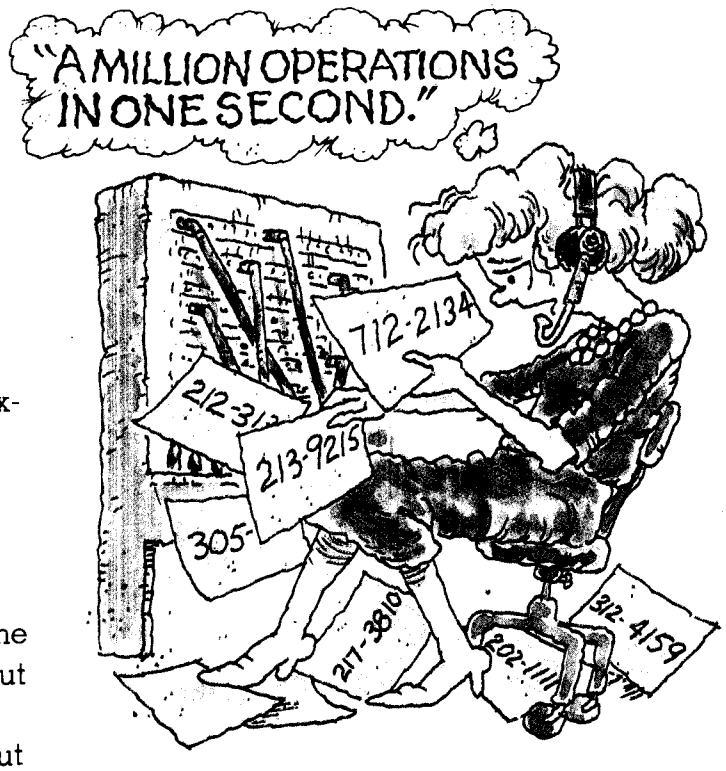
Output Unit

The output unit of a computer is often the same unit as that used for input. The output may be information on punched cards, punched tape or magnetic tape. The output also may be typed out on an automatic typewriter or shown on a cathode ray tube (TV-like screen). Many of the large computers have printing attachments.

Output is usually described as information that has already been processed. The part of the computer that does the processing is called the Central Processing Unit (CPU). This consists of the memory, control and arithmetic units. Output devices include the card punch, magnetic tape drive, magnetic disk drive, teletypewriter, high-speed printer, cathode ray tube terminal and plotter.

In our communications with the computer, unlike with people, precise instructions must be used according to predefined rules. When we have a problem to solve with the computer, we must carefully think through what we have to do. The ordering of our thoughts is called preparing an algorithm.

An algorithm is the step-by-step procedure for accomplishing a given task. Since the presentation of the data must be



carefully prepared, we must specify the sequence of successive operations to be followed in a particular order—the job of a skilled man or woman known as a computer programmer.

Using words and symbols, we can make a computer language easy for people to accept and understand. The symbols are arranged according to certain rules (grammar). As languages differ among nations, each computer has its own special language. We call this the machine language of the computer.

This language allows the five elements of the computer system to communicate with each other. Machine language is very involved and cumbersome. As computer technology developed, other languages were developed in order to make communication with the computer, as well as between computers, simpler. Some of the most popular higher-level languages used today are: COBOL (COmmon Business-Oriented Language), FORTRAN (FORmula

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TRANslator) and BASIC (Beginner's All-purpose Symbolic Instruction Code).

These languages allow computers to work for us in a variety of ways.

Communication

The telephone industry is also a very active computer user. Telephone companies use the computer to compute local and long-distance charges. In addition, computers are now used to enable operators to locate numbers rapidly and efficiently.

Medicine

The increasing requirements of the health sciences, both in application and research, have brought about computerization in medicine. In areas such as gathering medical records and administrative data and monitoring patients, the computer has helped to reduce the chance of human error. In the field of medical research, the computer provides the accuracy and precision necessary for compiling statistics on diseases and for simulating human functions. Computers are also valuable for their speed in diagnosing illness and determining treatment.

Newspapers

The newspaper industry was one of the far-sighted users who discovered the benefits of computers in printing in the early 1960s.

Law Enforcement

The area of law enforcement has greatly profited by being able to rapidly retrieve information pertaining to various criminal activities such as identifying the driver of a stolen car, the right to have a weapon, fingerprint identification and arrest records.

The FBI has set up a National Crime Information Center in Washington, D.C. Here, stored in a vast computer complex, is

a file of individuals wanted by police authorities throughout the nation.

Banking and Credit

The special numbering system printed on a check, which identifies a depositor's account, has saved the banks countless manual working hours. The banks use special sorting machines to read the magnetic ink numbers at the bottom left side of a check.

Postal System

While the postal service is working on various methods to help in the cumbersome activities of mail sorting, some computer equipment used to weigh packages is already in use in some of our large post offices.

Transportation

Computers have been programmed to produce cars for specific orders, mixing and matching color, body style, trim and type of special equipment.

The airline industry also must handle large quantities of data in order to give the

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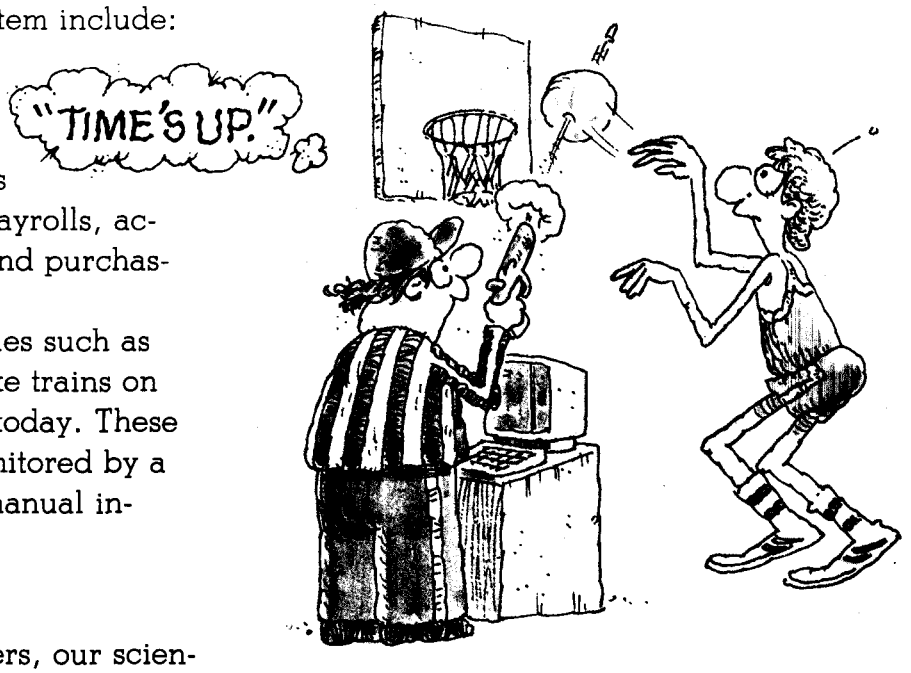
public the service it demands. The main functions of the computer system include:
1) passenger reservations;
2) cargo schedules;
3) operations control; and
4) the more conventional uses of data processing, such as payrolls, accounting, inventory control and purchasing.



The great railroad companies such as Amtrak use computers to route trains on tracks throughout the nation today. These computers are constantly monitored by a control supervisor should a manual intervention be necessary.

Aerospace Industry

Without the use of computers, our scientists could never have launched missiles, reports could not have been sent back to earth regarding the various experiments carried out on the lunar missions and astronauts would never have been sent to the moon.

Pollution Control

At the National Center for Atmospheric Research in Colorado, computers are used to monitor and to study pollution factors.

Sports

The current sports world is an avid fan of the computer. The timers of football, hockey and basketball games are computer controlled.

Education

A computer-taught independent study program makes use of audio-visual teaching machines. Each student is able to communicate with the computer via a typewriter-like keyboard and can keep track of his progress. This allows an individual to learn material at his own pace.

As the 18th and 19th centuries were eras of tremendous industrial growth, so the 20th century is viewed as an electronic age—a time when developments in electronics are propelling computers to unforeseen applications. Here our creativity is being realized. We might now ask ourselves, "What will the 21st century bring to the wonderful world of computers?"

On the other hand, it might be better to ask, "What will computerization bring to our world in the 21st century?"

One thing is certain: Computers are here to stay. The *Post* will show you how to deal with the computer in your future when our series continues in the July/August issue.

BASIC: Beginner's All-purpose Symbolic Instruction Code

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WENDY'S HAS THE TASTE— AND R. DAVID THOMAS

Driven by his foster father's early remark, "You'll never hold a job!" founder R. David Thomas has boosted Wendy's sales from zero to $1 billion in its first 11 years.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

A company that grows from a single hamburger stand and zero sales to more than 2,000 restaurants and sales volume of more than $1 billion a year in only 11 years must have something special. In the case of Wendy's, that something special is R. David Thomas, founder and chairman of the board, with his dream—now, he thinks, realized—of making "the best hamburger in the world."

Born in Atlantic City on July 2, 1932, David Thomas' beginning was no more impressive than would be the eventual launching of that dream—his first restaurant in a building shared by Buick dealer Lem Immke in Columbus, Ohio, on November 15, 1969. Ironically, it was the very building in which former Yankee player Tommy Heinrich previously operated an eating place that had failed.

Having never known his father, at age six months David was adopted by Rex and Olivia Thomas, then living in Kalamazoo, Michigan. It was here the former waif was implanted with one of the two impressions that were to provide impetus to his vision of rising to the top in the cauldron of economic competition.

"My foster father had taken me to Gull Lake for the day," recalls the man who would become a millionaire at age 35. "As we were bouncing over the waters on my dad's boss' boat, I said to myself, 'Someday I'm going to have a boat like this of my very own.' "

Years later, that particular dream was to have its reality tied up at a dock in front of the Thomases' four-bedroom vacation home in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. But first young David would move with his parents to Laporte, Indiana, then, before the age of eight, to Princeton, Indiana.

"This wasn't easy," Thomas states, matter-of-factly. "No roots. No sense of belonging. With all that shifting around I didn't get a chance to know kids. I guess that's why work became my constant companion."

By 1944, the Thomases were living in Knoxville, Tennessee, and here David got his first formal job—delivering groceries. "I remember how I loved it, how important the job made me feel," he recalls. He *doesn't* recall precisely why he was fired. But fired he was.

Later, by lying about his age, 12-year-old David became a soda jerk in the Walgreen Drug Store. "I told them I was 16 and they believed it," he says. "But one day I asked the manager for time off to visit my foster grandparents, and he answered by asking if I was underage. When I told him I wasn't 16, he asked me not to come back. From this I assumed I was fired."

The second impression that went into the shaping of this exemplary self-made man and his incredible business success occurred after the unhappy youth slowly made his way home to face his foster father with the news. "He was livid," the adopted son recalls with a shake of his head, as if to dispel the memory. "And he said, 'You never *will* keep a job!' And that, I can tell you, has stayed with me. Since that day I have worked real hard."

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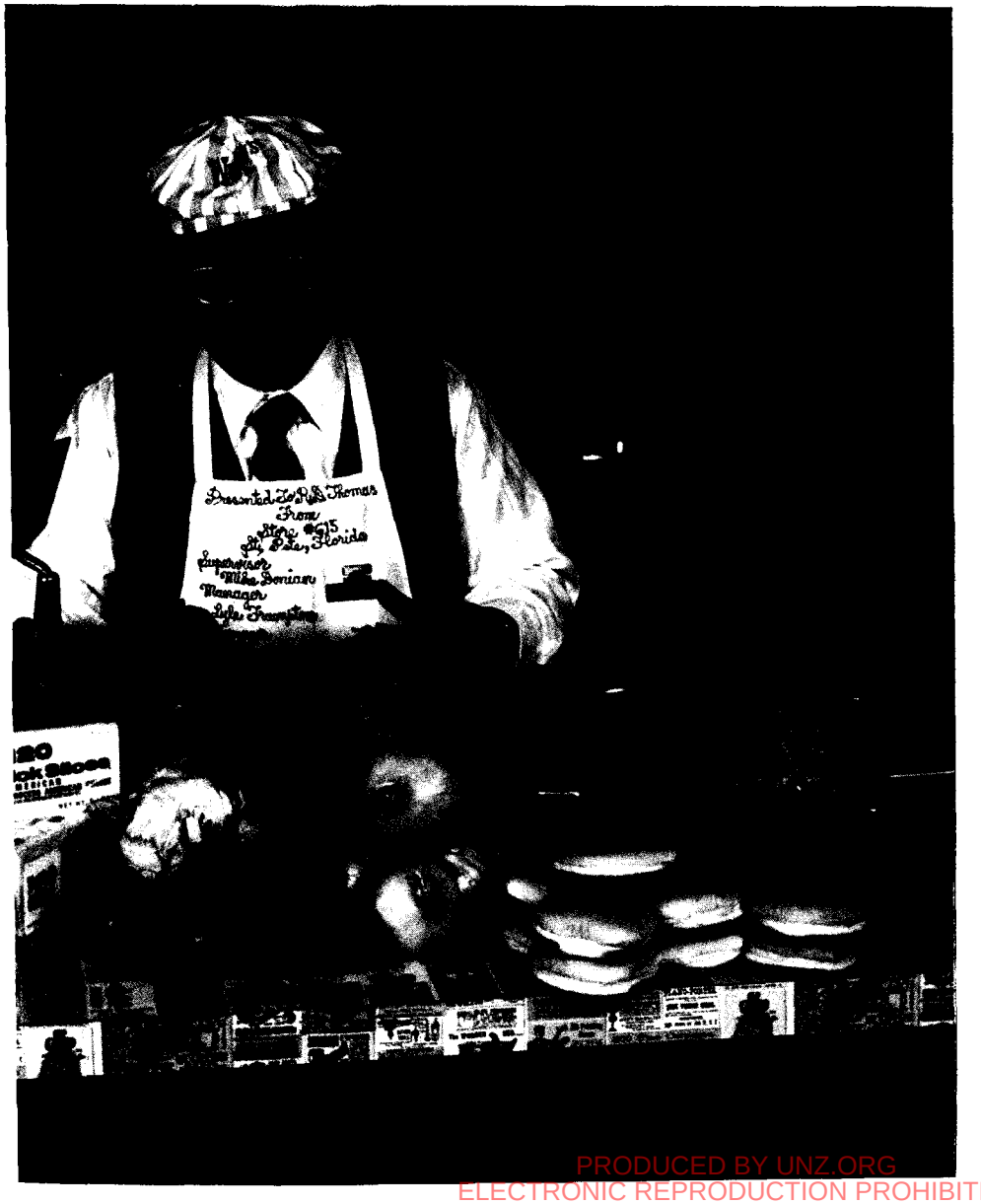
No doubt about it, R. David Thomas has shown not only his foster father but the United States, as well as, to date, 12 foreign countries, that he can keep a job.

Today, he stands as a symbol of an era when "capitalism" was not dubbed an epithet and business profits made our country thrive. He is, as he freely states, a champion of private enterprise, an example of what the average American—not only the financier or well-heeled corporate fixture—can do to make himself a success and to better the lives around him.

The road that led from the "youngest counterman in Tennessee" (his first restaurant job at age 14) to chairman of the board of Wendy's really began in Fort Wayne, Indiana (result of another move of the itinerant Thomas family), where David, now 15, was hired

Fed up with the way hamburgers were being abused, 12 years ago R. David Thomas opened his own hamburger stand in Columbus, Ohio. Today, his Wendy's restaurants number 2,000, with sales of more than a billion dollars a year.



as a busboy at the Hobby House Restaurant. Here he was to meet his wife Lorraine (a waitress), and here, after three years in the U.S. Army (where he served as a baker and became one of the youngest persons in history to manage an enlisted men's club), he returned as a short-order cook. He was at this time a ripe old 21.

Adjusting his stocky frame to a more comfortable position in the chair, David Thomas now turns his memory back to the '50s, for him a time of challenge and change.

"Since 1955," he begins, "Hobby House had been a buyer—one of the first ones, in fact—of a Kentucky Fried Chicken franchise. So it wasn't long before I began working with Harland Sanders, the founder, observing the Colonel's franchising technique and finally urging him to open a restaurant that served only chicken and catered to the take-home market. And in 1958, Sanders did just that, again taking my suggestion that he call it 'Kentucky Fried Chicken Take-Homes.' "

That concept, as most of the developed world of today knows, turned out to be successful. But in the still-struggling year of 1962, Phil Clauss, president of Hobby House, sent young Thomas to Columbus, Ohio, to try his hand at reviving several KFC outlets. "The Colonel didn't think I could turn

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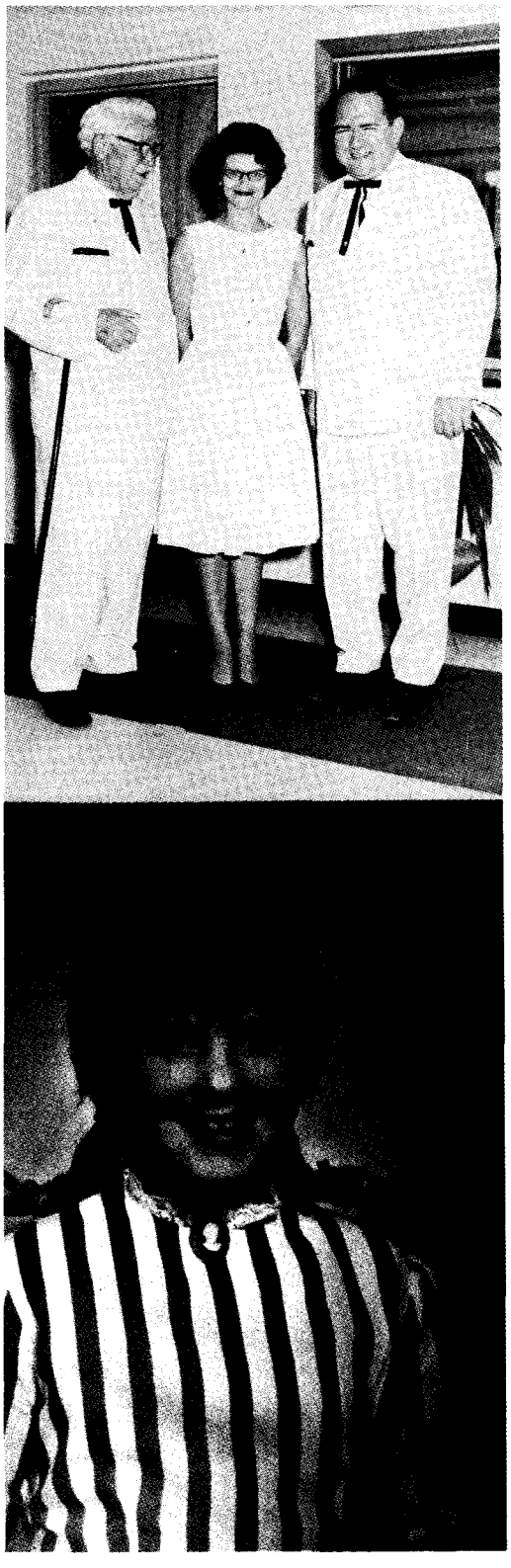
Colonel Harland Sanders, Lorraine Thomas and David met often in the years when David was showing the Colonel how to be more efficient—and gained a "lifetime of experience" in franchising in the process.



Wendy Thomas, at age 8, lent her name to the hamburger stand that would become the Wendy's chain.

them around," says Thomas. Then, with a trace of justifiable pride: "The Colonel was wrong."

To streamline the operation, Thomas cut the menu of more than 100 items down to basically fried chicken and salad. He splurged in advertising. He expanded the Columbus operation from four to eight stores. Then, in 1968, he sold his own franchise to the parent company, remaining as regional director of operations. Thus, at age 35, R. David Thomas had become a millionaire.

"I received not only a million dollars in cash and stock," he explains, "but from the Colonel, a lifetime of experience. You know, he was a big promoter and a genius for getting publicity. He didn't have many organizational skills, but he was a marvelous motivator of people."

Memories of the tousled, white-haired, white-suited Colonel, who died last year at age 90, light Thomas' face. "The Colonel used to say," he recalls: " 'Be direct with people, tell 'em off when needed, but leave them feeling good. Be kind to them at the end of the talk, because that's what they remember, not all the yelling that came before.' "

Perhaps the biggest asset gained from Thomas' relationship with the Colonel would be an introduction to Bob Barney, the man who was to become a close friend as well as president and chief executive officer of Wendy's.

"The Colonel sent Bob, who wanted an investor for his KFC franchise, to see me in Columbus," Thomas recalls, a smile crossing his face. "I told him I couldn't give him the money, but I could give him a job."

Barney accepted the offer and began working for KFC and Thomas in 1964. "Bob Barney is one of the greatest people I know," Thomas will tell you. "He has a talent for working with people and keeping the customer happy. In producing a good product, he has no peer. Without him," he exclaims with emphasis, "we'd never be where we are today."

Picking up the narrative of his success after leaving Sanders, Thomas relates how he helped found the Arthur Treacher's Fish & Chips enterprise. But all the time he was working to bring this chain of restaurants into prominence, he remained, as he readily confesses, "drawn to hamburgers." And in 1969, in an industry that was already saturated, as his many critics were only too willing to point out, R. David Thomas opened his first Wendy's Old Fashioned Hamburger Restaurant.

"I just got 'fed up,' if you'll excuse the pun, of seeing hamburgers abused," he says. "How people could precook them, slap mustard and ketchup on them, wrap them in paper and keep them warm under a heat lamp, I'll never know. I do know that we would never do it at Wendy's."

Thomas also pledged that his restaurants would use nothing but fresh, 100 percent domestic beef. His employees would form it into patties daily, and the hamburgers would be served hot off the grill, never prewrapped or reheated. And the customers would have a variety of condiments with which to "personalize" their hamburgers. "Through our variety of toppings," says Thomas, "a hamburger can be prepared in any one of 256 ways." The menu, however, was limited, focusing on hamburgers, chili, french fries, soft drinks and a dairy dessert. In 1979, a salad bar was added. This year's menu will also include a boneless breast of chicken sandwich and a children's Fun Pak. A breakfast menu is also being tested in several Southern locations.

At the rate of one new opening every two days, three years ago Thomas cut the ceremonial ribbon at Wendy's 1,000th restaurant. Ironically, this was in Springfield, Tennessee, where, 34 years earlier, he had served up his first hamburger. In November 1979, Wendy's celebrated its 10th anniversary, and one year later, on November 15, it opened its 2,000th restaurant.

After a decade of such explosive growth—11 consecutive years of increased sales—and Wendy's now a familiar sight in 49 of the 50 states, Canada, Puerto Rico, Japan and several countries in Europe, one might think the founder would be entertaining the idea of hanging up the apron. But one who might

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think so doesn't know R. David Thomas.

Still the visionary at 48, he continues to be driven by his own directive: "You can't rest on last year." It was these six words that established, in 1979, the Research and Development Department that resulted in the salad bar and put the breakfast menu on a test basis. It is by the same dictum that Thomas plans to extend Wendy's foreign markets beyond Canada, Japan, England, Spain, France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Luxembourg, Singapore and Malaysia—already under contract.

Not content to "rest" on last year's $30 million in advertising, the company in 1981 will *double* that figure. The record of 229 restaurant openings in 1980 will be surpassed by an expected 260 this year.

With the fast-food industry faltering and Wendy's booming, when—if ever—will the terrific increase end?

"I don't know," answers Wendy's *père*. "But my story already proves that the free enterprise system works, that under it the everyday American can make a success of himself and influence the lives around him for the better."

Who could possibly count the lives around David Thomas that have been influenced for the better? One would have to tally the thousands of people in the Wendy's business family, then count the millions of customers attracted to Wendy's restaurants by fair prices, fast service and clean and comfortable settings where quality is never sacrificed. This task alone would take almost as many years as Wendy's has sold hamburgers. Those one *can* count, however, are the members of David and Lorraine Thomas' expanding private family.

This includes daughter Pam, her husband and their two children; son Kenny, his wife and their two children; daughter Molly, who will graduate this year from the Ohio Institute of Photography and plans to become a professional photographer specializing in portraits (having already taken widely acclaimed pictures of such notables as Donny and Marie Osmond, Danny Thomas and Bob Hope). There is also daughter Wendy, currently a college sophomore but who, at age eight, was the red-haired, freckle-faced girl who lent her name to the now-famous restaurant chain; and last—at least at this writing—comes youngest daughter Lori, a junior high student.

"What with all the moving around when I was growing up," Thomas reflects, "I never had much formal education. I got through the 10th grade but I didn't let that stop me from driving ahead. You know why?" He pauses, waiting for an answer, then continues with conviction, "Because I built my business around *people*. I believe I can judge folks pretty well—on both sides of the counter."

In looking back, Thomas attributes much of the success of Wendy's to nothing more than good old hard work. "My philosophy," he says, "is this: 'If you try, you can do anything. And if you take care of your business, your business will take care of you.' I like to think that what we've done here proves that to be true." Most, one is certain, would tend to agree.

Although David Thomas never completed high school, his enterprise has helped thousands to complete college. Among the many he has helped (and now counsels) are countless high school students preparing for business careers. Then there are the patients both at the Children's Hospital in Columbus and Danny Thomas' St. Jude's Hospital in Memphis, where he serves as a member of the board. And what could be more appropriate than his generous contribution to the building of a kitchen at Ohio Dominican College where the students could fry their own hamburgers in those late after-study hours when the local Wendy's has closed?

His great personal involvement of time and effort and the continuing generosity of Wendy's in community projects are two subjects that the founder is too modest to discuss—but it is safe to say that the boyhood dreams of R. David Thomas of one day owning a boat and holding a job have become a shining reality for many and have inspired visions of greatness in who knows how many more.

On April 7, 1979, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale presented the Horatio Alger Award, symbol of success through the free-enterprise system, to Wendy's founder, David Thomas, yet another homeless American orphan who "made it."

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THE INSIDE STORY OF HEMORRHOIDS

Although mentioned in the Bible and even acclaimed to be honorable, the honor of hemorrhoids is one many victims would prefer to decline.

by James Ferguson, M.D.

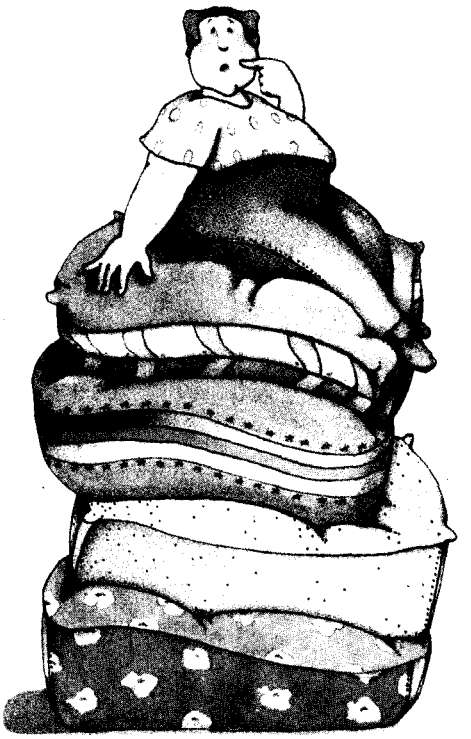
Illustrated by Andrea Eberbach

Hemorrhoids are standard equipment in the human machine. Regardless of race, sex, religion or political persuasion, we all have hemorrhoidal veins; and it is in these veins that hemorrhoids may develop. Hemorrhoids are mentioned in the Bible, so we have had them a long time—and they may even be honorable.

The great internal (visceral) and external (somatic) blood vessel systems of the body communicate almost incidentally but connect with anatomical regularity through the hemorrhoidal veins.

These veins inhabit the outlet of the rectum, which is called the anus. They occur in three groups, are as short in length as the anus (about 1½ to 2 inches) and communicate at each end with arteries. Their blood is highly oxygenated and bright red in color. If hemorrhoidal veins dilate but remain up and in the anus, they are called *hemorrhoids*. If they are indeed down and outers, they are called protruding hemorrhoids or *piles*.

Since hemorrhoidal veins are factory installed, they have no "cause" in the usual sense of the word. In the majority of human beings, they give no trouble, and their presence is unsuspected.



If the veins do deteriorate, it is more likely due to a genetic defect in quality control than to any other factor. Varicose veins of the legs also demonstrate a genetic defect, transmitted in a vaguely familial way, and the two conditions are closely parallel. The hemorrhoidal veins are constantly subjected to greater hydrostatic pressure in upright man than in horizontal animals. Straining at stool, constipation, diarrhea and general physical conditions may pertain. Other than the severe hammering of the pelvic floor during childbirth, there is little relationship between stress trauma and the development of hemorrhoidal symptoms. The defect is probably genetic.

Because of fragility of the vein walls, hemorrhoids commonly bleed. The bleeding is characteristically painless, bright red, dramatically sudden in starting and dramatically sudden in stopping. Any medication being used at the time gets credit for the shut-off. Blood may saturate one's clothing or drip-flow into the toilet bowl. Bleeding may be so severe as to cause significant anemia. It may also be so slight that only traces appear on clothing or paper.

Sometimes the vein breaks but bleeds under the skin where a clot is formed, causing a firm bluish swelling, variable in size, and causing pain in direct proportion to size-pressure. This is called a thrombus, thromboid or thrombosed hemorrhoid. It usually resolves itself, but sometimes it must be cut out because of severe discomfort or large size. Though there are other conditions in the anal canal which may cause distress, this is the only hemorrhoidal state characterized by pain.

Protrusion of hemorrhoids may occur if their size-development is severe enough. It may occur only with bowel movement; it may occur at any time and be replaceable or tuck-in-able; or it may be permanent.

Being guardian of the intestinal outlet, the anus is a wear-and-tear organ of prodigious durability. It is subject to continuous mechanical, chemical and bacterial insult, both natural and unnatural. There is no wonder that hemorrhoids act up now and then; the great wonder is that trouble doesn't happen more often. Despite being the universal symbol of ultimate disdain, this plucky little opening is a marvel of endurance and efficiency. It is the most underrated and overtreated organ we own.

Treatment of hemorrhoids, if indicated at all, must be based on accurate diagnosis which can only be established by direct professional attention.

Nonprofessional, do-it-yourself-in-the-privacy-of-your-own-home treatment not only ignores accurate diagnosis but supports sizable industrial and public relations enterprises in this country. Diets

Continued on following page

Best known for his 31 years of private practice at the Ferguson-Droste-Ferguson Hospital and a partner in the Ferguson Clinic, Grand Rapids, Michigan, Dr. Ferguson has also gained international respect for his many honors and the numerous publications in which he has shared his surgical knowledge.

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As part of an advertising campaign to promote the sale of gold jewelry we will send to each reader of the Saturday Evening Post who sees and returns this printed notice before Midnight, Aug. 31, a 16-inch solid 14K gold chain for the sum of $10 plus $2 shipping and handling. There is no further monetary requirement. [Each chain is composed entirely of solid 14K gold including the clasp and will be accompanied by our Certificate of Authenticity to that effect.] This advertising notice is being placed simultaneously in other publications. If you see it in more than one publication, please let us know, as this information is helpful to us. Should you wish to return your chain you may do so at any time to the address below and receive a full refund. There is a limit of one (1) chain per address, but if your request is postmarked before Aug. 22, you may request a second chain by enclosing an additional $10 plus $2 shipping and handling. No request will be accepted past the dates noted above; your uncashed check will be returned if postmarked later than those dates. Please enclose this *original* notice with your request; photocopies will not be accepted. Send your name and address (please print) on a sheet of paper together with the appropriate sum to: **FLEXNER & KIRBY, LTD., Gold Chain Campaign, Dept. 150-24, Box 1930, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830.** (X83450)

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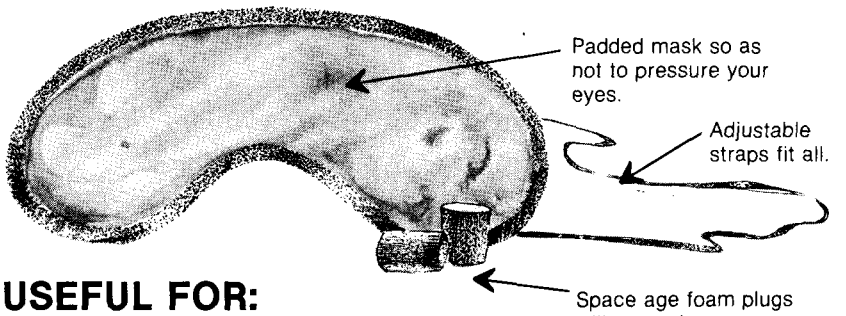
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abound, additives are the rage, nostrums are innumerable and cathartics are legionary. Highly touted ointments may be soothing at best, and it is only common sense that something applied to the surface never, in the history of man, altered the course of hemorrhoidal destiny.

By way of surgical treatment, hemorrhoids have been crushed, amputated, ligated, fried (hot-iron cautery), electrocuted (Galvanic current), injected (chemically), strangulated (rubber bands), frozen (cryotherapy) and surgically excised. Rubber bands are in vogue at the moment as they have some advantages and great popular appeal. Whatever method is used, it should be able to produce results comparable to a skillfully done, plastic-surgical operation. By this means, hemorrhoidal veins are dissected and removed, and the lining of the anus is reestablished.

The relationship of hemorrhoids to cancer is one of chance only, but it is a dangerous one. The simple presence of hemorrhoids does not indicate any need for treatment. Hemorrhoids do not cause cancer, and they do not need to be removed or treated "before they turn into something." But hemorrhoids and cancer may occur in the same general area; they may imitate each other by bleeding, and therein lies the danger. So beware!

Never assume that any rectal bleeding you may have, whether it be profuse, scanty, bright red or black; on the paper, in your clothing, in the toilet or on the floor is due only to hemorrhoids. Bleeding is only a sign that something is wrong; get an examination by your doctor so that an accurate diagnosis can be established. There is no set of symptoms or signs, and there are no screening tests that can accurately discriminate between hemorrhoids and cancer. Competent examination is the only means of accurate diagnosis, and early diagnosis is absolutely vital to the cure of rectal and colon cancer.

So don't be complacent in tolerating your piles. Only when one knows without doubt that a cancer is not lurking above the hemorrhoids is it safe for him to continue on his tuck-and-go way.

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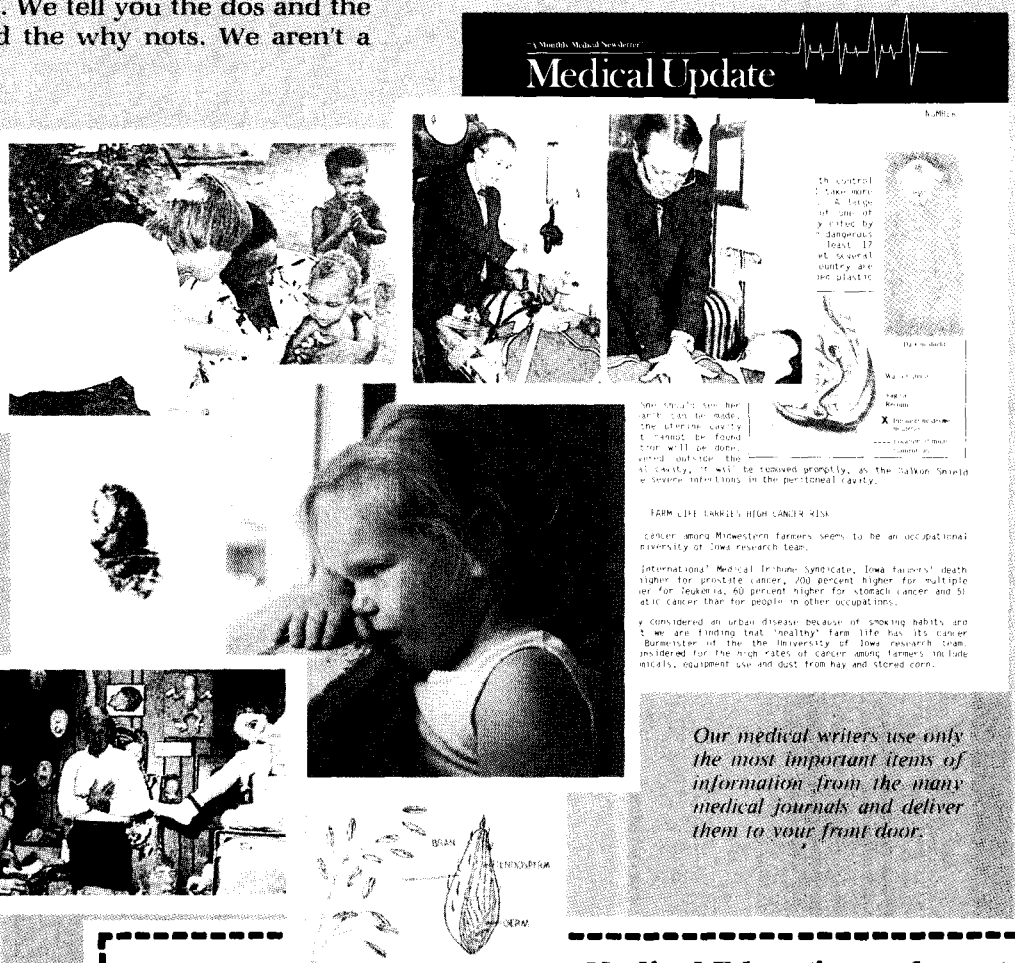

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POST SCRIPTS

In-grad-itude

Parties, gifts, announcements sent,
Award anticipation—
Food, film, a fortune spent,
A whirlwind celebration. . . .
I wish that someone would invent
A *gradual* graduation!

—*Carole Carter*

On the Ball

Smith's flair for the fine arts and tasteful decor was demonstrated almost immediately after he moved into the neighborhood. He proudly informed one of the neighbors that he had just picked up a genuine Van Gogh in a beautiful frame for only $60.

"How come it was so cheap?" the neighbor asked suspiciously.

"Beats me," Smith shrugged. "The auctioneer said it was the only portrait Van Gogh ever did in ball point."

—*Kenneth E. Hall*

Bank Prank

"I think the bank is trying to tell us something," the man said after opening a carton the mailman had delivered.

"What's that, dear?" asked his wife.

"I ordered some new checks, and they sent a box of boomerangs!"

—*Milton Doane*

Exchange of Ideas

The one who said, "A fool and his money are soon parted. . ." must have bought the same stock we did.

—*Violet Bigelow Rourke*

Urban Light

After many years of hard labor, the farmer retired and moved to the city. The morning after spending their first night in their new home, the farmer's wife said to him, "Well, Pa, ain't it about time you was gettin' up and buildin' the fire?"

"Not me," he replied. "We might as well git used to these city conveniences. I'll just call the fire department."

—*G.G. Crabtree*

Crummy Condition

If you want to be the toast of the town, you need a lot of bread.

—*Lucille J. Goodyear*

Vending Frustrations

"We've developed a coin machine guaranteed to give the customer satisfaction," the salesman told the storekeeper.

"You mean it's built so the customer can't lose his coin?" the storekeeper asked him.

"No," replied the salesman. "But when he kicks it, it groans."

—*Henry H. Dunagan*

Spatial Delivery

Communications Gap: The time from when a letter enters the post office until it is delivered to you.

—*Homer Phillips*

Sire Desire

I'd like him to be handsome,
Compassionate and kind;
Intelligent, ambitious,
Masculinely refined;
Someone I could be proud of,
With whom I could agree—
I'd like my daughter married
To somebody like me.

—*Barbara De Marinis*

Pinch Hitter

A caller in a small town was not very surprised recently when he heard a tiny voice over the phone

"O.K. Everybody who says we should go country-western, raise your hand."

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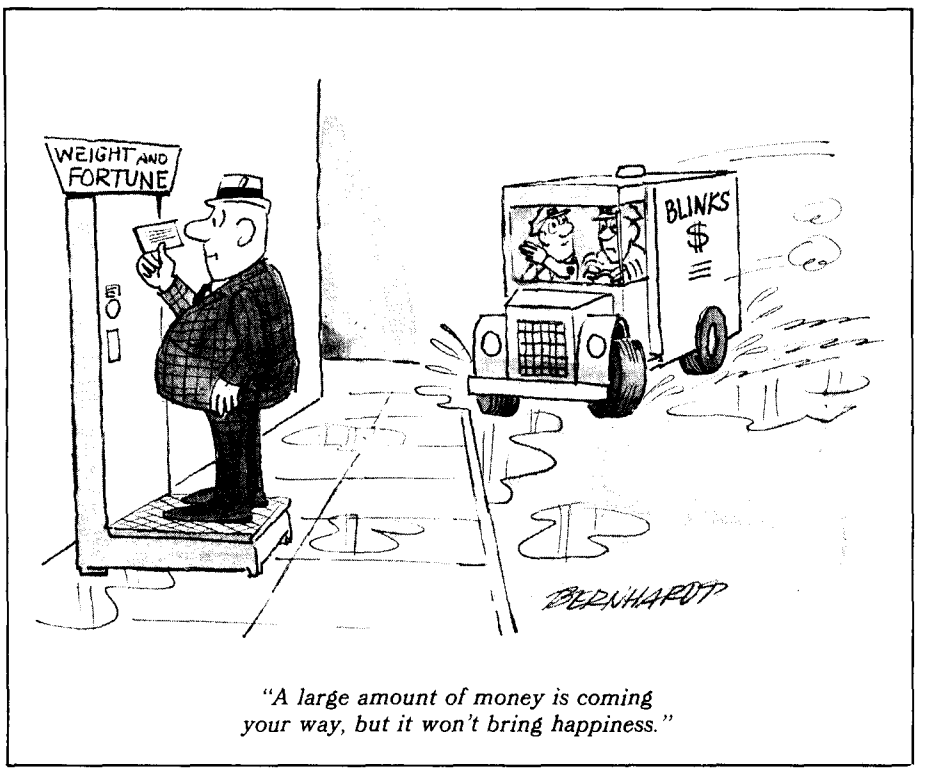

"A large amount of money is coming your way, but it won't bring happiness."

tell him, "This is Dr. Magruder's answering service's little girl. Please hold the phone till the answering service gets back from the bathroom."

—Edward Stevenson

Tee for Two

After much persuasion, Wilson got his wife—who had given up the game some while back—to join him in a round of golf. She teed off first and made a hole-in-one. After a moment's pause, he strode up to tee off. "Okay, dear, now just as soon as I take my warm-up swing, we can begin."

—A.H. Berzen

Lemon Aid

It was the umpteenth time that the owner had brought his new car back to the motor company to have it adjusted, and the head mechanic was in a bad mood. "What is the trouble with it this time?" he grumbled.

"I'm not sure," the owner replied, "but I think it needs squeezing."

—William H. Walton

Point a Helping Finger...

The great thing about teamwork is that you can blame someone else when things go wrong.

—Michael Zolondek

Space-Saving Surprise

An American astronaut was in his capsule ready to be loaded when a reporter asked him, "How do you feel?"

The astronaut replied, "How would *you* feel if you were sitting on top of 150,000 parts, each supplied by the lowest bidder?"

—Rose Sands

Royal Roots

A common, multivariety dog-about-town met a thoroughbred English setter, and they stopped and talked.

"My pedigree goes back to the Knights of the Round Table in the sixth century," boasted the English setter.

"That's a long time," remarked the dog-about-town. "Mine goes back to the Knights of Columbus barbecue, three years ago."

—Lawrence Miller

Judge Not, Lest Ye...?

Be tolerant of someone who
disagrees with you.
Don't try to take dominion.
Remember that he has a right
To his ridiculous opinion!

—Ruth M. Walsh

Cirrus Sentence

The radio weatherman appeared before the traffic judge for going through a stop sign. "Fine, $10 for this, your first offense. Next time, jail," advised the judge.

"OK, your Honor. Reminds me of my reports. Fine today, cooler tomorrow," quipped the defendant.

—George E. Bergman

Destination Hesitation

On a tombstone in England:
"Remember man that passeth by
As thou art now, so once was I.
And as I am so thou must be.
Prepare thyself to follow me."

At the bottom someone had scrawled:
"To follow thee's not my intent
Unless I know which way thou went."

—M.M. Savoie

Junk Mail Gibe

There's a type of correspondence
That I truly wish would end,
Since no friend of mine would *ever*
Address me as: "Dear Friend!"

—Rosemarie Williamson

Paradise Lost

An Easterner was being driven over a barren stretch of New Mexico by a local taxi driver when a gaudy bird ran in front of them. The Easterner asked about the bird.

"That's a bird of paradise," the driver informed him.

The tourist looked out and said, "He's a long way from home, isn't he?"

—Anne Dirkman

Parental Discretion

A teacher was giving her class a lesson in morals and thought the legend of George Washington and the cherry tree would be illustrative.

"George Washington," she said, "not only chopped down his father's cherry tree, but he also admitted doing it. And his father didn't punish him. Can anyone tell me why?"

One bright lad raised his hand. "Maybe," he said, "it was because George still had the hatchet in his hand."

—T.J. McInerney

Say No Mare

Horse sense: knowing when to say nay.

—Dorothea Kent

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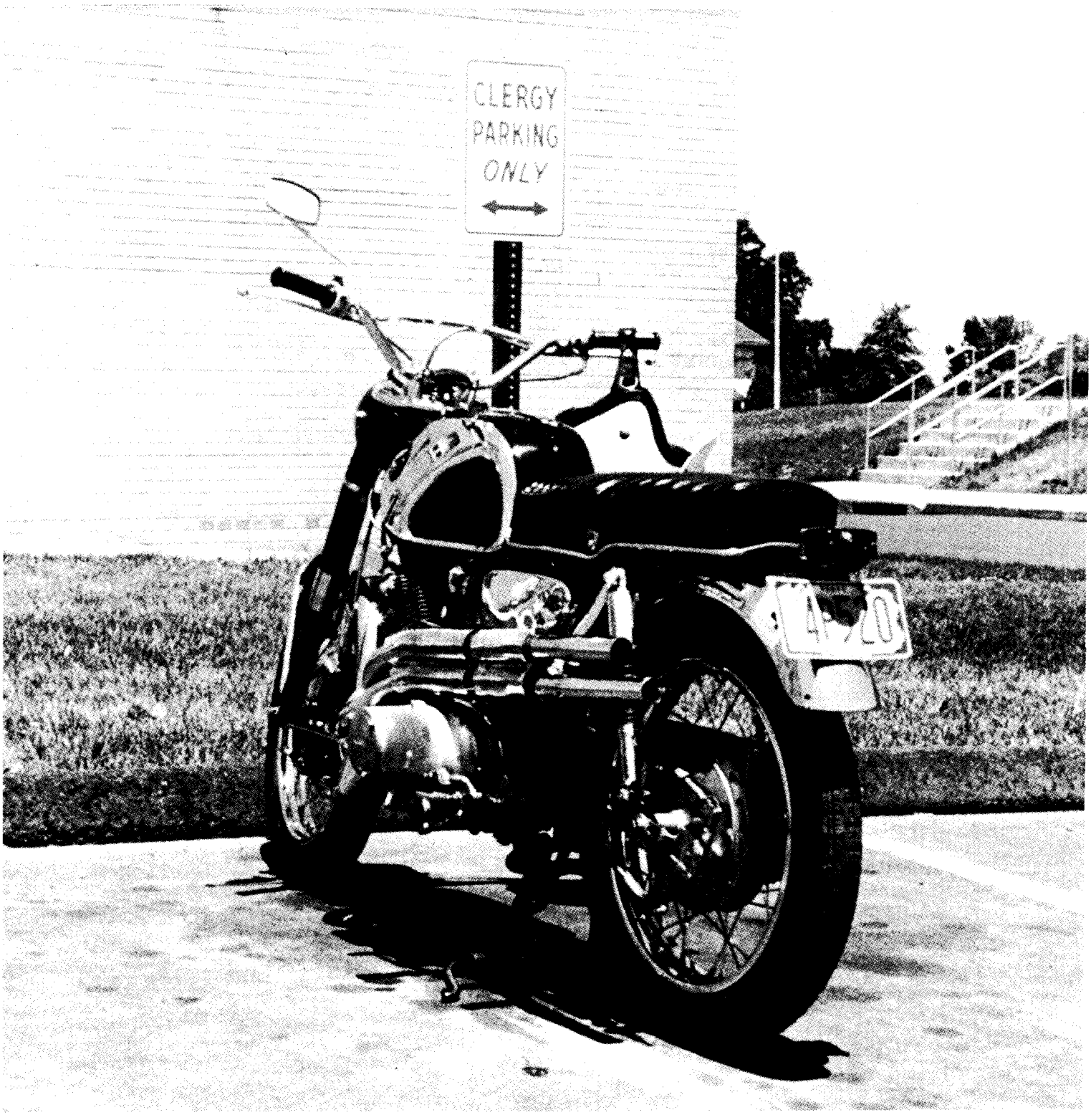

Can you name this photo?

. . . contest: $100 to the author of the winning caption for this photo. Your entry can be a "one-liner" or up to five lines of limerick. $100 will also be awarded to the photographer, amateur or professional, whose submitted photo is published in next month's contest. (Black-and-white photos are preferred. Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope.) Send entries to Photo Contest, SatEvePost Editorial Offices, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. All eligible caption entries must be received by May 19, 1981.

Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to Judy Heile of Cleveland Heights, Ohio, for the winning entry in our March photo-caption contest.

This job is so great in the fall,
And the summers are nicest of all.
Fresh air is the best,
But when I need rest,
The break room is just too darn small.

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Prince Charles

continued from page 12

more substantial retreat at Highgrove in Gloucestershire. Prince Charles has been devoting as much time as possible t this newly purchased home. He has been repairing brok fencing, supervising replumbing and briefing electricians.

All this attention to detail at Highgrove shows the Prince's determination to make it a welcoming refuge for Lady Diana. By Royal standards it is a modest structure—with four reception rooms, domestic quarters, nine bedrooms, six bathrooms and a nursery wing—and quite a step down from the splendor of Lady Diana's family home, Althorp, a Jacobean house in Northamptonshire. Asked if she had the house organized yet, the blonde 19-year-old replied with a smile: "Not quite yet."

But her father, Earl Spencer, whom Prince Charles asked for permission to marry Lady Diana, said: "She's a very good-natured girl. Publicity doesn't worry her. She'll take it all in her stride. She's very practical and very down to earth and a very good housewife."

Lady Diana, summing up her common interests with Prince Charles, said: "We both love dancing and music, and we both have the same sense of humor."

"You'll definitely need that," laughed the Prince, with commendable foresight. If she needed any guidelines on good humor, Lady Diana had them provided by the Queen on the day the engagement was disclosed. Hundreds had gathered in the great ballroom of Buckingham Palace for an investiture. Her Majesty entered to the accompaniment of Britain's national anthem. Then Lord Maclean stepped to a microphone.

"The Queen has asked me to let you know that an announcement is being made at this moment in the following terms," he said and went on to read the same message issued by the Queen's press secretary.

The news was greeted with gasps and then with prolonged and enthusiastic applause. The band struck up with the song "Congratulations."

And the Queen smiled very broadly. By the end of the day, much of the world was smiling with her.

There is much speculation—probably because the question cannot be answered—as to when the prince and princess-to-be will become king and queen. Britain's news weekly *The Economist* reports, "If his mother, by all accounts a rather expert queen, lives up to actuarial expectations and if God heeds the prayer in the second line of (Britain's) national anthem, King Charles III may be aged over 55 at his accession."

The queen herself has discussed retiring from the office to benefit her son, but this idea has apparently been rejected as not befitting to the proper image of monarchy. So, with prospects of a long wait in front of them, it is believed that the prince and princess will spend some of that time in Australia, where Prince Charles shortly will be appointed governor-general.

A more immediate question is where will the Royal couple spend their honeymoon? After the announcement of the engagement, both the Palace and the Ministry of Defence said they were unable to divulge the forthcoming program of the Royal yacht Britannia.

The West Indies is a favorite holiday spot with the Prince—he learned to skin dive there—so was it possible that Britannia could be taken off official duties and steered in the direction of the Caribbean? Several weeks ago Buckingham Palace announced that the Royal yacht would indeed be at the service of the newlyweds, but the destination, while still widely rumored to be the Caribbean, was not confirmed. This may be one aspect of this very public event that the principals would like to keep to themselves.

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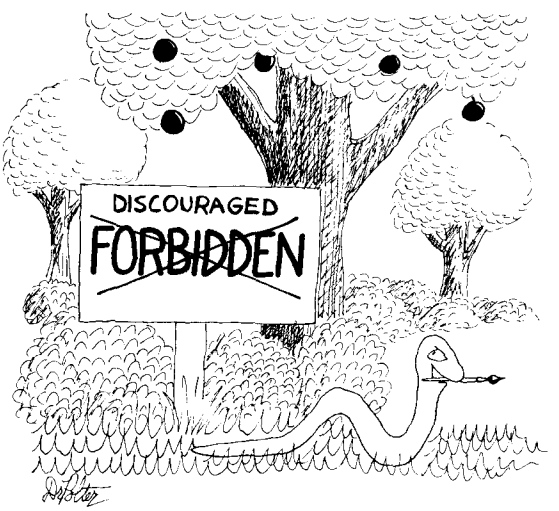

"...the time is 10:45, Eternal Standard Time...."

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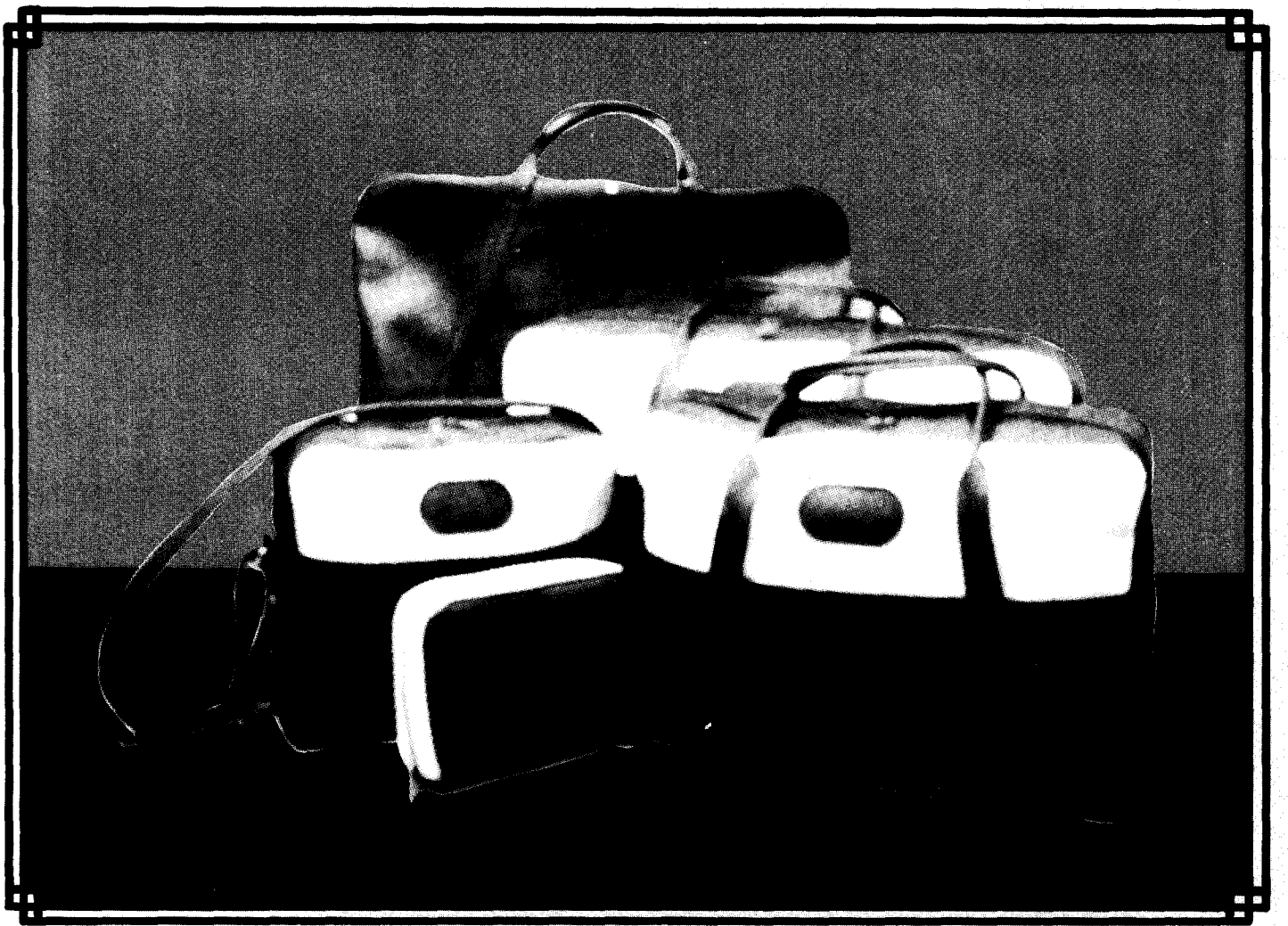

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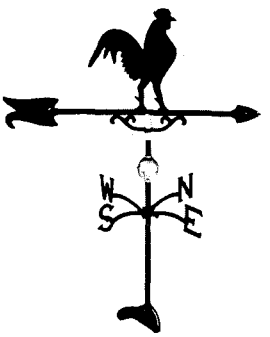
WIND DIRECTION AT A GLANCE



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Post Sampler

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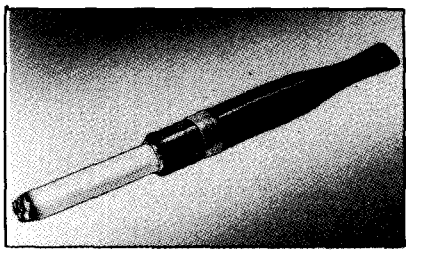
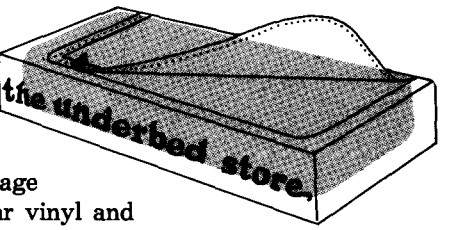


Stop smoking in just 3-4 weeks. Every 3 days turn holder dial to let in less smoke. $5.95 (two for $9.95) plus 65¢ each for postage and local sales tax. Smoke No More, Dept. SP-3, Box 189, Wilmington, DE 19899.

Under-bed storage



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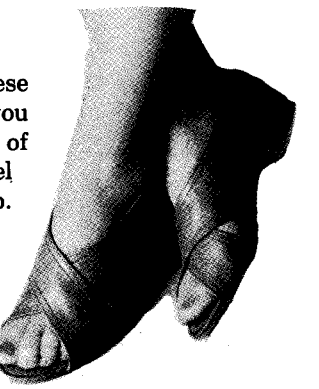
Crossover



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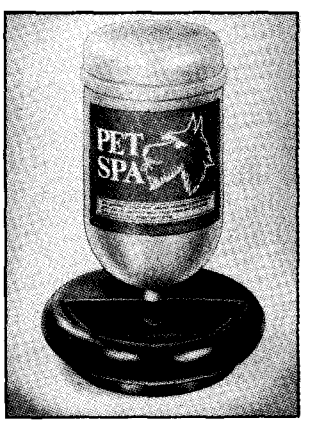
Automatic water spa



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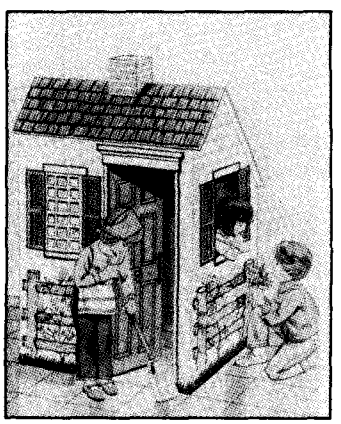

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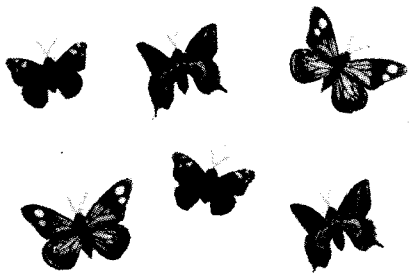

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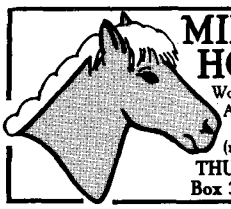

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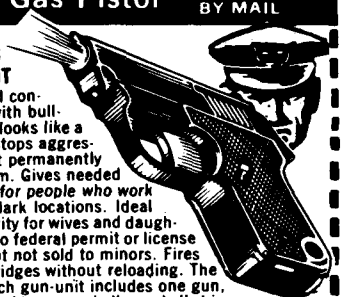

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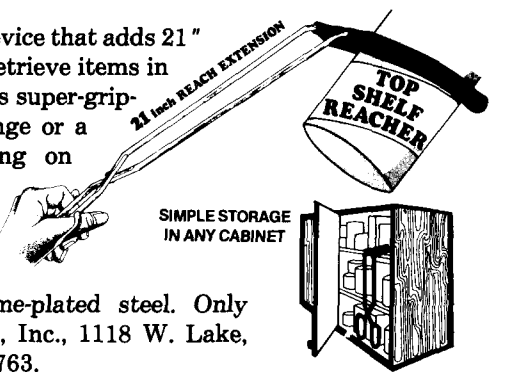

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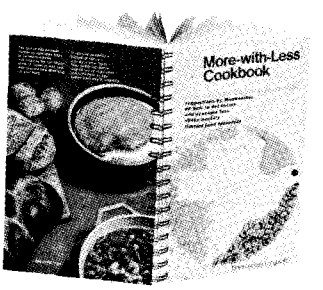

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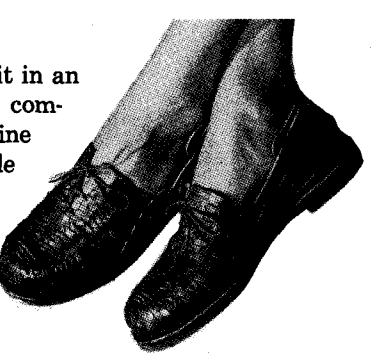

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Genuine old stock certificates, $2.50 each. David Magness Company, Box 1101 SSS, Springfield, MO 65806.

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Diabetic tips that helped us. Thirty years of problems and encouragements condensed into 10 pages. Send $3 to Kem, Box 429, Portland, MI 48875.

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Save money. Avoid unnecessary dental expenses. Extensive booklet prepared by D.D.S. $3.50. P.O. 141, North Liberty, IA 52317.

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Green thumb? Sell plants/cuttings from home. $4.95 shows how. Moonlighters, Box 4284, Thousand Oaks, CA 91359.

Money at home! Learn to write and sell simple sentences/paragraphs by mail. Ten-lesson course provides professional guidance to start earning now! $9.95 postpaid. Scandia, Dept. BD-14, 733 Grey Eagle Circle S., Colorado Springs, CO 80919.

Starting a secretarial service at home—Easy-to-understand guidebook tells how to earn money full or part-time being your own boss. Third edition only $7.95, money-back guarantee. Williams Publishing, Box 104B, Perryhall, MD 21128.

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Bagpipes, full-sized and miniature, and practice chanters. Discount prices and free brochure. (305) 724-1477. Mid-East Manufacturing, 2817 Cameron Street, Melbourne, FL 32901.

Free brochure—*latest songbooks. Don Anthony, 109* Locust, Wallington, NJ 07057.

Bagpipes, $60 up. Free brochure. Mid-East Manufacturing, 2817 Cameron Street, Melbourne, FL 32901.

Musical saws—produced since 1921. Details, free "Sawing News." Musshl-Westphal, 130 SEP, Delavan, WI 53115.

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New singles publication provides free advertising! Details: Box 500-SP, Mendocino, CA 95460.

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Wanted: information leading to locating or leasing community dumps older than 1905. Bouza's, 4433 Castlebar, Boise, ID 83703.

Single cultured friends—marriage. Established national group. The Arts World, Box 661, Staten Island, NY 10314.

How to have a happy day. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send $2. Bruce Frederick, 4711 Garver, Muncie, IN 47304.

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Amway products. Now shop by mail! Jewelry, kitchenware, toys, clothes and more. Monthly specials! Convenient. No pressure. Free brochure. Suzanne B. Hasser—SP, Amway Distributor, 5720 Merton Court #172, Alexandria, VA 22311.

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How to find and purchase *good country land. For* information send $3 to The Spinning Wheel, P.O. Box 191-P, Grand Ronde, OR 97347.

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52 chicken recipes, tasty, simple, saving. $3. Chicken Recipes, P.O. Box 164, Orleans, IN 47452.

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Variety of ten delightful casseroles. $3. The Hobby Shop, 783 Broad Street, Knoxville, IL 61448.

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Blackwood Brothers' 3 latest Gospel albums, $10 p.p. LP, 8 track, cassette: State which. Blackwood Brothers, Dept. SP, Memphis, TN 38122.

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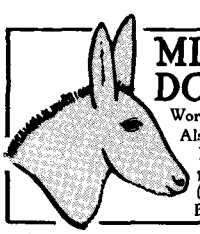

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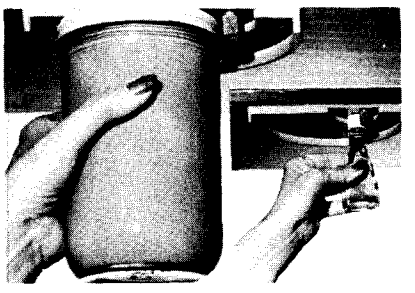

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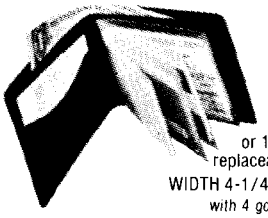

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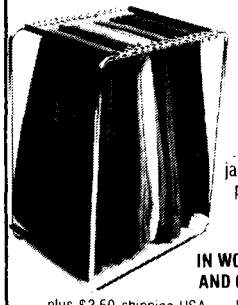

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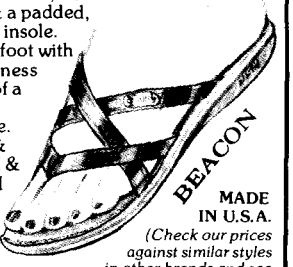

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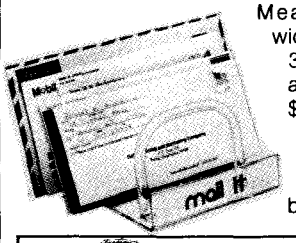

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FOOD

MUSHROOMS: COMING UP NUTRITIOUS

Mushrooms not only enliven a salad, they are also a low-calorie source of carbohydrates, vitamins and essential amino acids.

by Christopher Erwin

Scientists and agriculturists have pondered for years over methods to feed the world's ever-bulging population. Their solutions, although practical, don't always offer much hope for the future of *haute cuisine*. A life sustained by munching on soyburgers and seaweed, although healthy enough, hardly seems one worth pursuing. Happily, some more tasteful planners entertain a more palatable vision. They see mushrooms as one of the world's great untapped resources.

Many people believe mushrooms are mainly for show. Sprinkle a handful of *Agaricus bisporus* (button mushrooms) over a bowl of tossed greens and you've transformed a plebeian salad into a spiffy *salade*. But what you've added is more than just a touch of class; you've added protein.

Mushrooms have been rated next to milk on the index of essential amino acids. It has now come to light that they contain all nine amino acids essential for human nutrition, some in greater amounts than others. Fresh mushrooms in general sport twice the protein content of asparagus and cabbage, four times that of oranges and 12 times that of apples, although in limited amounts. One pound of mushrooms holds 12.2 grams protein and 20 grams carbohydrates, but only 1.4 grams fat. To back up their claim to be more than just a frill, they also offer phosphorus, iron, thiamine (vitamin B1), riboflavin (vitamin B2) and niacin and register between soybeans and spinach on nutritional indexes. It may be going too far to suggest that man could live on mushrooms alone, although they have long been a staple food in parts of Russia and in South America, and they are a favorite seasonal main dish in certain areas of Africa. The old Romans believed they gave soldiers added strength in battle.

Actually, mushrooms are 85 to 92 percent water, which gives them more substance than some vegetables such as Chinese cabbage, which is 94.2 percent H_2O. Their greatest virtue as a food is that they can be produced from waste materials, such as cereal straw, banana leaves, sawdust and cotton wastes from textile factories, and they can be induced to grow in most parts of the world.

Only about 25 species out of 2,000 edible mushroom types ever make it to anybody's dinner table, and only four of these have ever been cultivated in large numbers: white mushrooms (*Agaricus bisporus*), black forest (*Lentinus edodes*), straw mushrooms (*Volvariella volvacea*) and oyster mushrooms (*Pleurotus* sp.).

By far the most widely eaten are the white—or button—type. World production is over 675,000 tons a year. They are the only kind you are likely to find at your local grocery store. Although available in white, brown and cream, their texture and flavor do not vary with color. The whites come mainly from Pennsylvania, still the largest mushroom-producing state, perhaps because of its German heritage. In 1977 West Germans ate (per person) 12 times the world average of mushrooms. The brown mushrooms, "California Browns," are a favorite on the West Coast. Creams are becoming more and more popular.

When you go shopping for mushrooms, look for firm smooth ones, with the veil (the membrane between the cap and stem) still attached to the cap. Sometimes you will find the veil detached and the cap darkened. Such mushrooms have lost moisture from oxidation. They will actually make better eating than fresher ones, since they are more concentrated and flavorful, but they will not keep as long as fresh ones, which will stay good in your refrigerator for about a week.

Cooking times for mushrooms vary. There's no reason not to eat them raw, but for soups and stews they may be cooked a half-hour or longer. Cooking draws out their subtle flavor and distributes it through the broth. Raw, fresh mushrooms are prepared for serving in the same way as mushrooms used in cooked dishes. Just rinse in a colander, blot dry with a paper towel and snip off dry stem tips if necessary.

Mushrooms in themselves are healthy for any diet. One pound contains only 127 calories and less than 68 milligrams of sodium. *Agaricus bisporus* is high in vitamin C, and *Lentinus edodes* in vitamin D. To avoid making them unhealthy by addition of fatty oils or butter, sauté them in a mixture

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of polyunsaturated oil and white Rhine wine. First let the mushrooms stand in cold water for 15 minutes, then wash them, drain and slice. Heat a small amount of oil and add the mushrooms. Cook 15 minutes on low heat. Add ½ cup wine, bring to a boil and simmer for 30 to 45 minutes in the wine sauce. Eat them plain, or add them to other dishes.

Although lowly in origin, mushrooms get the royal treatment in kitchens around the world. Each nationality has its own favorite seasonings and spices. Here are some mushroom recipes as exotic and delicious as their names imply.

Pilaffi Me Manitaria
(Greek Rice Pilaf with Mushrooms)
(4½ cups)

12 ounces fresh mushrooms
2 tablespoons margarine
½ cup chopped onion
1 garlic clove, crushed
1 cup regular cooking rice (uncooked)
2 cups chicken broth
¼ cup dry white wine or apple juice
¼ teaspoon oregano leaves, crushed
1/16 teaspoon ground black pepper
Chopped parsley

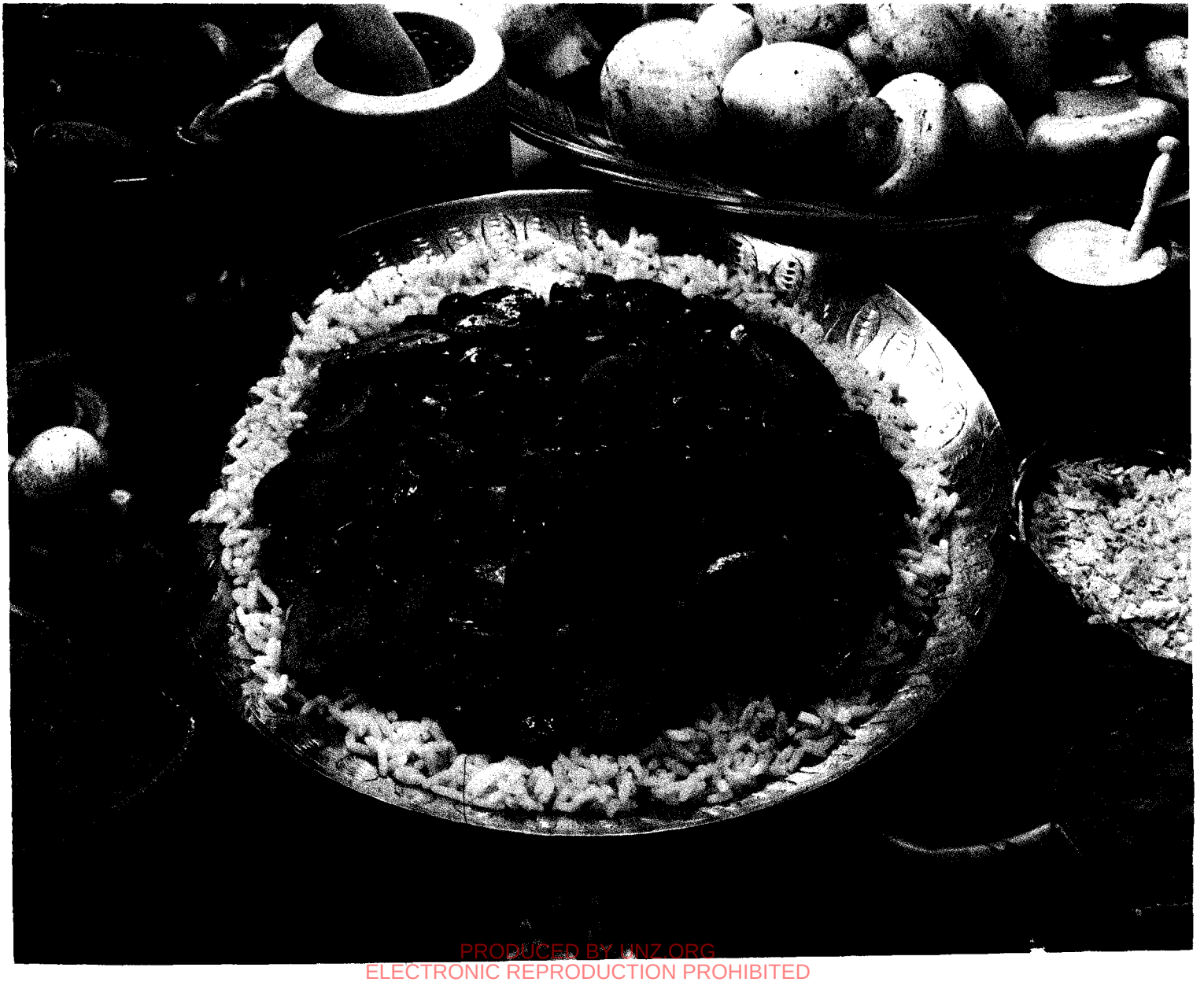
Rinse, pat dry and slice mushrooms (makes about 4 cups). In a large skillet, melt margarine. Add onion, garlic and mushrooms; sauté until golden, about 5 minutes. Add rice, chicken broth, wine, oregano and black pepper. Bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer, covered, adding more water if needed, until rice is tender, about 20 minutes. Sprinkle with parsley before serving.

Grzyby Marynowane
(Polish Marinated Mushrooms)
(About 2 cups)

¼ cup instant minced onion
1½ teaspoons whole black pepper, cracked
1½ teaspoons whole allspice, cracked
2 bay leaves
¾ cup water
½ cup red wine vinegar
1 pound small mushrooms, trimmed

In a medium saucepan, combine minced onion, pepper, allspice, bay leaves, water and vinegar. Bring to

Mattar Guchi combines mushrooms and spices with tomatoes and peas served over steamed brown rice.



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a boil. Reduce heat and simmer, covered for 30 minutes. Add mushrooms.

Simmer, covered, until tender, about 20 minutes. Let cool to room temperature. Cover and refrigerate overnight. (To crack spices, place in a small plastic bag or piece of material; strike with mallet or crush with rolling pin.)

Gribane V Smitane
(Russian Mushrooms with Sour Cream)
(2 cups)

12 ounces fresh mushrooms
2 tablespoons margarine
1 cup dairy sour cream
1 teaspoon paprika
¾ teaspoon marjoram leaves, crushed
Pinch ground black pepper

Rinse, pat dry and slice fresh mushrooms (makes about 4 cups). In a large skillet, melt butter. Add mushrooms; sauté until golden, about 5 minutes. Reduce heat to low.

Combine sour cream, paprika, marjoram and black pepper. Stir into mushrooms. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until hot, about 3 minutes (do not boil). Sprinkle with chopped chives if desired.

Dusene Houby
(Czechoslovakian Stewed Mushrooms)
(1½ cups)

12 ounces fresh mushrooms
2 tablespoons margarine
⅛ teaspoon thyme leaves, crushed
⅛ teaspoon ground black pepper
¼ cup dairy sour cream (room temperature)

Rinse, pat dry and slice mushrooms (makes about 4 cups). In a medium skillet, melt butter. Add mushrooms, thyme and black pepper; sauté until golden, about 5 minutes. Stir in sour cream. Heat until hot, about 2 minutes, stirring often.

Taung Bho Hmo
(Burmese Mushroom Curry)
(4 to 6 portions—about 6 cups)

2 pounds fresh mushrooms
½ cup minced onion
1½ teaspoons chili powder
1 teaspoon ground turmeric
½ teaspoon minced garlic
2 tablespoons polyunsaturated vegetable oil
2 tablespoons fresh lime or lemon juice

Rinse, pat dry and quarter mushrooms (makes about 12 cups). Combine onion, chili powder, turmeric and garlic. In a very large skillet or wok, heat oil until hot; add spice mixture and mushrooms. Sauté, stirring constantly, until mushrooms are cooked through, about 5 minutes. Sprinkle with lime juice; cook and stir one minute. Serve over brown rice if desired.

Champigons Diable
(French Spiced Mushrooms)
(1½ cups)

12 ounces fresh mushrooms
2 tablespoons margarine
¼ cup chopped onion
4 teaspoons prepared mustard
1 teaspoon tarragon leaves, crushed
1 teaspoon lemon juice
⅛ teaspoon ground black pepper

Rinse, pat dry and slice mushrooms (makes about 4 cups); set aside. In a large skillet, melt butter. Add onion; sauté until tender, about 3 minutes. Add reserved mushrooms, mustard, tarragon, lemon juice and black pepper; sauté until mushrooms are golden, about 5 minutes.

Mattar Guchi
(Indian Curried Peas and Mushrooms)
(3½ cups)

8 ounces fresh mushrooms
½ cup finely chopped onion
½ teaspoon ground turmeric
½ teaspoon ground cumin
¼ teaspoon ground coriander
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
⅛ teaspoon ground cinnamon
⅛ teaspoon ground cardamom
1/16 teaspoon ground cloves
Pinch ground red pepper
3 tablespoons vegetable oil
1 cup diced tomatoes
1 package (10 ounces) frozen peas

Rinse, pat dry and slice mushrooms (makes about 4 cups); set aside. In a medium bowl, combine all spices and onions. In a large skillet, heat oil until hot. Add mushrooms and spice mixture; cook and stir about 5 minutes. Add tomatoes and peas; cook and stir until peas are cooked, about 2 minutes. Serve over brown rice.

Only about 25 species out of 2,000 edible mushrooms ever make it to the table, but those that do add more than class; they add protein.

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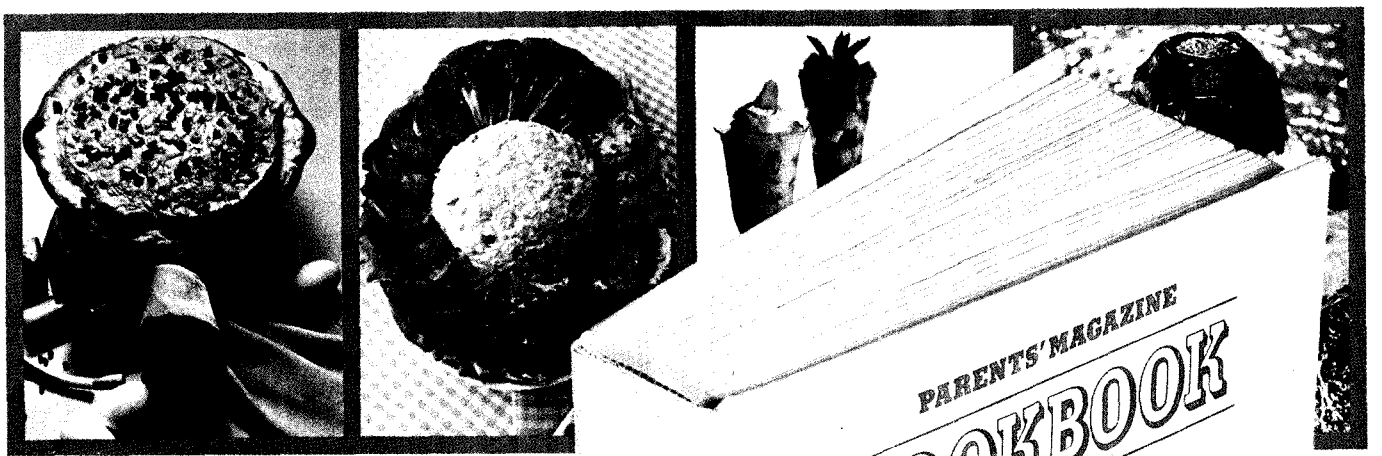

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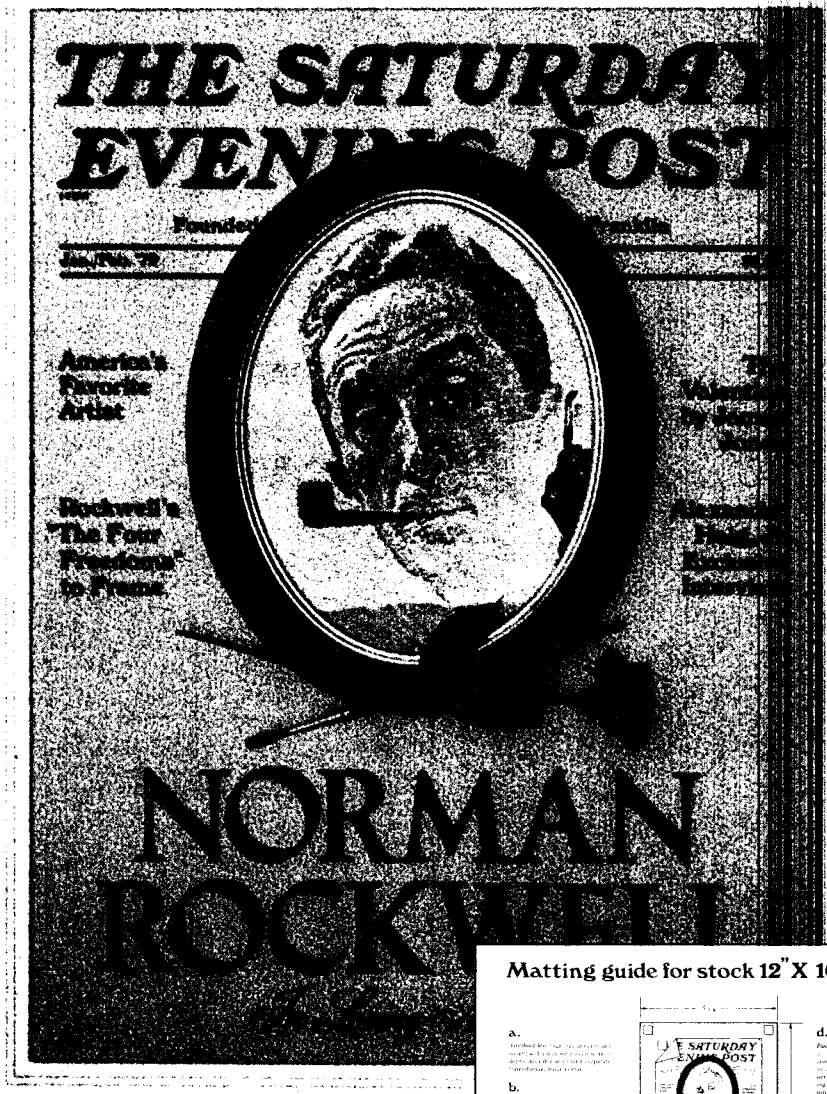

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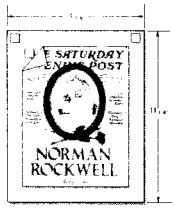

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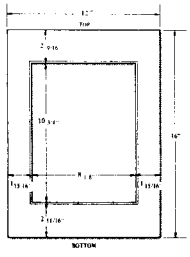

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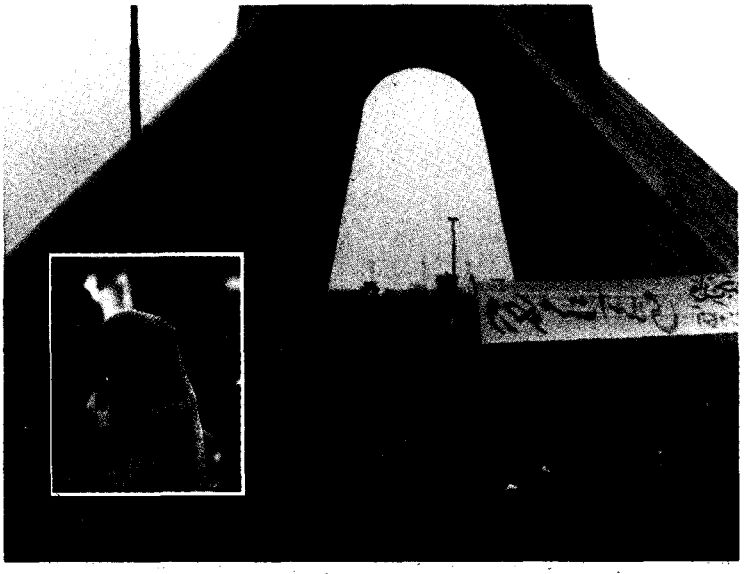
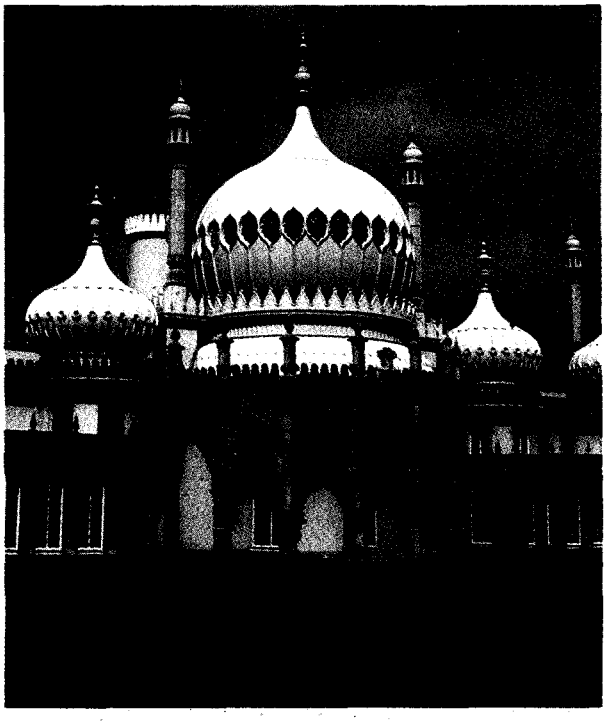
WHERE IN THE WORLD?

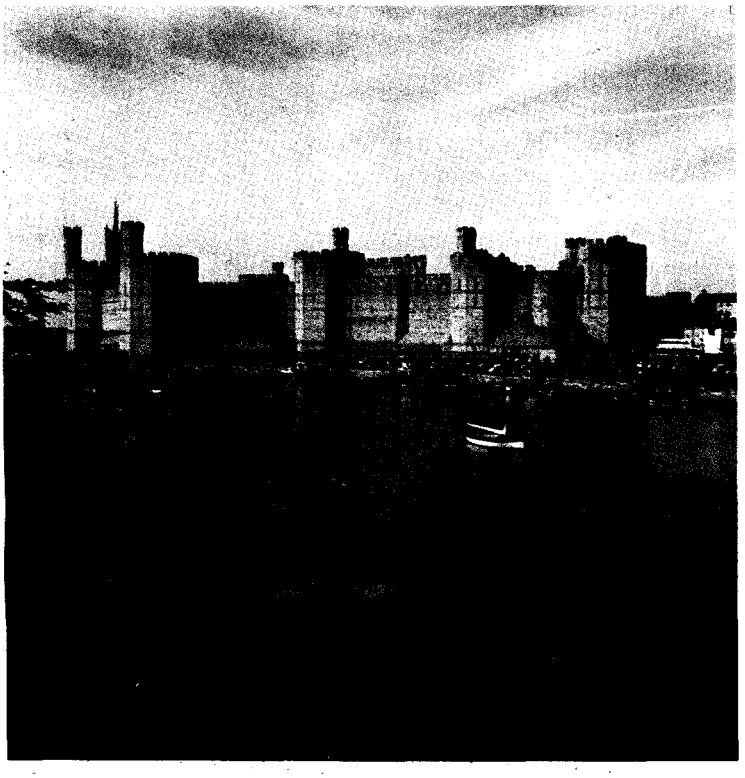
East is east, and West is west, but architecture is sometimes misleading.
Can you locate these structures built by invading nations or influenced by foreign cultures?



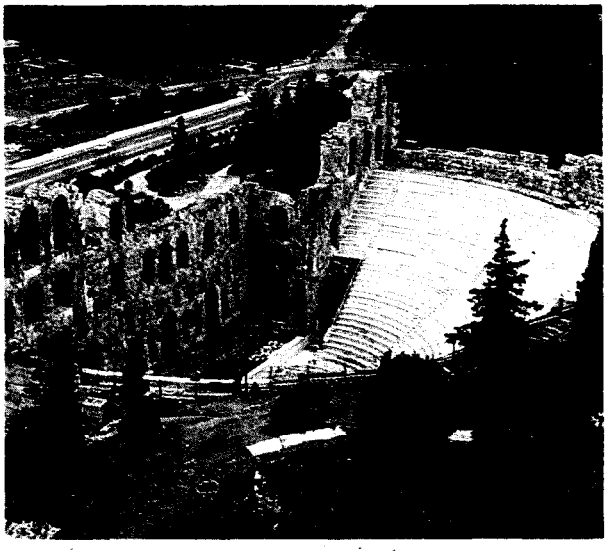
1 ☐ **Baghdad** ☐ **Teheran** ☐ **Jerusalem**
Intended to honor a now-deposed monarch, this turquoise-inlaid structure has been the scene of massive demonstrations. One of the many points of contention is the position of women in this society.



2 ☐ **Brighton** ☐ **Lisbon** ☐ **Calais**
Monarchs slept here in the gaudy and exotic surroundings influenced by Europe's contact with the Far East. Its appeal was short-lived, however, as the growing town became a popular resort area with diminishing privacy for crowned heads.



3 ☐ **Scotland** ☐ **Wales** ☐ **England**
A 1660 order of Parliament to demolish Caernarvon Castle was never carried out. It encloses three acres, with walls from seven to nine feet thick, and is considered the finest castle in Great Britain.



4 ☐ **Athens** ☐ **Amman** ☐ **Messina**
Still capable of packing them in after 18 centuries, the theater of Herodes Atticus was built after Rome had conquered this area. At the top of the hill stands perhaps the most famous of all antiquities.

(Answers on page 111)

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manity and skill is what motivated George Pettengel to bring the craft of coopering to America. Making wooden barrels was a waning profession in his native England when Pettengel was "discovered" by an official of colonial Williamsburg who was touring the brewery where the barrel maker worked.

Wooden barrels were an important part of storage and transportation in the 18th century; thus colonial Williamsburg was anxious to incorporate coopering into its crafts program, and Pettengel was invited to come to Williamsburg for three months to demonstrate his art. It soon became obvious that the exacting skills of coopering would need permanent on-site tutoring.

But when George Pettengel was offered the position of master cooper in the restored town, he was almost reluctant to accept. "It took me months to decide," he concedes, "if I wanted to continue as a hand craftsman." But Pettengels had been coopers for generations, and with the demise of the craft, George Pettengel saw "the slate of coopering being wiped clean. There would be nothing left of all that hard work, of all that humanity involved in coopering. Someone had to take the responsibility somewhere of caring enough about a traditional craft."

Ingenuity in unusual circumstances turned musical instrument maker George Wilson's hand to craft. The son of a career Coast Guardsman who tended lighthouses, Wilson grew up with little more than ocean waves for companions.

When he was 13, he received a guitar for Christmas. "Of course, one of the first things that occurred to me," he smiles, "was to try and make a better guitar."

Soon George Wilson was addicted to instrument making. But for years, his obsession had to be sandwiched around attaining high school and college degrees and full-time employment as an industrial arts teacher. Not until Williamsburg offered to set up his own musical instrument shop could George Wilson's first love become his first priority.

The man who once struggled with the construction of a cheap guitar now produces harpsichords, lutes and violins. He also handcrafts the 18th-century-style tools necessary for Williamsburg authenticity and plays many of the instruments he makes.

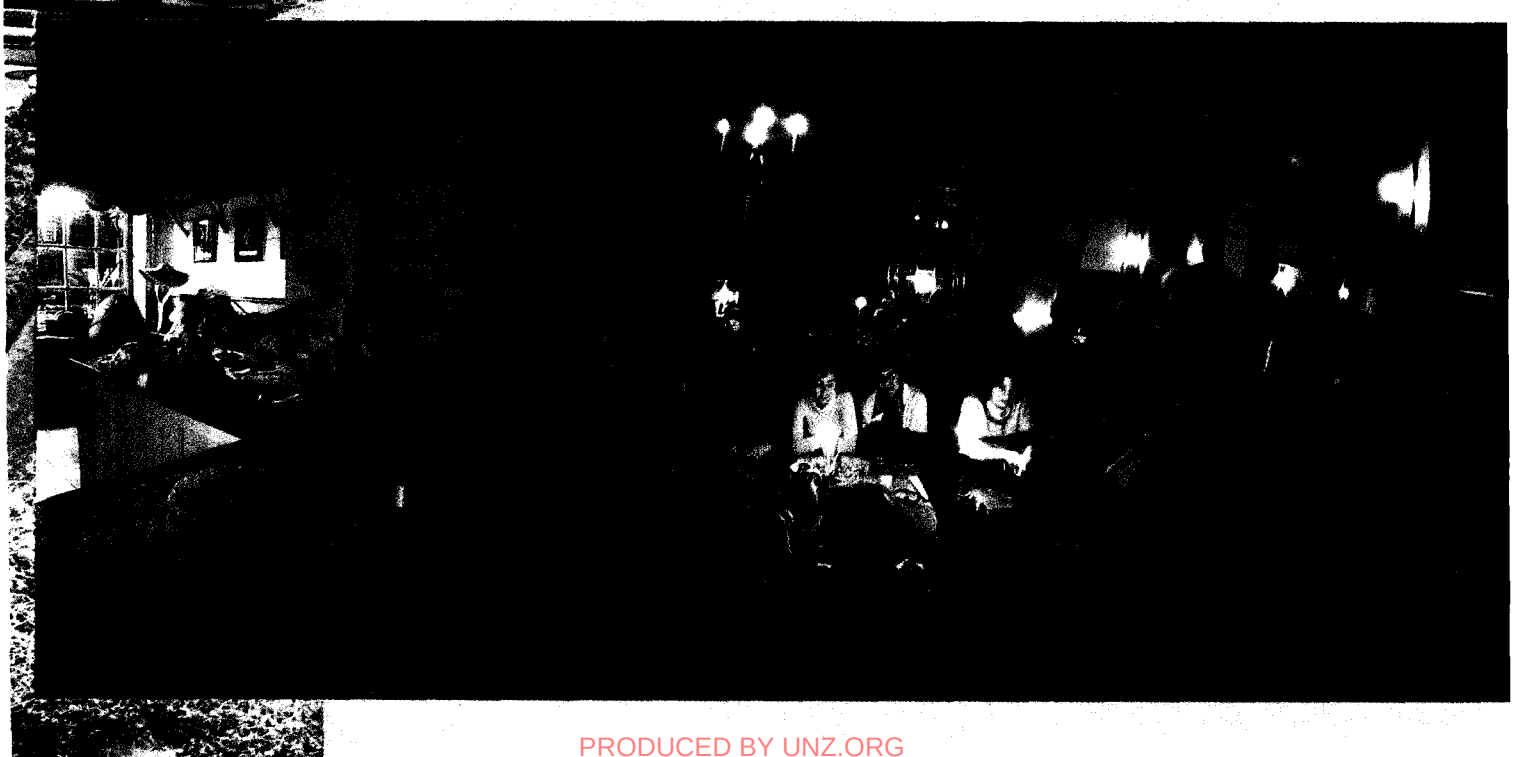
Not all Williamsburg craftsmen brought colonial skills with them to the employment office. Some were literally like the man who came to dinner.

Bob Shaffer was such a devoted Williamsburg tourist that he frequently made an 11-hour journey just to enjoy one day out of a weekend in the colonial atmosphere.

The urbane, cosmopolitan gentleman who now sews soles behind a counter of boots, shoes and leather mugs in the bootmaker's shop once labored on the second stage of the Saturn II rocket. For just under 14 years, Bob Shaffer lived in Connecticut and worked for United Technology. He was in the midst of a crash program to build the engines for the 747 airplanes when he realized he was no longer happy living at a space-age pace.

A man who had grown up in an historic area of New York state, the son of an antique dealer and a master carpenter, Shaffer yearned for "something better,

Among Williamsburg attractions are shops offering the handiwork of 100 master craftsmen and "ordinaries" where once our founding fathers were fed and sheltered.



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something I could be more involved with." What he had already long been involved with was an intensive study of the 17th and 18th centuries. He collected period furniture and lived in old houses, interests that "invariably led to Williamsburg." When he discovered an opening for an apprentice shoemaker, he applied for it, despite the fact that "I knew nothing about leather, except that it made a comfortable pair of shoes."

Not only did the Connecticut Yankee drastically diminish job pressure, he decelerated his scale of living from astronomical aerospace wages to the revolutionary income of $89 a week.

Fortunately, Bob Shaffer's love of period homes has made him content in living accommodations compatible with his decreased salary. The Colonial Williamsburg Foundation allows some employees to rent historic houses at nearly colonial prices.

Atmosphere, not experience, also brought William Cabell and his wife to Williamsburg. Frequent vacationers from Charleston, West Virginia, the Cabells chose to try employment in the historic community when Cabell's fast food business began to flounder. A gentle, white haired, scholarly man, who studied religion and music in college, Cabell now operates the Pasteur-Galt Apothecary shop on the Duke of Gloucester street.

Through constant reading of 18th-century books and conversations with present-day doctors, Cabell has absorbed a large fund of information concerning the history of medicine, including the fact that a "typical colonial doctor offered two treatments—guaranteed and nonguaranteed. Apparently, the only difference was cost. But he did promise to bury you at his expense if you died while under his care."

Bill Cabell's wife Eleanor, a secretary in a chemical factory, was delighted to join her husband in a change of profession. As the lady behind the counter in the Margaret Hunter Millinery shop, she indulges a lifelong love of elegant dresses. "I always wanted to work in costume." She only intended to "have fun" for a year or two and then transfer back into office work.

The Williamsburg crafts people and their families who rent one of the colonial homes must be prepared to have tourists get them out of bed in the morning.

That was 25 years ago.

Mrs. Cabell admits to feeling ill at ease in her shop in modern attire. "I feel deprived," she complains, "when I'm in the historic area without my costume."

Sandi Yoder, a journeyman bookbinder with a master's degree, feels much the same way. In colonial clothing on the Duke of Gloucester street, she is a celebrity. Visitors stop to ask questions and take pictures. Strolling the same thoroughfare in the styles of 1981, she is ignored.

Williamsburg was originally a way station for Sandi, who is a native of Cleveland, Ohio. She needed temporary employment while working for her graduate degree in American history at the College of William and Mary, so she took a job as a colonial interpreter, first in Margaret Hunter's Millinery shop and then in the post office. Adjacent to the post office was the bookbinder's shop, and Sandi found herself there whenever business was slow in the post office. A natural romance was flowering. "I've been a bookworm since I was a kid, and I love to work with my hands, and I love history. And here was a fantastic combination of the three."

Of the 35 women employed in Williamsburg's 36 craft departments, Sandi Yoder is the only female to have risen to journeyman rank.

Eighteenth-century Williamsburg was not always a pleasant experience for a black man, but apprentice shoemaker Lamont Carter finds 20th-century Williamsburg a land of opportunity. He had been a policeman, had been in the military, had worked in a shipyard. Now he is harking back to an ancestral profession. "There were shoemakers in my family, but the line was sort of broken up about 50 years ago," he says. "Now I'm picking it up again."

Reflecting on the experiences of his forebears in an earlier America, Carter muses, "I try not to put myself in the place of an 18th-century black, but you can't really help it. We are black and we are in costume. If blacks today can get past the painful period. . .to get into the culture and history, then they'll see how beautiful it is."

Carter, his wife and son rent one of the colonial homes near the bookbinder's shop. Residents of the restored area must make allowances for some unusual living conditions. They are blessed with free maintenance and free landscaping, but they are constrained from interior decoration and visibly modern exterior recreation. They are also subject to strange noses pressed to their windows. Historic homes are just presumed to be on exhibition unless proven otherwise.

Once the Carters were aroused from a siesta one stormy afternoon by shouts from downstairs, "It's open!" Lamont Carter descended to the first floor to discover a living room full of unexpected guests. "We got out a lot of towels from the closet. They dried off. And we sat down and had a real fine afternoon."

Skill in dealing with a variety of unpredictable situations and personalities is as much a requisite for employment at Williamsburg as skill with hands or skill with historic statistics. A million visitors a year tour the museum community.

As one craftsman put it, "If you work here and you don't like people, you're in real trouble." ✖

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WHERE IN THE WORLD?

(Answers from page 106)

1 The beautiful Shahyadi Aryamehr Monument in Teheran has been defaced with graffiti in the recent past as the Iranian people attempt to cope with the severe problems of revolution.

2 Edward I of England constructed the castle between 1285 and 1322 to ensure England's foothold in Wales. His son was invested there as the first English Prince of Wales.

3 Built early in the 19th century for George, Regent of England, this Royal Pavilion was closed in 1845, then purchased by the town of Brighton five years later. Renovated after World War II, it now contains most of the original furnishings.

4 The Acropolis is just out of sight in this view of the Odeon at Athens, where plays are still performed at the annual summer Festival of Music and Drama.

Where Do You Think You Are?

(Answers from page 114)

1. Long Island
2. South Dakota
3. Cleveland, OH
4. Oklahoma
5. Ohio
6. Oregon
7. Tennessee
8. Massachusetts
9. Minneapolis-St. Paul

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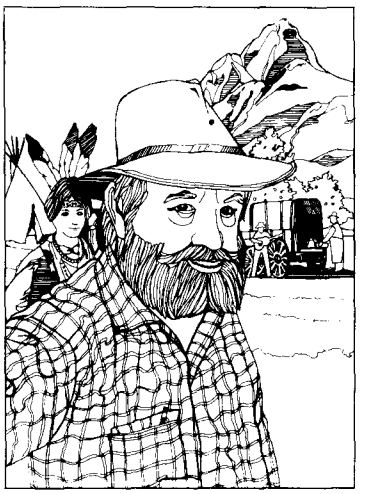

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"Taking It" Easy

continued from page 63

gypsy fortune tellers who urge their clients to turn over their money in order to remove the root of evil.

It has been estimated that some highly talented con men moving in prosperous circles make over $200,000 in an exceptional year and can easily make $50,000 in an average year.

Panhandlers with a tale to tell (as distinguished from mere beggars who earn $20 to $30 on a good day) can be consummate professionals and earn princely sums at their trade. One of the most famous was Yellow Kid Weill who made an estimated $8 to $15 million in his lifetime, traveling leisurely around the country. However, he died in a poverty ward like so many of his kind.

Faith healers, sellers of miracle medicines, exorcists and the like abound. The successful ones can earn $20,000 or $30,000 a year—and sometimes much more.

● Kidnappers and Hit Men. In 1532-33 the conquistador Francisco Pizarro kidnapped the ruler of the Incas and held him for a ransom approximately equivalent to $120 million in modern currency. This record sum dwarfs the highest paid in modern times, when two businessmen were kidnapped in 1975 by political terrorists in Argentina and returned for $60 million. Kidnapping has not been very successful in recent years in the United States because of the efficiency of the FBI in handling this crime which is so abhorrent to society. Most recent attempts have failed, usually because the kidnapper is seized when the ransom is handed over or soon afterwards.

Murder for pay is one of the most dramatized of all crimes in America, yet the average pay is only $2,000 to $3,000 for a murder. Bodily damage inflicted on recalcitrant debtors, employees who do not contribute their full share or enforcers who overstep their bounds is even less profitable; $500 would be good pay for an assault. Of course, independent hit men and specialized or unusually difficult jobs can earn greater pay.

● Prostitutes and pimps intrigue the public even more than hit men, and popular literature in America is filled with fictionalizations of their lives, interviews with those in "the game" and even scholarly studies of their social backgrounds and roles.

Prostitutes differ in how they go about their profession as much as they do in their incomes; they can be straightforward streetwalkers, work bars of varying class and clientele, be independent call girls or members of a call girl group controlled by a pimp or they can be managed by a madam. Independent call girls can earn $50,000 a year, getting from $200 to $500 for a night's work. Some call girls share their earnings with a pimp who helps manage their financial affairs and acts as their protector on the job and companion during their leisure time. Pimps with three to five stylish and successful call girls can make as much as $300,000 a year and even more, although the overhead is high.

Prostitutes who work in brothels or at a lower economic and performance level, such as in massage parlors, must also split their take, giving half or even two-thirds of their earnings to the management. Prostitutes who work out of bars usually charge from $25 to $50 per client. If they handle 10 or 15 clients in one night, sharing the proceeds with their pimp plus a percentage for the bartender or owner of the bar, they will come away with not much more than $175 or so for their work. This is moderate pay for what can be dangerous work.

Streetwalkers generally have pimps who take care of their housing, clothing, health and legal expenses and even their dental bills. A streetwalker charges a fee of $20 to $50 per client and usually earns from $200 to $300 a night. If a pimp has three streetwalkers in his stable, he can gross over $3,000 a week, and if the girls also steal wallets, watches, etc., from the clients, the income can be much higher—as much as $500,000 a year or more after expenses. However, this represents pimping at an unusually lucrative level compared to the rewards of ordinary street prostitution, and the life is often short and uncertain. Violent encounters with competitors, jail sentences, the police and operators of the omnipresent drug traffic are always threats.

Regardless of the nature of the work, criminals seek more than anything else to avoid prison sentences. However, if worst comes to worst, and a criminal ends up in jail, it does not necessarily mean that his money-making days are over or even suspended. Organized crime leaders have administered the activities of their mobs from a jail cell, and prisoners have perpetrated great cons and scams on those outside the walls. In the Greenfield, Massachusetts, House of Detention during the early 1970s, inmates secured the loan of an extremely valuable stamp collection under the guise of holding a stamp exhibition for rehabilitative purposes. The stamps were replaced by fakes and the real ones were later fenced out of the country.

This article is a testament of sorts to the devotion of Americans to the principle of free enterprise, entrepreneurship and the unrelenting quest for greater income. It proves that whenever there is money to be made, the drive to achieve is there. Nothing will stop the entrepreneur from taking advantage of the situation, turning challenges and obstacles into financial gain. Society cannot halt this ambition; we can only hope to channel it into constructive rather than destructive output that will enrich not only the individual but the public—instead of operating at our expense. ★

Long ago in the Post

Scattergood Baines takes a wife:

"Scattergood Kicks Up the Dust," by Clarence Budington Kelland, Oct. 13, 1917

"So," said Scattergood, "I took to looking around a bit, and of all the girls there was, Mandy, it looked to me that you would be the only one to make the kind of wife I want. Yes, sir. I says to myself, 'Mandy Randle's the one for me.' So I washed up the buggy and hitched up the horse and came right out. I been comin' ever since, because that there first impression of mine has been bore out by facts. I'm askin' you, Mandy, will you be Missis Baines?"

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Jean Seberg

continued from page 33

radical-chic West Coast parties, had to be asked to leave his gun at the door.

Emory Douglas, one of the Black Panther leaders, defined his group's purpose as "taking up arms against this government, killing the officials, until the reactionary forces are dead and those that are left turn their weapons on their superiors." Numerous Black Panthers have served time in prison for crimes of violence. If the FBI is not supposed to monitor such activity, why have an FBI?

But what you return to in this story is the capacity of our media, and evidently of much of our popular culture, to make myths and martyrs out of even the most unlikely leftists.

The Jean Seberg lie has been less durable than many—consider, for instance, the cases of Sacco and Vanzetti, the Rosenbergs and Alger Hiss—and for that we have to thank, ironically, none other than liberals. It was the Freedom of Information Act, originally sponsored by liberals, which enabled the truth to catch up with the myth-makers. This time, it took only about a year. ✱

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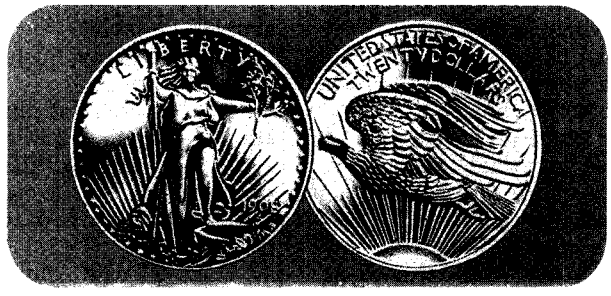

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Tugboat Annie

continued from page 51

port. Meanwhile, however, Fred, the office dispatcher, had kept Annie informed by radiophone of the radical and, to her, alarming changes which Mr. Bolzer swiftly had effected.

"I don't like it! Not wuth a cuss!" she exploded suddenly to Peter, the Narcissus's bovinely phlegmatic mate. That Bulger character's replacin' all the serviceable gear what's on the tugs wid ol' wore-out stuff that he's dug up from God knows where! An'—"

"Wha-a-at's that? Why, in towboatin' ya gotta use the best, regardless o' cost! Not just ships and cargoes but even lives sometimes depend on it! Why's he doin' that, Annie?"

"Fred says he's makin' us use up the old stuff afore the tugs is overhauled, to save buyin' new when they're in service again. But lemme tell ye, Peter," Annie growled, "he ain't playing such battledore an' cockleshell wid me!"

A half-hour later, as the Narcissus came alongside her wharf, the door off the office landing was flung open, silhouetting a short, slight, narrow-shouldered man in a neat, dark business suit. In seconds he was greeting Annie.

"Hello, there! Hello, there!" he said briskly and thrust out his hand. "I'm Bolzer, and I'd guess you're Tugboat Annie Brennan. There's lots to do, so let's get at it! First, I've got a good job lined up for the Narcissus here, and—"

"What is it?"

"One I dug up myself. Ever hear of the steamer Chesil Bank?"

"Yeah. Big old coaster what's rottin' on Seal Reef, where she piled up a year ago."

"You're right, Annie!" cried Mr. Bolzer, happy as a quizmaster. "Only she's afloat again. You'll bring her down here for repairs."

"Who bought her?"

"Some people I know. She's at Nanaimo, B.C., now, taking a cargo of lumber aboard. Her new owners figured she might as well earn some freight on the way here. And as bait for their future towing business, we're quoting 'em 20 percent off our regular fee."

"That ain't good!" said Annie quickly. "Alec never cut rates! Look, why should you favor—"

"Isn't that my business?" he suggested briskly.

Annie stared at him; then she shrugged. "When do we leave?"

"In the morning, after you turn in your gear. There's no use wearing out a valuable, nearly new towing wire on just a—"

"Hold it!" said Annie harshly. "The Weather Bureau's predictin' a heavy sou'west gale widin a week! An' up among them islands we'll need the best equipment we got. So—"

"Let me finish, please! The substitute hawser you'll ship will do this job in any weather. I—we got it cheap along with some other equipment."

"So?" Annie replied, and for a long pause she eyed him. Then, "Where is this—this substitute hawser?" she demanded. "I'll inspect it right now. An' if it ain't good enough," she ended doggedly, "I don't take it."

"You'll take it, missus," replied Mr. Bolzer softly, and seconds later the office door banged behind him.

Twenty minutes later Annie barged, unannounced, into the office. "That beat-up, wore-out old hawser would mebbe do fer haulin' scows across the harbor. But in the weather we might meet haulin' the Chesil Bank down here through them islands? Unh-uh! I ain't takin' it!"

Bolzer said furiously, his face livid, "I'm in charge here, and you'll do what I tell you! Otherwise you're fired!"

"Not by you, I ain't!" Annie roared back. "The on'y way ye'll make me take that rotted-out lump o' hemp is to gimme a written order on a company letterhead, signed by you as official manager o' this company!"

Tensely he glared at her. "All right, you asked for this!" he said metallically. "My orders—my official ones, mind!—will reach you in the morning!"

Boiling with rage, Annie steamed out of the office and back to the tug, where Peter was sitting on the rail, waiting for her.

"Look who's just come in," he commented, pointing.

Making fast alongside the opposite wharf was the big, powerful, black-hulled deep-water tug Salamander, owned and commanded by Annie's bitter archenemy and business rival, Mr. Horatio Bullwinkle, to whose proximity she normally reacted with bristling hostility. But now she barely flicked it an indifferent glance. "Yeah," she grunted and turned away.

Early next morning—a morning gray with rain and leaden, low-scudding clouds—a notice was issued to all personnel that Mr. Bolzer was, as of now, official superintendent of the Deep-Sea Towing and Salvage Company, whose orders must be obeyed on pain of in-

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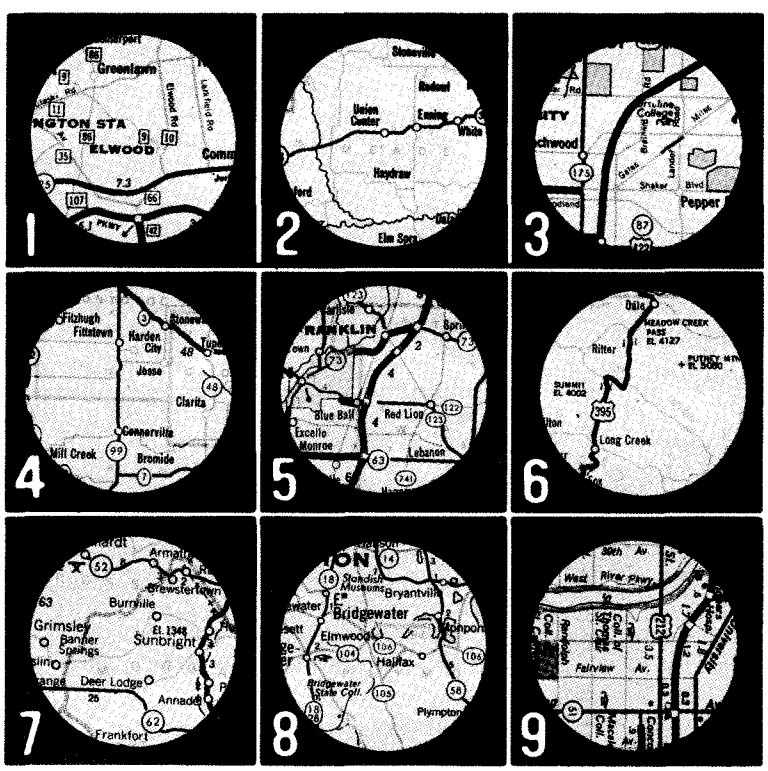

Rand McNally

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't) add the requirement that you place the area north, south, east, west or central in the designated locale.

(Answers on page 111)

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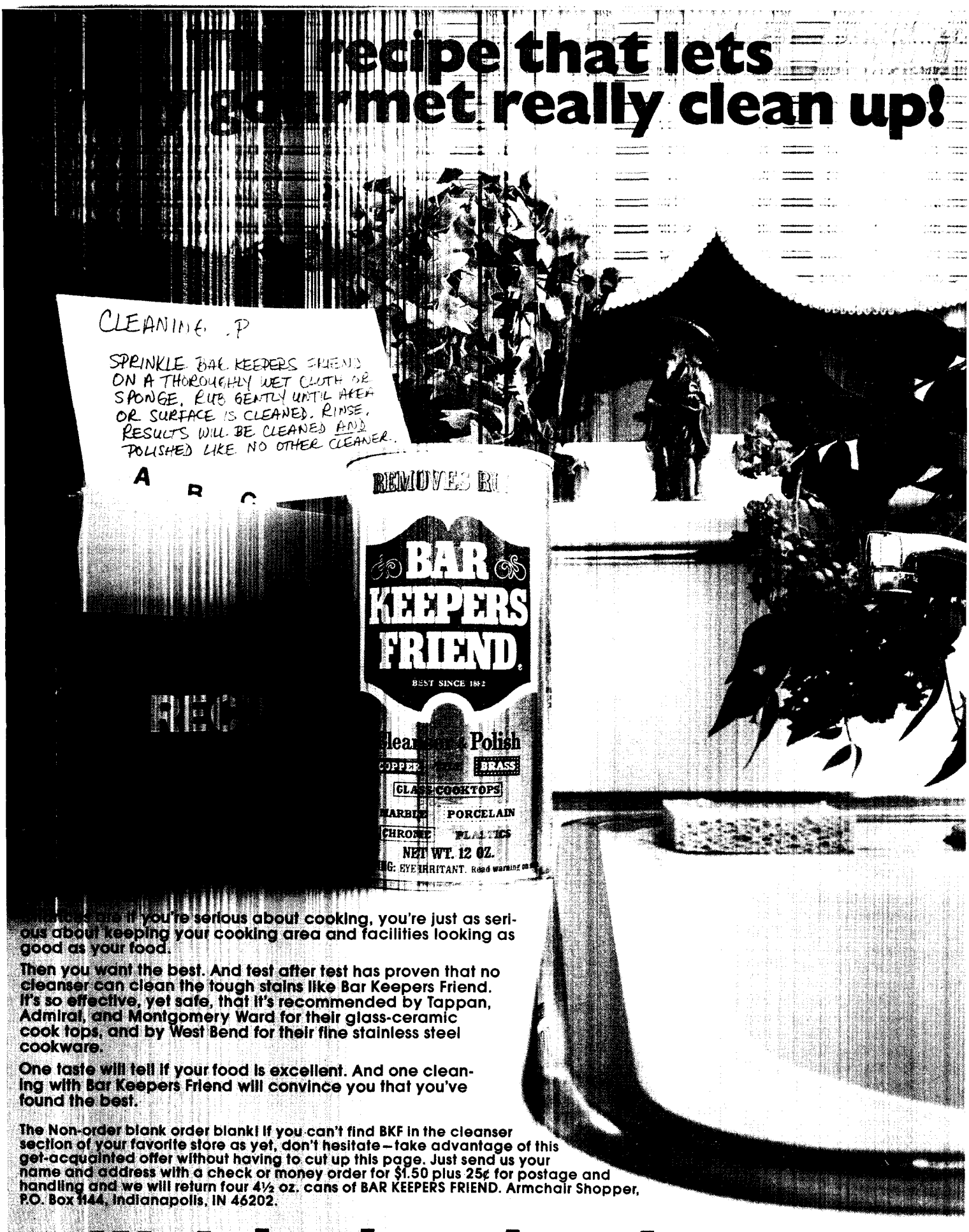
recipe that lets met really clean up!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stant dismissal.

To the notice a rider was attached, announcing the appointment of Captain Peewee Jorgenson as commander of the Narcissus to replace Captain Annie Brennan, who was hereby and forthwith discharged from the company's employ.

Stony-faced, Annie read it, and a half-hour later, while she was cramming her clothes into a battered old suitcase, there appeared at her cabin door the rebellious, angry-eyed crew of the Narcissus, including the hemp-thatched, gigantic-framed Peewee Jorgenson.

"So that fathom o' shark's gut fired ya!" Peter growled. "Well, tell him to go to hell. Ain't a man in the company won't back ya—includin' Pee-wee!"

"Yust yeu say de vord, An-nie," supplemented Peewee, "und Ay kick his teeth in."

Later in the morning, with the substitute hawser on board, the Narcissus surged away into the rain and mist while Annie stood forlornly on the wharf and watched, for the first time in many years, her beloved old tug sail without her. Then, as the rain-blurred Narcissus disappeared, she blew her nose violently into a huge blue bandanna.

"Dang me!" she muttered. "Must 'a' ketched ammonia! Well, now I better go find me a fleabag ashore an'—Oof! Why in tarnation don't ye watch where ye're goin'!" For, in turning, she had collided violently with the powerful frame of Mr. Horatio Bullwinkle, who had come up, unobserved, behind her.

"Hel-lo, dear," he said dulcetly and grinned. "What ya doin'—skipping off wi' the boodle? Or did they kick ya ashore to get fumigated?"

Instantly Annie's big fists bunched. "Don't you start nothin', ye ugly ape!" she roared. "I've took all I'm gonna take today!"

At once Mr. Bullwinkle altered his manner, for in her strained, unhappy face was a desperation he could not mistake. "O.K., O.K., ya old fat-pot," he said soothingly. "What's the trouble? Mebbe I can help."

"If I telled ye," Annie mumbled, disarmed by this unexpected sympathy, "ye'd prob'ly git drunk to celebrate."

"Could be," he admitted. "But anyway, come on over to the Salamander out o' the rain and we'll sort it out. Now, then, what's been gripin' ya?"

Their long-standing business and personal antagonism, often bitterly fought, had at least taught them respect for each other's professional competence; so, on this common ground, Annie told him what had occurred.

"Why, that dog belly!" Mr. Bullwinkle rasped. "And he ain't even a towboatman! If they's anything at all I can do, Annie—"

"Thanks, Horatio. But what worries me is this gale that's blowin' up. If the Chesil Bank gits caught in it an' that stinkin' hawser parts, what about the skeleton crew she'll have on board to handle the lines? The worst danger spot, o' course, is that rough open water atween Mission Island an' Ship Head. If they kin git past that—"

"And if they don't," he interrupted somberly, "that steamer'll drive ashore sure as blazes, ain't nothin' your Narcissus can do!"

"Look, Bullwinkle, I got a idear. I got near $3,000 saved outta me wages. An' wid that I'll hire yer Salamander here an' go up to meet 'em! Then if the steamer gits in trouble, we'll put yer towin' wire on her an' take over!"

Mr. Bullwinkle stared. "Are you nuts?" he asked. "Out of a job, and riskin' your hard-earned savin's?"

"Peewee an' the boys was willin' to risk their jobs to stand by me!" she retorted. "An' now I—well, I can't explain it, but—"

"You've explained it, Annie," he said quietly. "And you've got yerself a deal. Furthermore, I'll skip me profit and only charge ya straight operating expenses."

Instantly Annie's eyes narrowed. "What's the ketch?"

"There's no ketch, ya stupid jerk!" Mr. Bullwinkle roared, and his virtuous indignation for once was real. "I want to do my part, too! This time I'm on the level."

"On'y time you're on the level," Annie replied, grinning, "is when ye're drunk or asleep. But come on"—she got energetically to her feet—"le's git our John Monikers on that paper afore ye change yer greedy mind!"

The transaction completed, she said, "Now

Cont. on following page

The Perfect Squelch

Jovial old Chon Metzger, a Pennsylvania-German farmer, was noted for his tolerance of new ways as well as for his patience and humor. When a strange young man from the city came to court his Katty, however, old Chon was sorely tried.

The youngster made wisecracks about the creaky family heirlooms, scattered cigarette ashes everywhere and talked endlessly about how smart he was and what an important position he held in the city. Invited to stay for dinner, his carefree table manners resulted in an overturned pitcher, a broken water glass and silverware elbowed to the floor.

Old Chon restrained himself admirably until the young man, while looking and gesturing in one direction, reached for a dish of creamed potatoes with his other hand and spilled part of them on the floor.

Looking up from under his bushy eyebrows, old Chon said, "Maybe iss better if you sit unter der table and if anything falls up—den ve can hand it down!"

—*M. D. Jenkins*

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there's somethin' pretty important I gotta look up ashore."

"Somethin' that's hooked up wi' this deal?" he asked curiously.

For a moment she did not reply. Then she said abruptly, her blue eyes hard and bright, "Ever know a leopard to change its spot? Well, somethin' Bulger said last night jest didn't fit in wid his skimflint business methods. So I'm gonna check around wid the customs house an' some ships' agents an' marine-insurance people I know. An' mebbe they kin come up wid the answer. Well, be seein' ye, Bullwinkle. Thanks a lot."

Three nights later, buffeted by a vicious southwest gale and beset by treacherous crosscurrents, the steamer Chesil Bank was threading slowly southward in rain and utter darkness, through the narrow but fairly well protected channels between the islands. Deep-laden with her cargo of heavy timbers, she plunged and wallowed, sending explosions of spray over the fo'c'slehead.

Here the brine-soaked, shivering members of her scanty crew kept close watch upon the dripping hemp towline which stretched through the deep blackness to the straining Narcissus, 1,500 feet ahead.

Inside the Narcissus' wheelhouse Peewee Jorgenson's huge calloused hands expertly gentled the kicking wheel. He turned sharply as the door swung open, and Peter staggered in with a bottle of coffee.

"Next half-hour vill be pooty rough going," Peewee said, "so better you hang on good."

"You ain't kiddin'!" grunted Peter, and he stared through the side window to where the running lights of the Salamander, a hundred yards abeam, wildly pitched and rolled. "I sure feel better since Annie and Bullwinkle showed up!"

"Ya. So, better get 'em on radiophone and say dat if ve cross here hokay, dat hawser vill hold anyt'ing, und dey can go home."

On the Salamander a similar conclusion had been reached, and even as Peter was making the sputtering radiophone connection the tug's powerful bow smacked a green sea away as she swung around, then ran back, to be usefully nearer the Chesil Bank when she was towed clear of the shelter of Mission Island.

The full force of the gale leaped to meet them as the crucial trip across the three miles of wild, open water commenced, and all three vessels, for minutes at a time, disappeared under the impact of giant, smoking seas.

On the Salamander, with Mr. Bullwinkle at the wheel, Annie fought her way aft along the upper deck, and there, stunned and half blinded by the driving spindrift, she clung to the rail, watching the rolling, plunging bulk of the Chesil Bank only 50 yards away while, in the shelter of the house on the fantail below, two deckhands crouched, shot line coiled, ready to put the tug's heavy towing wire on the steamer's fo'c'slehead if need arose.

Yard by yard, the little convoy battered its way across the maelstrom of the gap; then, after 40 critical minutes, there appeared out of the welter, close ahead, the dark, precipitous loom of Ship Head, beyond which was comparatively sheltered sailing. Annie realized that the Narcissus already had progressed beyond the Head and that, in a matter of minutes now, Mr. Bolzer's hawser would have passed the test, with the Chesil Bank drawn to safety.

Jubilantly she yelled, "She done it, Horatio! Soon as me Narcissus gits her past the Head, we kin turn tailcoat an' make fer home! An' when we git in, pal, I'll buy ye a fifth o' kelp squeezin's what'll set yer hair afire!"

"If I get to open the bottle before you do," he replied with a grin. "Anyway, what are you celebratin'? You're still out of a job, and this little trick has shot yer savin's all to hell! So—"

He was stopped dead by a sharp crack that rose above the tumult of wind and sea. And instantly they knew what had happened.

"There she goes!" Annie yelled despairingly. "Git the searchlight on her, quick!"

The Salamander shuddered throughout her length as Mr. Bullwinkle jammed the wheel hard over and she came hard about, while the searchlight's dazzling beam cut through the wild, wet night. Then it focused on the Chesil Bank, and Annie, who had rushed out to the rail, saw that, with the parted hawser trailing from her bow, the steamer was being blown inexorably back toward the murderous, surf-exploding base of towering Ship Head.

Slamming at full revolutions into the solid green seas, the Salamander drew closer; but now, caught in the deadly grip of a flood-tide current whose velocity

You be the Judge

by John A. Ritter

Bessie applied for a loan with a finance company which advanced her $1,050, for which she agreed to repay $2,125 over two years. The loan documents did not disclose that, among the various charges which were included in the repayment figure, Bessie was required to pay $75 in fire-insurance premiums with the loan company as the beneficiary.

When she had trouble repaying the loan, Bessie went to a lawyer, who sued the finance company.

"The company violated the Truth in Lending law because it did not disclose the insurance premium," her lawyer said.

"Nonsense," replied the company lawyer. "She knew the total amount that she had to repay. So what difference does it make if a small sum went to pay for insurance?"

Bessie's lawyer asked the judge to rescind the loan and award her damages.

If you were the judge, how would you decide the case?

Bessie wins, the court ruling that the loan company understated the finance charge, a violation of federal law. Bessie must repay the original amount of the loan without interest, but she wins $1,000 in damages, plus a fee for her attorney.

(Based on a 1980 federal case in Mississippi)

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was trebled by the force of the gale behind it, the Chesil Bank was drifting with incredible swiftness toward the foot of the cliff, where the enormous combers detonated with terrifying force against black-fanged rocks among which, within minutes, she would meet complete destruction.

Without hesitation Mr. Bullwinkle took a desperate gamble and, by superb seamanship, ran his Salamander razor-edge close across the steamer's plunging bow. And in that split second of imminent death, Tugboat Annie, who trusted no hand but her own, snatched the shot line and sent it whizzing with unerring aim across the Chesil Bank's rail and into the desperation-eager hands of her crew.

The Salamander kicked forward and, when the heavy towing wire was secured, Mr. Bullwinkle came about, his tug slugging it out with the assaulting seas, her powerful towing engine paying out wire and slowly taking up the strain. For a few heart-stopping seconds no progress could be made; then, with agonizing slowness, the Chesil Bank's head began to swing until, with her stern scant feet from the thunderous battleground of reef and surf, she was hauled clear and safely towed into the sheltered island channel beyond Ship Head.

The wind still was blowing strong, but the sky was blue, the sea sparkling when, early next morning, the Chesil Bank was secured alongside a Secoma cargo shed and the Salamander surged across the harbor toward her slip.

"Well, Annie," remarked Mr. Bullwinkle complacently, "that hunch o' yours sure paid off!"

"The payoff don't come till I meet Bulger an' Alec Severn when we git in," Annie replied. "I wired Alec afore we sailed that he'd better sashay home fast. Know what he wired back?"

She produced a crumpled, brine-stained telegram. It read:

FLYING BACK IMMEDIATELY. IF YOU AT FAULT WILL MAKE FIRING FINAL.

The Salamander entered the slip and, as she moved toward her berth, Annie glanced across. The Narcissus already was alongside; and on the wharf were Mr. Bolzer and the choleric and angry-eyed Alec Severn, who, while the Salamander was being made fast, stepped on the stringpiece.

"Annie," he bawled, "get over here at once!"

"Give yer orders to another sucker!" she shot back. "I ain't workin' fer you now—remember?"

After a quick, startled exchange of glances, he and Bolzer started around the slip, and Annie and Mr. Bullwinkle descended to the wharf to meet them. And, not by accident, Annie planted her solid bulk between Mr. Bolzer and retreat toward the shore end.

"Now, then—" Severn began, but Annie quickly interrupted.

"I'll say it, since I know the full score," she said calmly. "Ugly-puss Bulger here fired me fer refusin' to use a rotten hawser in bad weather."

"It wasn't rotten!" Bolzer snapped. "It would have done the job fine, except for that extra strong gale. I couldn't foresee that!"

"It was rotten an' ye knowed it! Yet, like the horse's tail ye are, ye was willing to risk men's lives on it—because ye did know about that gale! I telled ye that, meself!"

"All this is nonsense, Annie," Severn put in heatedly. "What would Bolzer gain by taking a risk like that?"

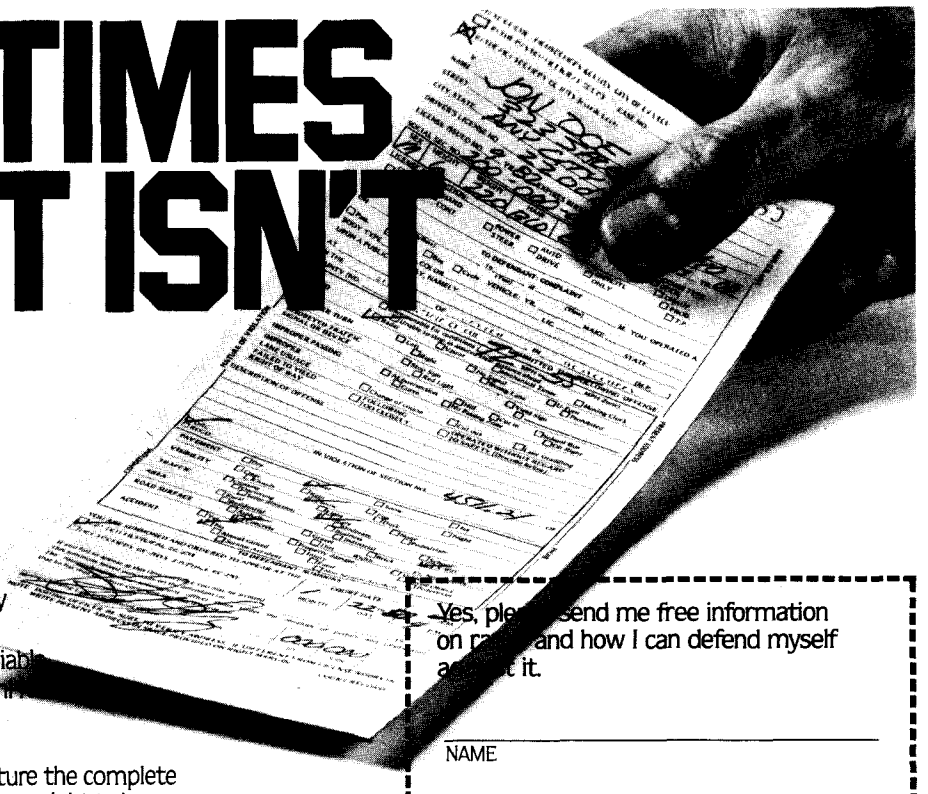
"I'll git to that," said Annie, grimly now. "So listen good! The rotten hawser what Bulger provided snapped off Ship Head. An' if it hadn't been fer Bullwinkle an' the fine job he done wid his Salamander, the Chesil Bank would ha' bin a total loss! An' more important, so would seven human lives!"

"What do you mean, seven lives, Annie?" Severn gasped.

"Her crew! An' since it was your tug what used that defective hawser, Alec, it's you who'd have had to pay."

"All our towing contracts contain a

SOMETIMES IT JUST ISN'T FAIR...



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disclaimer-of-damage-liability clause!" Severn protested shakily.

"When you handle 'em, yes. But Bulger drawed up the Chesil Bank contrack. When I was ashore the other day, I had Olive show it to me. An' sure enough, the disclaimer clause had bin struck out!"

Slowly, Severn stared at the scarlet face of Mr. Bolzer. "But—but why?" he asked incredulously.

"I had to, Severn," he cried, "or we mightn't have got the job! It was taking a chance, but—"

"Yeah! A chance," said Annie, "that on'y came off because the Chesil Bank was saved. Except that it could still leave Alec liable fer the thumpin' big salvage award the Salamander earned by savin' her!" She turned to Severn. "Did Peewee tell ye all what happened last night?"

"No," Severn replied, white-faced.

"Well, here it is!" And briefly but pungently she told him. "So wid ship an' cargo wuth about 300,000," she ended complacently, "an' the danger we run, the award'll be at least a third o' that. Insurance won't cover it because there ain't none. A friend o' mine ashore telled me her owner's reputation fer sharp dealin' is so bad that no underwriter would cover her. So it'll come out o' ship an' cargo. I'm givin' 25 percent of it to Bullwinkle, o' course—"

"You? You're giving it, Annie?" Severn asked, astonished.

"Sure. As a well-earned bonus," she said, affecting not to notice Mr. Bullwinkle's astounded gratification. "Ye see, I pledged me savin's to hire the Salamander."

"So her owner will sue me to recover!" said Severn wildly. "And I didn't even supply it!" He turned on Mr. Bolzer. "You did!"

"Don't blow off at me!" that gentleman snapped. "I'm only your employee. This fat hag made sure of that! And as my employer you're responsible. That's the law!"

"That's right, Alec," affirmed Annie quietly. "If I hadn't ha' riled him into makin' hisself manager, you'd ha' bin in the clear. So if ye want to make his firin' me stick, now's yer time to do it."

For a long moment Severn's eyes, hot with anger, met her steady gaze. Then, suddenly, his face sagged and he shook his head.

"No, Annie," he said dully. "Whatever your damn-fool reason was, you must have figured it was helping me. So—"

"Thanks, Alec," she said huskily. "That's what I hoped ye'd say. An' it sure lifts you offa the hook. Because I paid a few bucks to a admiralty lawyer ashore, an' he telled me that if a tug-company employee—meanin' you, Bulger!—knowin'ly supplies defective equipment an' don't tell his boss his real interest—which, in this case, is sole ownership o' ship an' cargo—he can't secure his loss at his employer's expense. Ain't that a jawful?"

"You mean," Severn gasped incredulously, "that Bolzer here owns the Chesil Bank?"

"An' her cargo. Through a dummy company, o' course. The customs folks dug that up fer me."

Severn grasped Mr. Bolzer's shirt front furiously. "You couldn't get insurance, so casting your ship away was no good! But this way, if she was lost, the damages I'd have to pay you, you skunk, you'd lend back to me to get control of my business!"

"Instead o' which," Annie grinned, "he'll hafta sell ship an' cargo to pay the salvage claim! Ain't that swellegant? An' fer attempted barratry they'll stuff him in the hokey-pokey fer the next ten—Hey! Grab him, Bullwinkle!"

For Mr. Bolzer, wrenching free of Severn's grip, had started to run. But Mr. Bullwinkle's long arm shot and grabbed the seat of his pants. The fabric parted, however; and with his unexpectedly renewed momentum Mr. Bolzer shot like a projectile into the dock.

Dodging the splash, Annie turned complacently back to Severn. "That'll cool him off. Now, what was you about to say?"

"I was trying to figure how you first got onto Bolzer."

"Simple as mud," she replied. "When a miser like him telled me he voluntarily cut a towin' fee, me self-conscious warned me there must be somethin' phony. So, after he fired me, I started snoopin' fer it ashore. An' now, o' course, ye won't git any financin' from him. But—"

"I'll manage, Annie!" he said stoutly. "As long as you and I are together—"

"Ye interrupted me. I was gonna say, ye don't need his dirty money now. Even after payin' off Bullwinkle an' givin' the boys on the tugs the bonus I promised 'em, ye'll still have more'n enough to put the company back in shape. That salvage award—"

"What do you mean, I'll have enough?" he protested quickly. "Why, Annie, that salvage money will be yours! You can quit working and—"

"I like workin'!" she cut in roughly.

"But I'm not entitled to one cent! You weren't even working for me at the time!"

"When I git fired," Annie said irascibly, "you'll do it! Nobody else! Asides—" she looked off to where Mr. Bullwinkle was helping to pull the sodden, terrified Mr. Bolzer back on the wharf. "Come over here, stupid, an' tell Alec in whose name I hired yer Salamander!"

"Severn's Deep-Sea Towin' and Salvage Company," said Mr. Bullwinkle, joining them. "I told ya not to be a fool—'specially when ya guaranteed payment outta your own savin's. But—"

"That satisfy ye, ye ol' gafoozler?" said Annie to her boss, with a triumphant grin. "You'll have the dough ye need, I've still got me job, an' that lump o' crab bait"—she pointed to the subdued and shivering Mr. Bolzer—"will git his lumps in court. So now, since I didn't have no sleep last night," she concluded with a prodigious yawn, "I'm gonna scuffle back to me Narcissus an' knock off a few hours' fiesta!"

Can You Name This Star?

According to her class prophecy, this 12-year-old girls' school graduate was to "break men's hearts." Only eight years later, she debuted opposite her first husband, Humphrey Bogart, in *To Have and Have Not*. Known for her low, sultry voice, this tall, tawny blonde appeared in many more films and became a familiar face on the stage and television as well. After Bogart's death, she was married briefly to actor Jason Robards. In 1969, this actress, who once regarded herself as "a frustrated musical performer," starred in her first Broadway musical, *Applause*, and won a Tony for best actress. Recently, she wrote her autobiography and is now working in another musical, *Woman of the Year*. Can you name her?

Answer: Lauren Bacall

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

"Persons who are naturally very fat are apt to die earlier than those who are slender."
—Hippocrates 460-377 B.C.

Kidney Stone Shock Waves

My husband developed a kidney stone which dropped into his right ureter while we were attending President Reagan's Inauguration. His attack came upon him with such intense pain that we quickly left before the dinner, and after a shot of morphine at a nearby Virginia hospital, the emergency room X-ray disclosed a stone in his ureter.

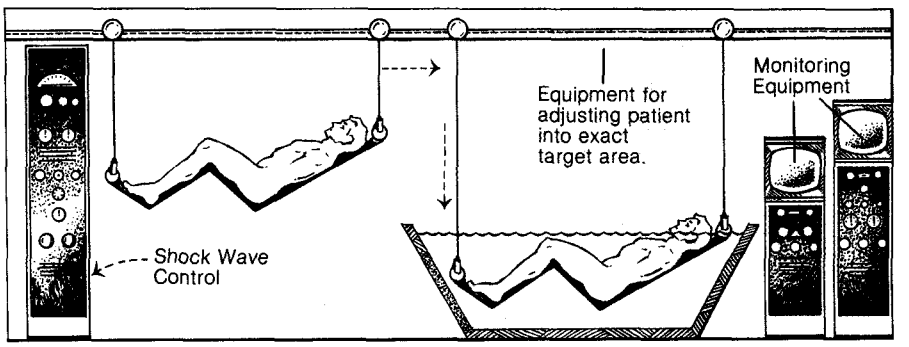
When his acute pains went away for several days, we hoped the stone had passed, but then the intense pains came back. . .in Florida, Indianapolis and Tucson. The urologists he saw during the intermittent bouts all agreed that, unfortunately, he had what is known as a "surgical stone," so called because it was in the very upper portion of the ureter, and in the X-ray it was large, measuring 7 mm in width.

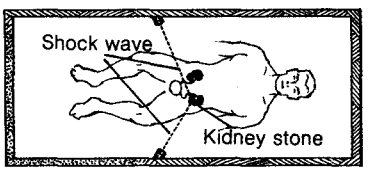
Alas, surgery would mean weeks with no tennis or golf and a wound to heal all the way across the side of him, near his waist line over which he wears his belt. Ouch!

He consulted carefully with some of his friends who had elected surgery and became further convinced that there should be a better way.

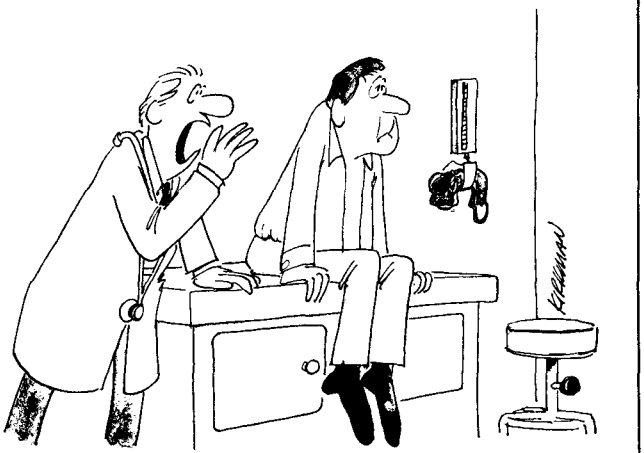
His search for a better way led us to Munich, West Germany, where Dr. Charles Chaussy and his associates are successfully disintegrating stones with harmless high-energy shock waves. This procedure is done "extra-corporeally" we learned, meaning no cutting or otherwise poking inside the body with a catheter or probe. This sounded too good to be true, but when we spoke with Dr. Chaussy, he told us that, at the present time, the German government grant which supported his work did not cover kidney stones in the ureter. . .just kidney stones in the kidney.

Nevertheless, we scheduled a visit to Germany,





Lucky West Germans can have their kidney stones painlessly pulverized (extra-corporeally) by high-energy shock waves while they bask in a warm bath.



"I said—'How long have you lived near the airport?!'"

where the machine had been manufactured, to personally observe and verify this truly remarkable breakthrough in the painless and harmless elimination of renal calculi (stones).

Since kidney stones are a common affliction in the U.S., it would seem that a myriad of patients would be willing to consider such a machine to avoid a big surgical incision.

In Munich, we met Dr. Chaussy and his associates, who have used the procedure on more than 100 patients at the Klinikum Grosshadern in West Germany. In almost all of their patients, they have been able to break up often painful kidney stones which would otherwise require surgery.

The physics of the machinery is complex, but the procedure is simple and harmless. The patient is placed in a suspended sling and lowered into a large heated tub of water. There he is maneuvered, using an X-ray scanning system and television monitors, so that the

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stone is directly in the target focus of an underwater electrode spark discharge.

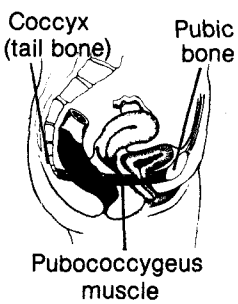
When set off, the high-voltage spark causes an explosive evaporation of water which produces a high-energy shock wave. The wave passes freely through the water and through the body tissue—the body offers nearly the same resistance as water. When it reaches the stone, however, the wave is partly reflected and partly absorbed, setting off shear-and-tear forces inside the stone that disintegrate its outer walls. The next shock wave shatters more of the stone. About 500 shock waves per session are generally needed to completely disintegrate a stone. Each "shock" lasts only a fraction of a second—a microsecond.

The process is particularly interesting because it can be done without a general anesthetic. It has worked on the most common oxalate stones and on calcium phosphate and uric acid stones as well.

Now, my dear husband still has the kidney stone in his ureter (the experimenters are soon to try their technique on ureter stones), but he can tell you all about what to do if you know someone who has a stone in his kidney. Anyone wishing more information about this procedure may write to *The Saturday Evening Post.*

Wet Panties

Women who are embarrassed to find themselves, on occasion, just a sneeze away from wet panties will be happy to know there are exercises that can improve this little defect in the plumbing of the female anatomy. Urinary stress incontinence, the inability to hold urine, is a common malady, especially among older women who have had several children. Often the condition does not appear until after menopause, at which time the atrophy of vaginal tissues and vesical support tissues may lead to stress incontinence. A patient with the condition does not have good control of either the internal sphincter, which is an involuntary muscle, or the external sphincter, which is voluntary. The internal muscle does not function properly because its fibers are so far separated from the detrusor muscles of the bladder wall. The external muscles are ineffective in voluntary control of urine flow because they are torn, detached or atrophied.



By exercising the pubococcygeus (pronounced pu-bo-cocks-uh-gee-us) muscle, women can eliminate or minimize incontinence (leaking urine).

Even in women who have not had children, urinary control is not complete, whereas in men, control is absolute. According to studies, as many as 50 percent of women who have never borne children admit to small amounts of urine loss on hard coughing, laughing or sneezing, particularly if the bladder is

Continued on page 125

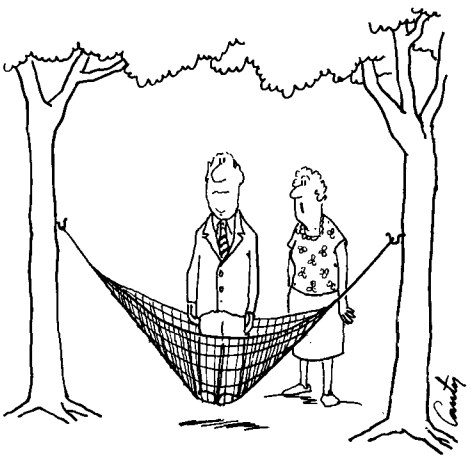
Leslie Maack's 45 minutes of CPR training enabled her to save her mother's life.

Leslie Maack, 11, awoke at 2 a.m. to see her mother lying on the bedroom floor, blue, breathless and without a heartbeat. Before she gave herself a chance to panic, she was using the cardio-pulmonary rescue technique she had learned at school only weeks before.

The other adults at the house that night, her grandmother and 23-year-old sister, were almost too stunned to react until Leslie took charge. "At first I didn't know what to do, and then something triggered when my sister said she wasn't breathing. Then I remembered my CPR," said Leslie. After Leslie had restarted her mother's breathing, her sister Annette took over, and Leslie ran next door for help from two nurses who lived there. When the ambulance arrived, Leslie was standing outside to wave them down.

Leslie is the star student of health teacher Linda Brian at Richardson, Texas, Richland Elementary School. Her class spent two weeks studying emergency procedures. Two days were devoted to CPR, and only five children from Leslie's class got to test their technique on a CPR dummy. Leslie was one of them.

This month's Benjamin Franklin Award goes to Leslie Maack, with special mention to the Richardson School District for offering CPR training in both secondary and elementary schools.



"Relax, Phil, relax!"

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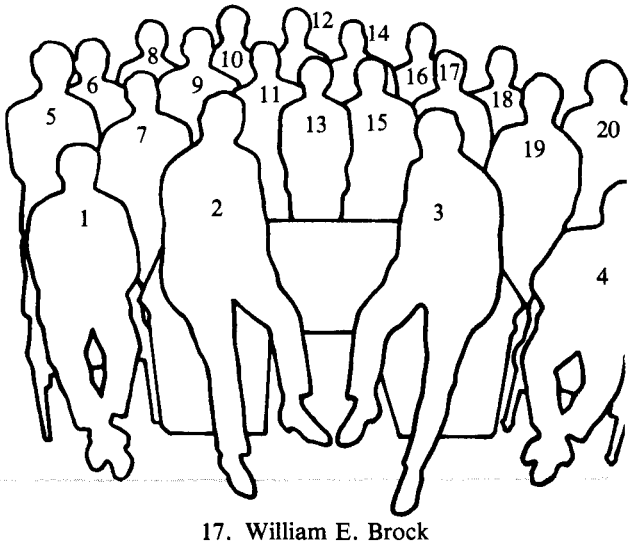
The Reagan team takes time out for a formal White House picture before removing their jackets, and perhaps their smiles, to face the serious national challenges that lie ahead.



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Medical Mailbox

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excessively full. Men, on the other hand, often suffer from the inability to urinate, a problem associated with enlarged prostate, which is ordinarily remedied with transurethral resection or TUR. The same is true even in the animal world. Male cats have difficulty urinating, and female cats develop loose sphincter muscles.

Urinary stress incontinence occurs mainly among white, childbearing women of European heritage. It is very rare among nonchildbearing women and is seldom seen in Black or Oriental females, especially Chinese.

The muscles of the pelvis are similar to those located in the arm. They can become weak with lack of use, but prolonged exercise will strengthen them. Pelvic muscle exercises performed every half hour without fail over a period of time will, in many cases, cure the symptoms of mild incontinence.

Gynecologists suggest the following exercises:

1) Relax your chest and abdomen. Do not hold your breath, move your hips or tighten your thighs. The tightening must be inside the pelvis.

2) Pull up high inside as if you are shutting off a bowel movement: relax for three seconds. Now pull up inside as if shutting off urine flow. Relax for another three seconds and try to pull up high in the vagina. Try to hold each contraction for at least three full seconds. Contractions should get stronger with practice.

3) Do the pelvic muscle contraction 10 times every half hour. It can be done sitting, standing or lying down. Do not try to do more than 10 at a time.

The exercise regimen must be strictly followed. Some women note improvement in four to six weeks. Others take a few months before strength is restored to the muscles. After improvement begins, continued exercise will produce rapid improvement.

In some cases, exercises may not be enough, and a simple surgical procedure is required.

Father's Day

continued from page 65

"Come on," cried my dear wife, gaily prying my fingers loose from the sofa arm. "We'll be back in time for the final putt—and that's really all that counts." Funny, I had never thought of that.

If I had to go, at least I'd drive. By rushing through the entertainment maybe I could manage to see the entire final hole, tee off and all. But no, this being *my* day, etiquette called for my son to do the driving—after another transfusion from my gas tank, needless to say. I am still in the mood, however, for saying it.

The object that our son calls a car is a 1962 Buick convertible without benefit of muffler. This actually made little difference due to the volume control of his radio being stuck on "deafening." My intermittent protests that too much excitement from looking at the trees might be bad for my heart fell like cricket chirps in a rock-crushing plant. How we happened to make it home with two holes of the Open yet to be played, I owe to the rain and a rusty top that refused to go up.

That tournament, you'll recall, had been designed in Heaven especially for Father's Day. John Mahaffey was leading Jerry Pate by one stroke, with Al Geiberger and Tom Weiskopf only one stroke behind him. But no. . .the kids were not through entertaining me yet. I could watch "that stuff" and still finish off this gala with "one of our good old euchre games."

Consequently, I was playing a good old game of euchre at the time someone's ball went into the water on the 18th, with someone else hitting his second shot within two feet of the flag and then putting in for the win. What with all the yelling, of such things as, "Come on, Dad, it's your play!" and "Hey, Dad, you discarded the *right bower*!" I was lucky to hear the announcer scream that this was the most thrilling U.S. Open finish of all time. I read in the next morning's paper that it was Mahaffey's ball that went into the water and that Jerry Pate had won his very first victory with an incredible birdie on the final hole.

After the girls had left, my son challenged me to one of our grand old games of chess. Taking it as a gesture of atonement, I nearly broke down. I recovered rather quickly, however, after he suggested putting "a little something on the game to make it interesting." What he had in mind turned out to be an IOU against enough gas from my tank to get home on. This cost me not only the gas (seems he had been reading a book on how to win at chess), but a movie I had wanted to watch on TV and two hours sleep.

I have already formulated plans for Mother's Day next year. In the meantime I hope the new administration in Washington will do something about legalizing a national day to honor kids They're whom I'm *really* out to get.

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–Muriel H. Powers
Youngstown, Ohio

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POST PEOPLE

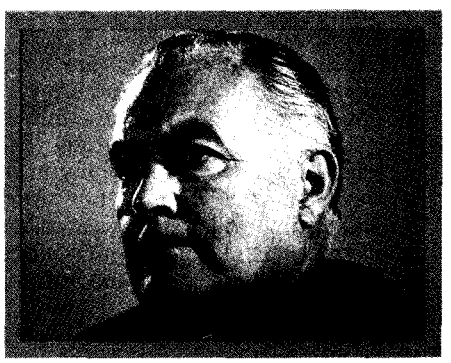
After three Oscars, all for Best Actress, Katharine Hepburn is by no means ready to call it a career. Since costarring with John Wayne in *Rooster Cogburn and the Lady*, his next-to-last film, the world's most respected actress has completed another feature, *Olly Olly Oxen Free*, yet to be released. Since then, she has starred in the remaking of *The Corn Is Green* for the small screen. And now, at 71, Kate will return to films in what is already being declared a classic, *On Golden Pond*, which teams her with Henry Fonda as her husband and Jane Fonda as her daughter. In the meantime, she just goes about her business, finding everyday life more important than the trappings of fame, which sometimes irritate her. "I'm not marvelous or something like that," she says. "I've just worked damned hard for a long time, and I deserve now—when I choose—to be a private person."

Dolly Parton has said that a long time ago she wrote down the things she wanted out of life and what she had to do to get them. If included in this buxom beauty's list was the status of top professional country singer, becoming a Las Vegas headliner, a movie career and a 14-year love affair with her husband, Carl Dean, then she has done all the right things to get them. The success of her first movie, *9 to 5*, led to a role in *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*.

"She's sweet and pure as the driven snow mounds," says costar Burt Reynolds, "and I can't wait to begin."

The problems that come with being president of the University of Notre Dame should be enough for one man. But the Reverend Theodore Hesburgh has upwards of 2 million others. One million of these are people coming into this country illegally each year; the other million constitute the number worldwide waiting to come in under our basic immigration laws. As chairman of the Select Commission of Immigration and Refuge Policy, Father Hesburgh is working to make needed changes.

This 63-year-old humanitarian proposes to make our immigration laws respected and not a "mockery which people simply flout." With Father Hesburgh's retirement in 1982, after 30 years at Notre Dame, it's likely he'll become even more involved in the critical problems of immigration.



For Truman Capote, coming back to New Orleans—the city of his birth in 1924—and his beloved French Quarter is a return to myriad memories. It was here, in a flat at 811 Royal Street, that he had "the freest time of his life," sleeping all day and at night writing his first novel, *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, which was published when he was only 23. Since then, as America's reading public well knows, there have followed such literary landmarks as *Breakfast at Tiffanys*, *In Cold Blood* and the most recent achievement of this giant in the world of words, *Music for Chameleons*.

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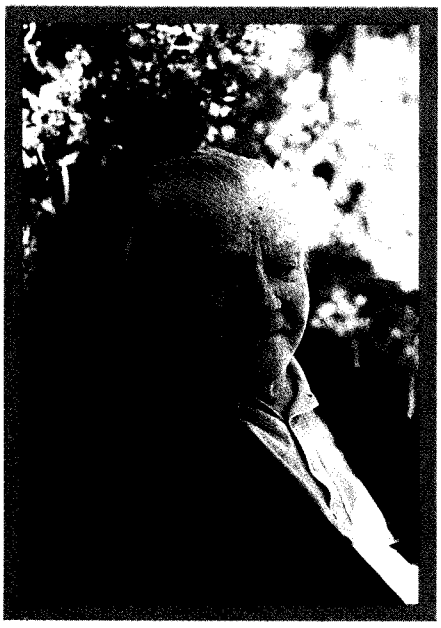
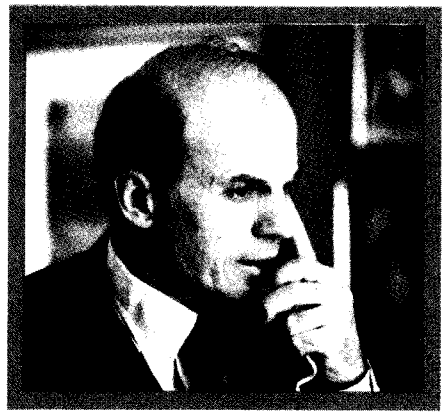
James Cagney lends validity to the battle cry of the aging: "It's never too late!" The legendary film tough guy is feeling like a kid again after finishing *Ragtime*, his first movie since 1961. After years of quiet retirement, the prospects of yet another movie are lighting his future. More exciting yet are the dozens of film producers knocking on his farmhouse door. By the time he says "yes" to one of their projects—which he is "seriously considering"—a shiny new Oscar may be decorating his mantel. It is predicted throughout the industry that the latest performance of this 81-year-old "comeback kid" will have earned at least an award nomination.



Twelve years ago, with baseball foundering and professional football being touted as the new "National Pastime," major league owners elected Bowie Kuhn baseball's Commissioner *Pro Tempore*. Later that year, the "*pro tempore*" was removed, and this spring marks Kuhn's 13th as the game's unquestioned head. "We have come a long way in the last decade," he points out, "in spite of astronomical player salaries that threaten our entire financial structure." Still, with attendance up, television revenue booming, and the game's popularity at an all-time high, Kuhn can't conceal his bullish outlook for the future of the sport. "This could be our best year ever," he concedes. If it is, it will be due in no small measure to baseball's biggest fan.

With the possible exception of *National Velvet*, no Elizabeth Taylor movie has ever left any doubt that this gifted actress is *all* woman. It was, therefore, not surprising that, when the subject of women soldiers arose, she would defend her sex against the bantering of husband John Warner, Republican senator from West Virginia. To his statement that he was staunchly opposed to women soldiers competing in combat, his all-woman wife quickly responded, "I don't think they should be in combat either. They should be generals. Women are wonderful strategists—they're so good at manipulating men."

Richard Viguerie is already looking forward to 1982. Perhaps the leading spokesman for the New Right, freely acknowledged as the country's preeminent political mail fund-raiser, Viguerie last year helped conservatives gain control of the presidency and the United States Senate—and next fall hopes for possession of the House of Representatives, too. "The mood of the nation is with us," says Viguerie. "What we have to do is make sure we say—and fight for—what we believe."



Although he is known best as the handsome hero of *Maverick* and *The Rockford Files*, James Garner has rolled up an impressive list of triumphs in his 24-year career. The favorite film genre of this actor, however, is comedy laced with satire. "I don't do straight comedy," he says. "Humor is much more subtle."

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Pastor

continued from page 38

voice to the biblical "cultural mandate"—that the Church is to have something to say about all phases of human society. "Of course this has caused some considerable interest in recent years," he says, smiling, "because it includes every realm: governments, economics—the whole political arena, I do not believe that churches ought to endorse candidates or become involved in partisan politics, but we cannot remain silent about the moral issues. When government is seen to be in some way neutral from God and becomes an absolute law unto itself, then the way is open for incredible abuse. We saw that in Nazi Germany. Hitler was responsible to no one. We've seen it in Soviet Russia and in My-lai and here in America."

He cites communism, materialism and hedonism as the forces working against religion, but his strongest words, in and out of his Sunday sermon, are reserved for secular humanism.

"That is by far the most successful anti-God, antireligion, antispiritual, anti-Christian force," he says. "It is atheistic, amoral, socialistic. People have been convinced that it is not a religion, but secular humanism *is* an established religion. It is a religion according to its own definition, and it is established by the federal government —paid for by billions of dollars within our educational system. What does it teach? People say, 'Our cities have become veritable jungles. People out there act like animals.' What's so strange about that? For 35 years, they've been teaching our young people in schools that they are animals, descended from animals. Why is it surprising that they're acting like animals? A survey across the country showed that there are eight teen-age unwed pregnancies brought to term every year in the average American high school. But look at the alternative. We have a Christian school here, and we have almost 1,000 students. By now, since we've had the school 10 years, we should, statistically, have in the neighborhood of 90 out-of-wedlock pregnancies. The fact is, we've had none. We do have sex education here. Of course we do. But it is presented in a Christian context. That's the difference."

Education, as Dr. Kennedy sees it, is merely the dangerous playground of secular humanism; its precepts are backed by the government, and the Church must step forward to destroy the "wall of separation" that never really existed.

"The First Amendment doesn't say *anything* about the Church, about the state or about separation. It says, 'Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.' What does that say about what the Church should or shouldn't do? Nothing. It talks about what *Congress* shall and shall not do. But it has been completely turned around in the minds of most people. There is an old saying, 'You can't legislate morality.' I ask: 'What *else* can you legislate?' And because our government has held itself neutral from the laws of God, it has legislated immorality. You see the results everywhere: crime in our streets, drugs and pregnancies and abortions among our schoolchildren, a shocking rate of divorce tearing apart our families. If we continue to have this secular humanist agenda legislated into law, we will see the encroaching destruction of man by man."

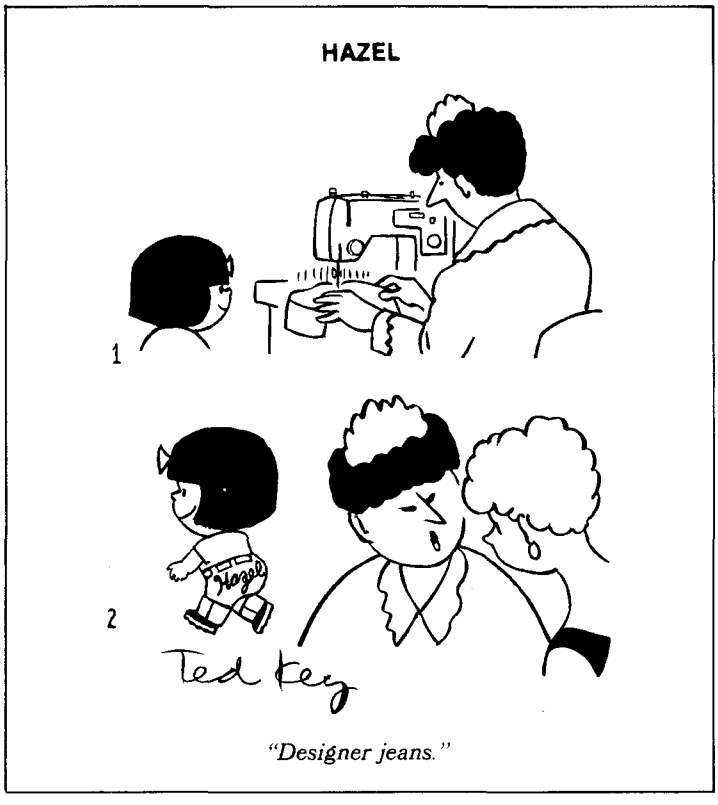
He will take his message wherever he must. Dr. Kennedy's schedule now has him traveling approximately three days a week, addressing seminary students, confronting picket lines at national gatherings of educators, meeting with military and political leaders who help him understand the course the nation is taking.

"It would seem that all my travels and involvements would have a devastating effect on my home life," he says, "but my wife and daughter are both committed to the same things, and they never complain. Jennifer is 18 and a freshman at Auburn University where she's studying to be a nurse. She is a dedicated Christian in her own right. Believe me, one of the saddest days of my life was the day we put her on the plane and sent her off to college.

"And of course Anne has very strong convictions of her own. She is incredibly faithful as a Christian. She serves in the church whether she's sick or well. Many times, I've told her to stay home in bed, but she won't do it. I really feel that knowing Christ has been the glue that has held our marriage together. In a time when marriages are falling apart all over the place, I don't know how people make a relationship last without God. Of course, the fact is that not too many of them are succeeding."

In a recent sermon, Dr. Kennedy predicted that in the future "some *one* will take the fight against secular humanism to the Supreme Court." When asked if he was referring to himself, he pauses a moment, thinks, then nods his head.

"I might, I might," he muses. "I haven't felt that I had the time or money to do it. But if somebody doesn't step up, I might. Remember, though, the answer can't come in the political realm, nor in the popular realm. I'm encouraged by the recent elections, certainly (he has met President Reagan, and in January, he attended the Inauguration ceremonies in Washington, D.C.), but I'd be a fool to say that a majority of the population has suddenly turned to morality and to God's will. The Republican party is not going to be the salvation of America, nor will conservative politics or any kind of politics. Our salvation is ultimately going to be in God. The nation that endeavors to live according to His law is the nation that will be most free, the nation where people will enjoy the most happiness."



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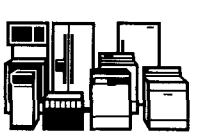

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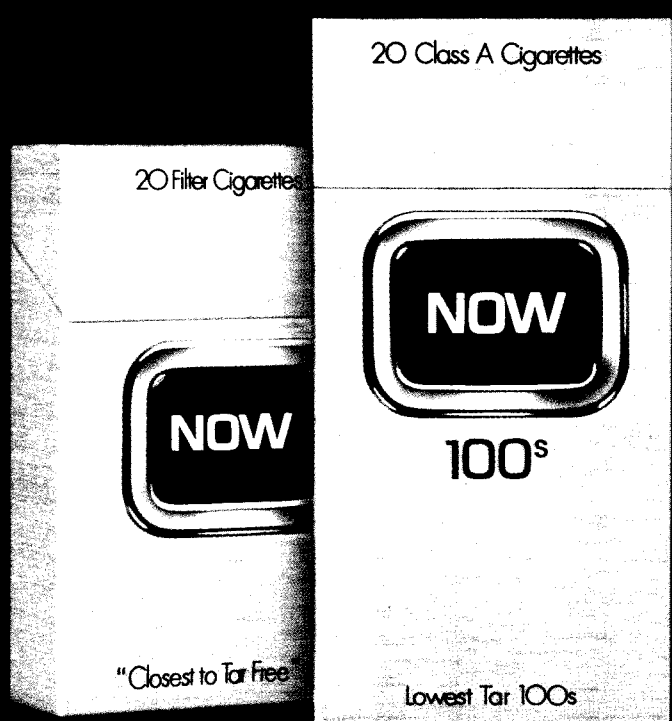

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